

Jackie Greene, Talkin' Midtown Women

Well monday morning had me down
by tuesday evening id come around
Friday found me singing on the stage
well i dont mind working late
it keeps the beans on my plate
if it werent for singing, I might be in the cage

now i got me a basement with a view
and i can sleep till 1/2 past two
some folks call me lazy some call me brave
but it dont matter anyway
we do our own things day to day
i just aint no one elses slave

and all the while the world turns
with petty talk and lame concerns
and arguments over what you should believe
and all the while the world burns
its clear as day, but nobody learns
cause no one wants a cure for this disease

now i see women everywhere
on the street and on the stair
sometimes its so hard to keep my cool
platinum blondes whove gone brunette
and some who aint decided yet
Lord sometimes they make me feel just like a fool!

i know girls with strange tattoos
and i know girls who like their booze
and i know girls who dont do nothing but cry
i know girls with plastic faces
their pictures on their pillowcases
i know girls who live to love and lie

and everytime i turn around
another grave is in the ground
theyre selling all kinds of crap on my TV
and everytime I turn around
someone says they think theve found
the answer to some old forgotten mystery

now outside the apartment gates
theres vanity on license plates
and a dozen differnt kinds of coffee shops
i go walking down that avenue
same as them, same as you
difference is my feet dont ever stop!

now i know married girls who cheat
they say their lives are incomplete
and i know girls who say theyve been betrayed
i know some girls who speak of fate
and they dont ever hesitate
they say: life is made of moments, being made

but come midnight its all the same
it melts into a picture frame
and suddenly everythigns so clear
the night is cool, the moon is tame
and theres nothing but some crazy dame
its always these damn women that keep me here

wintertimes, my favorite time

i get to see old friends of mine
everybodys running from the cold
but i know someday itll all be gone
when youth decides to pass me on
and time decides to turn my body old

but ill always love that cheap perfume
messin with my afternoons
and all those pretty women passing by
we all sing the same old tune
like the locals in the loud saloon
just doing what were doing till we die