

Tilt, Palm Tree (In West Oakland)

Liquor store liquor store
One on every corner
Checks cashed any kind
No I.D.
Liquor store liquor store
One on every corner
Malt liquor cigarettes
Lottery

The car is running
And kicking out fumes
You've disappeared inside
To buy the daily quota
I'm fending for myself
To a popular tune
Digging in the ashtray
Hoping for a quarter

Mile on mile of transient hotels
Unattended children with nowhere to play
Anger rips down Pine Street
In the form of a black Chevelle
But the Baptists keep singin' away

One lone Palm tree is rising up above
Its glamour & dignity are so out of place
An ancient pick-up truck is looking for a shove
The congregation sings "Amazing Grace";