

Jackson Browne, Boulevard

Down on the boulevard they take it hard
They look at life with such disregard
They say it can't be won
The way the game is run
But if you choose to stay
You end up playing anyway
It's okay-

The kids in shock up and down the block
The folks are home playing beat the clock
Down at the golden cup
They set the young ones up
Under the neon light
Selling day for night
It's alright-

Nobody rides for free
Nobody gets it like they want it to be
Nobody hand you any guarantee
Nobody

The hearts are hard and the times are tough
Down on the boulevard the night's enough
And time passes slow
Between the store front shadows and the street lights glow

Everybody walks right by like they're safe or something
They don't know-

Nobody knows you
Nobody owes you nothin
Nobody shows you what they're thinking
Nobody baby

Hey, hey, baby
You got to watch the street, keep your feet
And be on guard
Make it pay baby
It's only time on the boulevard