

Curved Air, Orange Street Blues

Let me in, oh baby, help me out; let me in, help me out, let me in.

Can I down the pills for you baby
Soak up your ills for you maybe
I know you're feelin' so poor, but man, you're in for the cure.

Go down Orange Street Mission, they bandage wounds for salvation.
Tie up your blues with a prayer, could be you're better off there.

Let me in, oh baby, help me out; let me in, help me out, let me in.

What you gotta give, looking pretty poor
Running like a sieve and leaking on the floor,
You've bent and blown all the things that you got
You're gotta bring me down, gotta help me up.

Let me in, oh baby, help me out; let me in, help me out, let me in.

Comin' 'round your breakdown, poor baby,
lonely and achin', oh maybe,
I could give you some of mine,
but baby, it ain't worth my time.