

Iggy Pop, Avenue B

Rapper standing on the corner
Wrappers flying in the wind
Waitress up from Alabama
Can't believe the cold she's in
And me, I'm sitting in my castle
On the verge of a divorce

And if I haven't got a hassle
I'll create my own, of course
Still I gotta live with my feelings
But I know about science too
And fame and death and money
And what they do to you

And I am gonna need a miracle
I am gonna need a miracle
I am gonna need a miracle
Tonight on Avenue B

I bought about a hundred candles
I'm burnin' em both night and day
I'm sleepin' when I should be eatin'
Cryin' when I should be gay
My girlfriend's warm and loves me
She's knockin' but she can't get in
I'm a product of the paranoia
Of the age I'm in

And I am gonna need a miracle
I'm really gonna need a miracle
I'm really gonna need a miracle
Tonight on Avenue B

I see the students out my window
They're walking in their student clothes
Eatin' books and information
To make their understanding grow
Well, but this much I understand
It's hard to be an empty man
But since I gave em every part of me
I ain't free

And I am gonna need a miracle
I am gonna need a miracle
I am gonna need a miracle
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