

Faces

Blondie

Faces cracked for reason beyond recognition
His space is at the Palace
He sleeps for twenty five cents
Now he's wiping headlights windshields with an old rag
It ain't nine to five
Down and dirty he's an old tramp
He poses like a dead man
The night train passes by Money's not the answer for princes and dancers
He's standing under street lights
He's thinking of his old life
He lost his pretty young wife
The corner is his big plan
His brunch with Jim and jitters
Boston blue laws ain't for shitters
And newsprint is for cheaters
Cement mattress for believers
Now he's shooting power curves
His buddies think he's got some nerve
Missus Face had other lovers
Her arms smothered other numbers
He freezes
Christmas season all Saints protect him
His face is cracked for reason beyond recognition

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