

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")