

# Shinbone Alley

## Spin Doctors

Moonlight through the chicken wire, humming window pane  
Lukewarm water gasping down a rusty drain  
Big town's in need of mending, street lights make tooth some seams  
Denim shadows shuffle in between the beams Different strokes for different folks so  
Mind your manner and easy on the ethnic jokes  
It's a dumbbell curve, you're trying to tally  
All the way down to shin bone alley Streets are metacarpal and flesh of asphalt calm  
Buildings rise like fingers from a concrete palm  
Yellow lit apartment trickle through the drapes  
Windows frame each history hidden even from the fire escapes Sullen winter sparrow lends wing to expanse of  
grey  
Six-thirty-two in the morning on Thanksgiving day and the bums  
They hit their corners, the thunder bird rubs their bones and the crack  
Addicts stare at the snowflakes zigzagging down to greet Jones Different strokes for different folks so Seven-  
thirty-two on the same day, your bare feet on the parquet  
And the light so papery white shining past the microwave  
Knuckles to eyeballs and elbows on the table  
Spend the day gazing from the window gable

Lyrics provided by

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