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 SteveNight 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, heyWell, 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 backBuy 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 handDon'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, nowSun 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

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