

# Avenue B

## Gogol Bordello

And one, two, three, four  
Rapper standin' on the corner  
Wrappers flyin' in the wind  
Waitress up from Alabama  
Can't believe the cold she's in  
And me, I'm sitting in my castle  
On the verge of a divorce  
And if I haven't got a hassle  
I'll create my own, of course  
Still, I gotta live with my feelings  
But I know about science, too  
And fame and death and money  
And what they do to you  
And I am gonna need a miracle  
I am gonna need a miracle  
I am gonna need a miracle  
Tonight, on Avenue B  
I bought about a hundred candles  
I'm burnin' 'em, both night and day  
I'm sleepin' when I should be eatin'  
I'm cryin' when I should be gay  
My girlfriend's warm and loves me  
She's knockin' but she can't get in  
I'm a product of the paranoia  
Of the age I'm in  
And I am gonna need a miracle  
I'm really gonna need a miracle  
I'm really gonna need a miracle  
Tonight, on Avenue B  
I see the students out my window  
They're walking in their student clothes  
Eatin' books and information  
To make their understanding grow  
But this much I understand  
It's hard to be an empty man  
But since I gave 'em every part of me  
I ain't free  
And I am gonna need a miracle  
I am gonna need a miracle

I am gonna need a miracle  
Tonight, on Avenue B  
I am gonna need a miracle  
I am gonna need a miracle  
Tonight

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