

# Walter Becker, Lucky Henry

Dusted down in shanty town behind a sky of red  
Hoist upon some frozen dawn exploding in my head  
Fast asleep in trouble deep or wide awake and burning  
Stuck inside some stranger's hide whose karma keeps returning

Where you trail that holy grail of darkness and despair  
Way cross town, now up now down, as though you'd really care  
On the bus across from us seen once in silhouette  
The old man's face you couldn't place that now you can't forget

Down and dirty  
There you go  
Lucky Henry says hello  
Burned his bridges high and low  
And down the road and gone  
It's raining boxcars did you know  
From County Cook to Baltimore  
Where ever those old jockeys go  
To live out their lifelines

Burning down that two lane town the boys call Hollywood  
Kicked around now lost now found now lost again for good  
Badly placed or half erased or lost in space and time  
And all because the real one was the disappearing kind

Now you tumble  
Now you know  
Lucky Henry says hello  
Scatched in verses high and low  
And down to hell and gone I'm told  
It's raining boxcars that's for sure  
From Bakersfield to Elsinore  
For all what I care anymore  
For now and forever gone gone gone