Doc Pomus

Ben Folds

Man in a wheelchair, lobby of the Forrest
With freighters, hustlers, hard-up millionaires.
Mobsters, cops, whores, pimps and Marxist.
All human life is there.
Man in a wheelchair listens to the chatter,
Writes down all the insane crap he hears.
He can't move around, but it doesn't really matter
In the Forrest all you need is eyes and ears.
And out they pour, the hits and the misses.
Turn Me Loose, Lonely Avenue,
And down in Nashville, they always sing Suspicion.
Pomus/Shuman, 1962. (Chorus)

And he never could be one of those happy cripples,
The kind that smile and tell you life's OK.
He was mad as hell, frightened and bitter.
He found a way to make his feelings pay.
Back at the Forrest, in the steakhouse of the lobby,
The diner gets three bullets in the head.
Bop, Bop, Bop! Ba-op!
Doc looks down, eating his linguine,
Thinking up a lyric for the dead.
(Chorus)
Fred Neil, Jack Benny, crazy Phil Spector,
Pumpkin Juice and Eydie Gorm

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/