

Spock's Beard, The 39th Street Blues (I'm Sick)

THE PROSTITUTE:

Hey Snow White and the Harlem Knight
You make a perfect pair
Skin and bones and a hatchet faced homes
Hey, what you doin' 'round here
Why don't you go back to Central Park
Or stick around and see why love is art

In my sin I've sunk right in
I finally understood
Why all the geeks and the Catholic Priests
They love to do us good
Maybe you would like some at my cost?
Or maybe you and the white shadow should go get lost

'Cause I'm sick of pity and morphine
I'm sick of you runnin' me down
I'm sick but maybe there's something
That can still save me from the depths of this town

One more time I'll speak my mind
And then you'd better go
Before Sad Sam and the backdoor man
Make me wish I'd just said no
I might come to your meeting in the park
But now I've got to work it's getting dark

'Cause I'm sick of pity and morphine
I'm sick of you runnin' me down
I'm sick but maybe there's something
That can still save me - That can still save me

SNOW:

Come you worn out weak and tired
To this meeting in the dark of the night
And you'll walk in the light
Yes, you'll walk in the light

If you're addicted and afflicted
My name is Snow and I've the gift and the sight
And we'll make it alright
Yes, we'll make it alright