

Latin Quarter, Seaport September

Feel that wet concrete through the seat of your jeans
No cab-fare, just the cold air
You're a man without means.
A bank roll lighter and light years older
Someone's hand was in your pocket
While they cried on your shoulder.

Don't stare at that man in the tropic white suit, ah!
He may mop his brow but he's liable to shoot yah!
He's no Peter Lorre, he's no merry prankster,
He'll help you to find out
Why they put "angst" into "ganster".

Seaport September, a night to remember
Bad Luck is no exclusive club
They just make you a member.

Sometimes it's easy to forget where you are
When Marseilles seems just a day away
Before this Singapore bar.
Asking a Joe, does he know somewhere finer
Then a blow up and your show up
On a slower boat to China.

And a head that might be yours
Is aching on a lower bunk
Did you really set to sea
To be a sailor on this junk?