

# Van Morrison, Cleaning Windows

Oh, the smell of the bakery from across the street  
Got in my nose  
As we carried our ladders down the street  
With the wrought-iron gate rows  
I went home and listened to Jimmie Rodgers in my lunch-break  
Bought five Woodbines at the shop on the corner  
And went straight back to work.

Oh, Sam was up on top  
And I was on the bottom with the v  
We went for lemonade and Paris buns  
At the shop and broke for tea  
I collected from the lady  
And I cleaned the fanlight inside-out  
I was blowing saxophone on the weekend  
In that down joint.

What's my line?  
I'm happy cleaning windows  
Take my time  
I'll see you when my love grows  
Baby don't let it slide  
I'm a working man in my prime  
Cleaning windows (number a hundred and thirty-six)

I heard Leadbelly and Blind Lemon  
On the street where I was born  
Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee,  
Muddy Waters singin' 'I'm A Rolling Stone'  
I went home and read my Christmas Humphreys' book on Zen  
Curiosity killed the cat  
Kerouac's 'Dharma Bums' and 'On The Road';

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