

Ana?s Mitchell, Of A Friday Night

Just across from the hospital
Still inside of the red lines
A couple blocks from the orthodox church
That's where the old poet lives
And his eyeglasses and his necktie
At the window looking down
On the young man passing by
On the fullness of the town
Full of them good time gamblers
Full of their restless wives, full of their midnight writers
Out on the corner on a Friday night
Out in the brightness of a Friday night
And the big horns blow, and the pianos play
And the music rose to the old man's ears
I guess those were the olden days
I guess those were the golden years
'Cause now the town is empty
Empty as a mirror [unverified]
Empty as a harbor in the barber's chair
Where did the old poet go?
I asked around, nobody knows, oh
Maybe I came too early
Maybe I came too late
I'm waiting in the shadows
Of the scaffolds of the old cafe
Where you told me to wait
And I've got this lingering feeling
It's like I slipped between
Fingers of the centuries
I know you know what I mean
I'll be a good time gambler
I'll be a restless wife
I'll be a midnight writer
Out in the corner on a Friday night
Call me a good time gambler
Call me a restless wife, call me a midnight writer
Out in the corner on a Friday night
Out in the brightness of a Friday night
Call me the brightness of a Friday night