

Kilroy Was Here

Black 47

KILROY WAS HERE

Watch the mist like a blanket bleed on the town
Muffling the streets, damp eiderdown
Step down the gangway onto the pier
Off the tramp steamer that took you all the way here
A shot in a tavern, resurrect your cold bones
Then out on the street in search of lost souls
Approached by a lady of dubious charm
She takes you by the arm
Upstairs into a frozen room
She undresses â€˜neath an alabaster moon
Whispers, "Sweetheart, what would you like me to do?
I'll do anything that you want me to"
But I can't tell her 'cause someone might hear
So I whisper politely, "Kilroy was here."

Up on Christopher the shadows of sad young men
New York Cowboys every one
Lost innocents, some are even sweet
But straight as crooked arrows
Down the foggy winding street
With looks so searching, penetrating and cruel
Hot lasers piercing right down to the cockles of your soul
One of them inquires silently
"Hey Stranger, how 'bout a gift?"
"No, I'm only here to see Montgomery Cliff."
"But he's a long time gone
You know what I'm talkin' about, my dear,
And we all know what you're lookin' for down here
The next time you see Monty
You stick your tongue in his ear
And tell him that Kilroy was here."

Up on 57th, a street of bitter cheer
A prophet is celebratin' the Jewish New Year
And the ghosts of all those Christmases past
Troop by like broken mirrors made of Presbyterian glass
A broken hearted Jesus steps down off his cross

Bolts out the door of St. Malachy's Church
"I came to resurrect you, but no one gives a damn
So I'm outa here, you go say your novenas
To some other man"
"Won't you consider your options?"
Cry two ladies in trade
"No, I'm sick of being mistaken for the Marquise de Sade"
"We're so sorry we disappointed you."
But he doesn't want to hear
The cock crowin' in the distance, so I kiss away his tears
Buy him thirty silver dollars worth of beer
And reassure him that "Kilroy was here"

Back on board the First Mate, he is fulminatin'
"Don't you never get tired of you 'little boy' escapin'
Why don't you take all of your memories
Go store 'em in a locket
Seal it with a kiss, then go drown 'em in a bottle."
On the quayside she waits, her face cold and ashen
Shiverin' with fear, we used to call it passion
The tide is rising but the fog has grown deeper
First Mate says, "She can't come, but you can keep her
Locked in a drawer next to the cross of your Redeemer
That's the only place for love
On this phantom tramp steamer."
You reach out to hold her but she's startin' to disappear
So you say "Wait for me, I am comin' my dear."
But you've lost her forever 'cause now Jesus has her ear
And he's whisperin', "Kilroy was here."

â€œI came to resurrect youâ€•
â€œWonâ€™t you consider your options?â€•
â€œI came to resurrect you but no one gave a damnâ€•

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Lyrics submitted by Larry.

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