

Walter Becker, Junkie Girl

In the good old bad part of this college town
Men in business suits they run you down
You take their money just like you take mine
You send it bubbling down the thin blue line
It doesn't matter how it got this way
'Cause we could make it through this thing together
I know you're laughing but I got to say
Now I still want you maybe more than ever

No fooling it's a fucked up world
So be cool my little junkie girl

The cops are out to shut the district down
I comb the ruins of your stomping grounds
Stanyan Street looking like that third world war
You come up blazing like an open sore
Now I believe you but I got to know
How come the right side of your brain is hurting
So take me with you baby when you go
Through to the white side of your China curtain

No fooling it's a fucked up world
So be cool my little junkie girl

In the good old bad part of this college town
Men in grey limousines will drive you down
You take their money just like you take mine
Where does it get you on that thin blue line
Now I can hardly hear you anymore
Your eyes are empty and your voice is hollow
I see you waving from a distant shore
And where you're going I don't dare to follow

No fooling that's another world
Good luck my little junkie girl