

Wharf Rat

Robert Hunter

Old man down, way down, down
Down by the docks of the city
Blind and dirty, asked me for a dime
A dime for a cup of coffee
I got no dime but I got some time to hear his story
My name is August West, and I love my Pearly Baker best
More than my wine, more than my wine
More than my maker, though he's no friend of mine
Everyone said I'd come to no good, I knew I would pearly, believe them
Half of my life, I spent doin' time for some other fucker's crime
The other half found me stumbling 'round drunk on Burgundy wine
But I'll get back on my feet someday

The good old Lord willin', if He says I may
I know that the life I'm livin's no good
I'll get a new start, live the life I should
I'll get up and fly away, I'll get up and fly away, fly away
Pearly's been true, true to me, true to my dyin' day he said
I said to him, I said to him, "I'm sure she's been"
I said to him, "I'm sure she's been true to you"
I got up and wandered, wandered downtown
Nowhere to go but just hang around
I've got a girl, named Bonnie Lee, I know that girl's been true to me
I know she's been, I'm sure she's been true to me

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