

Murray McLauchlan, Dirty Boulevard

Pedro lives at the Wilshire Hotel
He looks out a window without glass
The walls are made of cardboard
He's got newspapers on his feet
And his father beats him
'Cause he's too tired to beg
He's got nine brothers and sisters
They're brought up on their knees
It's hard to run
When a coat hanger beats you on the thighs
Pedro dreams of being older
Maybe killin' the old man
But that's a slim chance
He's going to the boulevard

He's gonna end up on the dirty boulevard
He's goin' out on the dirty boulevard
He's goin' down to the dirty boulevard

This room costs Two Thousand dollars a month
You can believe it man
Somewhere a landlord's laughin'
'Til he wets his pants
No one dreams of being a doctor or a lawyer or anything
They dream of dealing on the dirty boulevard
Give me your hungry, your tired you poor
I'll piss on 'em
That's what the statue of bigotry says
Your poor huddled masses
Let's club 'em to death
Get it over with,
Just dump 'em on the dirty boulevard

Get 'em out on the dirty boulevard
They're goin' out to the dirty boulevard
Going down to the dirty boulevard
Goin' out

Outside it's a bright night
There's an opera at the Lincoln Centre
Movie stars arrive by limousine
Klieg lights shoot up over the skyline of Manhattan
But the lights are out on the mean streets
A small kid stands by the Lincoln Tunnel
He's sellin' cheap plastic roses for a buck
The traffic's backed up to Thirty Ninth street
And the T.V. whores are callin' the cops out for a suck
Back at the Wilshire
Pedro sits there dreaming
He's found a book of magic in a garbage can
He looks at the window and stares at the cracked ceiling
At the count of three, he says
I hope I can disappear

And fly away from this dirty boulevard