

# Manhattan

## Mozella

Shakey Davey's got a twelve guage in his hand  
It's sawed off to the limit, he's got a vague plan  
There's this liquor store on Madison  
There's another one down on Washington Square  
He's pretty sure no one's ever seen him down around there  
The first one's bird shot, the next four are double aught buck  
The last one's a slug just for good luck  
He's got his works in his pocket  
He wants to score as soon as he's done  
He can't wait to get straight to get long gone  
He puts on his long coat scribbles off a short note  
Sits himself down and waits for the sun to go down  
It's right around midnight and there's still  
Too damn many people on this street  
He's walked all the way from Battery Park  
He's got sweaty hands and burning feet  
He's desperate for a fix, his body's screaming, "Get me high"  
He bursts through the door and let's one fly  
Sunrise in the park and Davey's cold as stone  
He got some bad merchandise and he was all alone  
Two more unsolved mysteries, a lot of paper pushed around  
Most folks are just waking up in this great big town

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