

Bob Seger, Manhattan

Words and music by bob seger

Shakey davey's got a twelve gauge in his hand
It's sawed off to the limit
He's got a vague plan
There's this liquor store on madison
There's another one down on washington square
He's pretty sure no one's ever seen him
Down around there

The first one's birdshot the next four are double aught buck
The last one's a slug just for good luck
He's got his works in his pocket
He wants to score as soon as he's done
He can't wait to get straight to get long gone

He puts on his long coat scribbles off a short note
Sits himself down and waits for the sun to go down

It's right around midnight and there's still too damn many people on this street
He's walked all the way from battery park he's got sweaty hands and burnin' feet
He's desperate for a fix
His body's screamin' "get me high"
He bursts through the door and lets one fly

Sunrise in the park and davey's cold as stone
He got some bad merchandise and he was all alone
Two more unsolved mysteries a lot of paper pushed around
Most folks are just wakin' up in this great big town