

# Shinbone Alley

## Spin Doctors

Moonlight through the chicken wire humming window pane  
Lukewarm water gasping down a rusty drane  
Big towns in need of mending, streetlights shake toothsome beams  
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 dumb bell curve you're trying to tally  
All the way down to Shinbone 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 lands wing to expanse of grey  
Six-thirty-two in the morning on Thanksgiving day  
And the bums they hit the corners  
The thunder kids rub their money  
And the crack addicts stare at the snowflakes zig zagging  
Down to the greet Jones[CHORUS]  
Seventy-two on the sour day, your bare feet sweep the parquet  
And the lights u spreay white slanting past the microwave  
Knuckles to eyeballs and elbows on the table  
Spend the day gazing from your winter gable

Songwriters

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