

Michelle Shocked, Cement Lament

It was that kind of misting rain
It was that kind of night
Nothing was wrong
Oh, it just wasn't right

It weren't the blues
It weren't low rent
It was just the cement lament

All these late night alleys
All these late night alley cats
It starts raining harder
She adjusts her hat

It weren't the blues
It weren't low rent
It was just the cement lament

A streetlight goes out
She makes her wish
A taxi turns a corner
A puddle makes a splish!

It weren't the blues
It weren't low rent
It was just the cement lament

How many years has it been
Since you left that old hometown
Both eyes on your feet
Both feet on the ground

It's not the blues
It's not low rent
It's just the cement lament

It's not superstition
It's playing it smart
Don't step on the cracks
Now don't you break your mama's heart

It's not the blues
It's not low rent
It's just the cement lament

Sun's rolling up the East River
It slowly dawns on you
You're smoking your last cigarette
The rain has stopped the sky is blue

Time to shake this mood
Someone's got to pay that rent
Someone's shift just started
Singing the cement lament
Singing the cement lament
Singing the cement lament
Singing the cement lament
Singing the cement lament
Singing the cement lament
Singing, singing
Swinging, swinging
Singing and swinging
Singing and swinging
Swinging and singing

Swinging and singing
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah