

Ridin' Out the Storm

[Rodney Crowell](#)

Ridin' Out The Storm Lyrics

The New York City winter comes in cold grey sheets of steel

The numbness in his hands and feet is all that he can feel

Alcohol and sterno turns a doorway to a bed
And the ghost of who he might have been lives on inside his head

In a canyon made of brownstone on a sidewalk icy black

He wanders nearly barefoot with his righteousness in tact

A man of many mansions in a cardboard box replete
He lies sleeping with an angel while his heart pretends to
beat

The wind blows down on Lonely Street like an ice pick through the air

Midst the Sunday times and coffee grinds and wino's in Times Square

Five flights up on Easy Street you know she's safe and warm
Way down low neath a foot of snow he's riding out
the storm

I offered him my winter coat politely he refused

Like an educated man he spoke with words I seldom use

He said I don't need pity for these choices are my own
He bowed his head just slightly and quietly moved along

Its not like he's a victim of the homeless life he stalks

Nor helpless to get back across the fine line that he walks

Riding out the storm means yesterday's already spent
Tomorrow don't mean nothing it won't even make a dent

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>