

Magellan, Waterfront Weirdos

We are the misfits with a broken horizon
Like Keats or Hemingway, survive with poets defiance
Christmas at the Martinique grieving for a home
Three generations tough it out on the big street all alone...

Rank of the privileged on the evening commute
Don't want to be bothered, don't want to be used
booming in suburbia, shuttle's on the way
A beggar asks for money. It's a dollar you don't want to pay-

To the Waterfront Weirdos
For the Waterfront Weirdos
Who are the Waterfront Weirdos?

Many live on the edge, keep them out of sight out of mind
In our midst a disgrace-answers are elusive yet we find

It's so damn hard to conceive 'till it looks you straight in the eye
Just take a walk on West 32nd Street or pick up a New York Times
and believe it...
Up in an ivory tower it's hard to see, hard to feel, hard to be
homeless and one of the outcast-Waterfront Weirdos.

Who are the Waterfront Weirdos?

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Powerless is a child in the wake of hunger at night
Giving up-giving in
Can't we hear their screaming from within...?

My life spent standing here in the back of a line
I'm living for the moment-yes, I'm living by the hour
in a game of survival
In a mood of resignation I'm not the man I am-
meal ticket, waiting for a handout
Things will change and somehow I'll get out
I keep telling myself it won't last forever
Adversity closing in, my sanity lapses, I'll rise again
Resisting the end
Only 22 as my apprehension sequesters into an IMPENDING ASCENSION
I could not fake this for long
How long am I supposed to take it lying down?
I will not take this lying down!

Many live on the edge
Keep them out of sight out of mind
In the end it is us
picking up the pieces that we find
On the path of least resistance evidence is loud and clear
When will we wake up?
Failures are mounting as the underclass grows
every year and believe that-
Up in an ivory tower it's hard to see, hard to feel, hard to be homeless
and one of the Waterfront Weirdos

It's so damn hard to believe 'till it looks you straight in the eye
Shake the hands of losers lost on Broadway who remember a
nostalgic time and believe that-
Up in an ivory tower it's hard to see, hard to feel, hard to be homeless
and one of the outcast-Waterfront Weirdos.