Tammany Hall NYC, Sullivan Street

sullivan street where I meet a girl there
she knows the bouncer who lets us in
she leaves me there,
kisses my neck, ascends up a stair
flatman carries my shoes and says,
"give us any trouble, it'll be trouble for you"
that's when i feel needles in my sleeping leg
i feel a tap from a tapping hand that says,
"listen to me buddy. i'm an angel you gotta understand.
you've been wasting all your time
i've been watching over you.
you're far out.
your life is over here, not where you are
no doubt you are a good kid pound for pound."
can you hear me, buddy?
can you hear me, buddy?
can you hear me? do you feel all right?
can you hear me, buddy?
can you hear me, buddy?
i turn and see a thousand men waiting just like me
some seats are empty,
but the cocktail's free.
and the Waiters are not serving
just observing as they wait mechanically
my eyes keep closing, but my mind is free
can you hear me, buddy?
can you hear me, buddy?
can you hear me? do you feel all right?
can you hear me, buddy?
can you hear me, buddy?
can you hear me? do you feel all right?
can you hear me, buddy?
can you hear me, buddy?
let me be!
let me be!
i think i'm slowing down.
i've been let down.
i think i'm slowing down.