Downtown Saga

Jerry Leger

Are you asking for pleasure?
Splashed across the parking lot?
Let me grab my rifle and aim for the tender spot
Watch you dance into the river
Swinging your arms like a chain
The one that binds me
When someone else has got a hold of your name
When I'm whistling
I'm sitting on top of the world
Do your ears believe me or question
What I'd do that for?
The days now look like murders
Crime scenes black and white
Bruising my opinions
Of your kind of wrong and right
Could you be my admirer
Or the one that shoots me down in the cold
Would you be my supplier
Or wait for the covers to unfold
I'll pound on these shackles
Til something feels like it's going to break
Could be the twilight vision that's making me sick
I got my hands on the maker
And she's looking real good
She told me if I was willing to go with her, I could
And she loosens the bow in her curls
Let's it fall down her back
And I cover my Chaplin smile
As she takes off my hat
She looks like a shadow
Could be anyone
It feels like tomorrow
Feels like something that I've already done
I cough and I cackle
She asks if I'm feeling insecure
I say, "No, it's just your plain expression
That's making me unsure"
I listen to the street noise
Wakes me out of my sleep

I'm sitting on the ledge
Thinking about the devil and the deep blue sea

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