

Grand Central Station, March 18, 1977

Steve Forbert

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Grand Central station, wheels and it deals
The crowds rush and scramble
Round past the new stands and out across the floors
And I did some singin', and I played guitar
Down near a doorway
Howlin' out words and bangin' out chordsWell, think what you will, laugh if you like
It don't make no difference to me
I'll open my case, and I might catch a coin
But all ears may listen for freeBig clocks were tickin', trains came and went
Sad, ragged figures limped in the hallways
And dug through the trash
While old folks and young folks passed in a flood
On dashing somewhere
Wrapped in their lives and gone in a flashWell, think what you will, laugh if you like
It don't make no difference to me
I'll open my case, and I might catch a coin
But all ears may listen for freeWell, a man came a talkin' and he stopped where I stood
He warned me so gravely
The cops here'll nab ya, boy and they'll take ya right on down, yes
But I took my chances, and luck saw me through
I stayed until' I'd finished
Played what I pleased and poured out my soundWell, think what you will, laugh if you like
It don't make no difference to me
I'll open my case, and I might catch a coin
But all ears may listen for free

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