

# The Band, Rags And Bones

Catch a taxi to the fountainhead

Blinking neon penny arcade  
A young Caruso on the fire escape  
Painted face ladies on parade  
The newsboy on the corner  
Singing out headlines  
And a fiddler selling pencils  
The sign reads: Help the blind

Comin' up the lane callin'  
Workin' while the rain's fallin'  
Ragman, your song of the street  
Keeps haunting my memory

Music in the air  
I hear it ev'rywhere  
Rags, bones and old city songs  
Hear them, how they talk to me

Trolley car rings out the morning  
Whistle blows at noon  
A cat fight breaks open the night  
While watch dogs bay at the moon  
A preacher on an orange crate  
With a Salvation Army Band  
And clicking along the cobbled stones  
That's the sound of the ice-cream man

Comin' up the lane callin'  
Workin' while the rain's fallin'  
Ragman, your song of the street  
Keeps haunting my memory  
Music in the air  
I hear it ev'rywhere  
Rags, bones and old city songs  
Hear them, how they talk to me

The organ grinder and his monkey  
Still walkin' the same old beat  
The shoe-shine boy slappin' leather  
He puts the rhythm in your feet  
Strollin' by the churchyard  
List'nin' to the Sunday choir  
With voices rising to the heavens  
Like sirens screaming to a fire

Comin' up to the lane callin'  
Workin' while the rain's fallin'  
Ragman, your song of the street  
Keeps haunting my memory  
Music in the air  
I hear it ev'rywhere  
Rags, bones and old city songs  
Play them one more time for me