

# Spin Doctors, Laraby's Gang

Stoop's so fine on a summer's eve  
When you sit outside for a short reprieve  
Talk to folks as they come and leave  
Jono, Jay, and Crazy Steve.  
Night is down but it's bright as day  
You haven't been around since you went away  
Feels so good so that's what you say  
Folks say hi, but you say, "Hey."  
Well, that old mad dog, he's barking for the blues bone  
Orpheus got a black book and a telephone  
Plays that lyre 'cause he doesn't want to be alone;  
One look back.....  
Buy a beer, find a place to stand  
Have a couple laughs and hear the band  
Smoke a couple of your favorite brand  
Wake up with a stamp on the back of your hand.  
Don't blame me, it's all been Laraby's gang, now, now.  
Don't blame me for the song that the Nightingale sang, now, now.  
Don't blame me 'bout the vanishing waif,  
Don't blame me if your safe ain't safe, now, now.  
Sun comes up, you're still awake.  
There's the sky, still as a lake.  
Not even that can drown the ache,  
Looks so high, it must be fake.