

# Paul Gilbert, The Lamb Lies Down On Broadway

And the lamb lies down on Broadway

Early morning Manhattan,  
Ocean winds blow on the land.  
Movie-Palace is now undone,  
The all-night watchmen have had their fun.  
Sleeping cheaply on the midnight show,  
It's the same old ending - time to go.  
Get out!

It seems they cannot leave their dream.  
There's something moving in the sidewalk steam,  
And the lamb lies down on Broadway.

Nighttime's flyers feel their pains.  
Drugstore take down the chains.  
Metal motion comes in bursts,  
The gas station can quench that thirst.  
Suspension cracked on unmade road  
The trucker's eyes read 'Overload'

And out on the subway,  
Rael Imperial Aerosol Kid  
Exits into daylight, spraygun hid,  
And the lamb lies down on Broadway

The lamb seems right out of place,  
Yet the Broadway street scene finds a focus in its face  
Somehow it's lying there,  
Brings a stillness to the air.  
Though man-made light, at night is very bright,  
There's no whitewash victim,  
As the neons dim, to the coat of white.  
Rael Imperial Aerosol Kid  
Wipes his gun - he's forgotten what he did,  
And the lamb lies down on Broadway.

Suzanne tired her work all done,  
Thinks money - honey - be on - neon.  
Cabman's velvet glove sounds the horn  
And the sawdust king spits out his scorn.  
Wonder women you can draw your blind!  
Don't look at me! I'm not your kind.  
I'm Rael!  
Something inside me has just begun,  
Lord knows what I have done,  
And the lamb lies down on Broadway.  
On Broadway -