

# At This Hour

## Spin Doctors

Here he comes walking down the street  
Got them funky ragged things on his feet  
He got half a busted moon in his smile  
Now I know he's walked that long and lonely mile  
He's got the waistcoat made of sad, sad, sack  
He see a red door and he wants to paint it black  
He's got a vote for you now if you dare  
To not pretend that he's not there  
Yeah, he's coming down on you  
Yeah, what'cha you gonna do?  
You're the only one walking down the street  
He's the only one that you're likely to meet  
At this hour, baby  
You're so used to living in luxury  
Greed's made you blind and you just can't see  
So many people in the world today  
Who won't ever have things their own way

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