

# 66th Street

## Atmosphere

think it was a Sunday, sometime in January,  
I could be wrong and I guess it isn't necessary,  
But I remember that the ground was made of snow,  
And if you went outside you better take your coat.  
I must have been 19 years old I had a cashier job at a convenience store,  
Workin' the counter makin' minimum dough,  
Sellin' discount smokes to the neighborhood folk.  
I didn't pay much thought to his ski mask,  
Its Minnesota man your face'll freeze fast,  
But I bet that I looked sorta dumb when I first caught sight of his bright orange gun.  
There I am adrenalin high and trying to decide how I feel about his right hand,  
Is that a-god damn-wait a minute, it is a flare gun,  
And guess where he's aimin' it?  
You probably ain't here to win the lottery,  
So you obviously gotta be robbin' me.  
He nodded his head so I opened up the till,  
Grabbed the paper bag for the money 'cause I know the drill.  
I handed him the cash and the food stamps,  
And he just stood there lookin' all confused and I'm thinkin',  
Yo why the fuck ain't he movin'?  
Come on crazy white boy don't do somethin' stupid.  
That bag is worth maybe two thirty,  
Not enough for you to pull the trigger back and burn me,  
By now you should be down the street,  
Ain't you ever see the way they do this shit on TV?  
Yeah it was fun but it's done,  
Now get out.  
(Um, do you want me to get on the ground and start countin'?)  
Before the ski mast even started noddin' I was already on that,  
(One one thousand, Two one thousand)  
The front door beeped I heard him leave so I called my boss and the Richfield police,  
Gotta close the shop and lock the doors because some trailer trash just robbed the store.  
(Eh, I don't know, maybe 5'10? [What was he wearing?] Skinny, flannel shirt, ski mask, [how much money?]  
two hundred thirty, maybe two fifty? [he threatened you with a flare gun?] yeah a flare gun [a flare gun?] yeah  
like a fuckin' flare gun. a ball of fire comes out. [Police laughs] What would you do if i pointed a flare gun at  
you?)  
Everybody acted so suspicious,  
I guess the flare gun story seemed fictitious,  
Are you accusing me of petty embezzlement?

Don't you see my left over adrenalin?  
Bosses and cops can't be my friend.  
Never felt loyalty to either again.  
And to keep it real,  
The irony didn't set,  
Until a year later when I got fired for stealin' cigarettes.  
(Gotta light?)

Lyrics provided by  
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