

Morton Street Pier

Orville Stoeber

When I consider the time I have spent
walking on Morton street pier
watching the thinking man's band
as I stand by the water...

A kite of bright yellow
a child of eight
running as fast as he can
trying to catch the wind
reeling it out
and in and out again...

The river's so brown
as it flows from uptown
A tin can floats right by my feet
A seagull's cry is like the eyes
of two lovers who'll never meet...

The city's behind me
It's there to remind me
I haven't much longer to stay
It looks like a sinking man's hand
sticking
out
of
the
water...

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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