

Life On Bleeker Street

Willie Nile

I live in a basement of a building
In a building of a street in this town
In a building on a street in a neighborhood complete
With the garbage and the sun going down I work in the office of a rich man
At a desk with a pencil in my rear
Five days a week where I rarely get to speak
As I watch my future slowly disappear This is life on Bleeker Street
Where the tourists shuffle to a boom box beat
Old men sit and stare at their feet
This is life on Bleeker Street
The owner of the deli is a "Yes Maam"
He ogles all the woman going by
He tries to be discreet from his window on the street
He's a "how ya going honey" kind a guy People talk revolution in the cafes
They debate right and wrong while they drink
There are buses there are cars there are shiny movie stars
There are starving artists standing on the brink This is life on Bleeker Street
Where the tourists shuffle to a boom box beat
Old men sit and stare at their feet
This is life on Bleeker Street All kinds of people come from who knows where
All kinds of people who knows how much they care
Who knows how much
The lady with the jewels and the Nikon
Wants to photograph another souvenir
She's looking for a sexy New York icon
To prove to someone she was really here I meet my baby on the Bowery
In the dark of the Lower East Side
In a city made of stone we can finally be alone
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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