# The Ballad Of Sean Foley

## Maria Taylor

Fell down from your haven.
To an empire cityscape.
Someone asked him for directions.
He would always know the way.
Offer you his raincoat.
Let you hide under his hat.
If you can't walk from whiskey.
He'll just throw you on his back.
And then away you'll go.
Through the crowd gathered below.
To the spinning wheels.
Of your mobile home.
And he'll watch you sleep.
Like a guardian angel.
Stays inside the music.
Sometimes steps outside the law.
Always in the name of justice.
Still believes in the lost cause.
Distract you with a story.
Always tries to make you laugh.
He brings people together.
Like Gertrude Stein and Mama Cass.
And he says, "My friends are yours,
This town's full of open doors
To the sold-out shows,

Eighth bungalows,
And the lonesome smokes,
In this tiny studio."
Always finds a muse.
Everywhere he goes.
Whether it's the blues.
Or some abandoned showtune.
Learned how to be selfless,
How to love what wasn't there,
But never dwell upon it.
Just embrace what's everywhere.
People busking in the subway.
Mc's freestyle in the park.

Heard a kid from martha's vineyard,
Made him turn around his car.
And away he goes
To the local radio
Saying, "What's that sound?
I'd like to know,
And this might sound strange,
But I just can't let it go."
Guess every sinner needs a saint.
Guess every sinner needs a saint.
Guess every sinner needs a saint.
Says everybody is the same.

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