

# 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 chords Well, 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 Big 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 flash Well, 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 Well, 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 sound Well, 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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