

# Adolphson & Falk, Fifth Avenue

A promised phone call home to  
A Minnesota mining town  
From a tired hungry kid  
Whom the Greyhound just let down  
On the January snow in his canvas tennis shoes  
The kid just took his first walk  
down the great Fifth Avenue

With a guitar on his shoulder  
And a pocket full of songs  
He's here to make his debut  
He's here to right some wrongs  
But he's a bit short on references  
His future's hanging loose  
Just another midnight cowboy  
on the great Fifth Avenue

And in some noisy uptown night club  
Or in a Bleeker Street cafe  
With sweaty hands and shaky knees  
He takes the stage

It ain't no friendly city  
If you haven't got the bread  
Cause those who have ain't sharing  
With those who wish they had  
Sleeping out in subways  
Keeping warm on cheap booze  
Living with the high and mighty  
On the great Fifth Avenue

And in some noisy uptown night club  
Or in a Bleeker Street cafe  
With sweaty hands and shaky knees  
He takes the stage

In a well guarded beach-house  
On the California shore  
A man lives with his loneliness  
And the songs he writes no more  
Not real sure where he came from  
And no place to go to  
Just some hazy memories  
Of the great Fifth Avenue

[The Swedish version is more or less a description of the Fifth Avenue - the chorus can be translated as "I take a taxi from Harlem / down to the Washington Square / five miles reflecting / a whole world"