

Latin Quarter, Freight Elevator

It's a mighty long day, in the freight elevator,
Say, "Hey there Dan, gonna catch you later";
As you were taking up the cases
Of the man with alligator shoes.

You can take it to the basement, ride it to the top
Punching out the floor numbers, hitting on the stop
Balling out the bell boy
For creasing up the racing news

Oh! The freight elevator, it's so good to ride.
So far from the lobby on the other side.
There's no sort of space, a stowaway can hide
And the sign on the wall says
"Just freight inside";

They've got a hot band in residence
Lights above the door
"Come in every evening and swing with Artie Shaw";
Seems the whole of 52nd street
Is packing out that floor so tight

They've got a young black vocalist, she's setting them on fire
Singing voice like velvet
Stretched out over wire
Gonna hire in extra waitresses
At least that's what I heard tonight

It's got fresh bed linen
For the 14th floor
And a crate of canned grapefruit
For the cold food store
Pair of high heel shoes
From a Denver man's door
And that young black vocalist
What's she riding for?

Oh! The freight elevator, it's go good to ride
So far from the lobby on the other side
There's no sort of space, a stowaway can hide
And the main elevator says
"No blacks inside";