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 mileHe'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 thereYeah, 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, babyYou'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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