

Gentleman With a Family

Manhattan Transfer

Scarecrow, weathered and weary
Fragile and old beyond his years
Here we are chosen
In your eyes, the truth lies frozen
Soldier in the city heat
Refugee on every street
And life goes by
Standing in the pouring rain
He's a gentleman with a family
A gentle man, living day to day
He's a gentleman with pride, one may conclude
Sign reads, gentleman with a family will work for food
Shadows haunting his tired eyes
Reaching beyond the empty hand
Here we are, the chosen
In your eyes, the truth lies, frozen
Soldier in the city heat
Refugee on any street
And life goes by
An apostle to these worn out souls
He's a gentleman with a family
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