DJ Serenade

Kate & Anna McGarrigle

Jesus said bring me the destitute, the hungry and the
sick
It don't matter what you brand me, why don't you take
your pick
It ain't the lack of money that makes a fella poor
It's the footsteps of the one you love walkin' out the
door
Walkin' out the doorCountless smoky Greyhounds won't cease to stop my rest
Cross-country railway cars where they only serve the
best
An angle of complacency stretched me cross the rack
The smiling ghost of decency drove me off the track
Drove me off the trackPots and pans rattle and the door slams
Can't seem to find the salt
Even the scraps are tasting flat
It's just one more day the dollar ain't what is used to
be
I don't mind being blind so long as there's someone out
there can seeOne by one the TVs are shutting down
The buildings go to sleep
The all-night D.J.'s serenade is the only company I
keep
There's little rhyme or reason to these words that
float in space
They recall some times and places I can no longer
clearly place
No longer clearly place

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