

# Latin Quarter, Blameless

I recall when you came to the rainbow ball-room  
Where the soldiers used to drill  
And you sang scat, swing and a Christmas song  
In the shadow of a strip-steel mill  
Well tonight I caught the retrospective  
I had very little choice  
Did the booze put the padding under your skin  
For the winter of your voice?

Born to be re-born  
Named to be re-named  
Directed but directionless  
The blameless to be blamed

Did they make you sleep in the truck you were born in?  
Who put the grease in the paint?  
Could you breathe in the band and the sequins?  
Was there somewhere to fall when you'd faint?  
And how many times did your beans make five?  
Was the star only tacked to the door?  
What's this long, long lane that has no turn?  
We're not in Kansas anymore

Blameless like the corn that doesn't sway  
By the back-lit, back-drop, back-lot, broad highway  
Blameless and then somewhere in the storm  
The principal boy couldn't change her uniform

We're going to roll you round and round in the re-runs  
And study the chemistry  
Re-play the grey Ed Sullivan's  
He always looked like Nixon to me  
Over your shoulder went more than one care  
That could have been your song  
Over and over and over and out  
You never figured where you went wrong