

Ry Cooder, Cardboard Avenue

Well, thank you for the drink my friend, that's alright with me
Let's drink to the workingman, wherever he might be
Remember what he stood up for and the struggles he went through
Then let us take a little stroll down Cardboard Avenue

Down on the street where I live, when evening comes around
No T.V. or radio, never hear a lonesome sound
Except some poor Joe cryin', Lord, can I make it up to you?
But he never gets an answer down on Cardboard Avenue

Well here's my little heartbreak hotel, now don't you be let down
When the ghost of Hobo Bill comes a-shufflin' around
He might pause by your side, saying, Buddy, can you spare a dime or two?
Then he'll just drift off into the night on Cardboard Avenue

Now, I hear the whistle blowing now, must be the Red Ball train
We'll see you in the North Country, when the springtime comes again
Just ask any workingman, wherever you might be
The whereabouts of Reverend Tom, Lefty Mouse, and Buddy
And if he asks you, Were you in the fight, did you join the strike of 1932?
Just tell him that you knew us down on Cardboard Avenue