

# Black 47, 40 Shades Of Blue

Oh it's midnight on the Bowery and your feet are soakin' wet  
And you've drank your last brass farthin'  
You'd sell your soul for a cigarette  
And the sounds from CBGB's are comfortin' to you  
Then you think of the green fields of Ireland  
And you feel 40 shades of blue

Ah you're back on the drink since September  
And your head feels like a sieve  
And you know that you're goin' from bad to worse  
But you just don't give a shit  
And the hymns from the Sally Army sound heavenly and true  
Then you think of your friends and your family  
And you feel 40 shades of blue

Ah you've got a great future behind you  
But you're goin' nowhere fast  
Just up and down the Bowery from Canal Street to old St Marks  
And you wonder what she's up to now  
Did she really find somebody new  
Ah how the hell could she just walk out like that  
On your 40 shades of blue

And you wonder how it came to this  
Was it always in the cards  
Coz workin' is for idiots  
And you love the smell of bars  
And the letters that you sent back home  
Were full of all the things you'd done  
But they don't say you're down there on Bleecker Street  
With your hand out on the bum

Now the dawn's comin' up on the Bowery  
And you're heartsick and soakin' wet  
With your tongue hangin' out for some Irish Rose  
You'd sell your soul for a cigarette  
"And someday I'm gonna give up this drinkin'  
But then maybe someday I'll win the lottery too  
Then I'll go back home to old Wexford Town  
And paint her 40 shades of blue"