

# Laraby's Gang

## Spin Doctors

Stoop's so fine on a summer's eve  
When you sit outside for a short reprieve  
Talk to folks as they come and leave  
Jono, Jay and Crazy Steve  
Night is down but it's bright as day  
You haven't been around since you went away  
Feels so good so that's what you say  
Folks say hi, but you say, hey  
Well, that old mad dog, he's barking for the blues bone  
Orpheus got a black book and a telephone  
Plays that lyre 'cause he doesn't want to be alone  
One look back  
Buy a beer, find a place to stand  
Have a couple laughs and hear the band  
Smoke a couple of your favorite brand  
Wake up with a stamp on the back of your hand  
Don't blame me, it's all been Laraby's gang, now, now  
Don't blame me for the song that the nightingale sang, now, now  
Don't blame me 'bout the vanishing waif  
Don't blame me if your safe ain't safe, now, now  
Sun comes up, you're still awake  
There's the sky, still as a lake  
Not even that can drown the ache  
Looks so high, it must be fake

Lyrics provided by

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