

Doc Pomus

Ben Folds

Man in a wheelchair
Lobby of the forest
With freighters, hustlers, hard up millionaires
Mobsters, cops,
Whores, pimps, and Marxists
All human life is there
In the forest all you need is eyes and ears
Man in a wheelchair listens to the chatter
Writes down all the insane crap he hears.
He can't move around but it doesn't really matter
In the farthest stall you needed his eyes and ears
And out they pour the hits and the misses
Turn me loose, lonely avenue
And down in Nashville, Elvis sings "Suspicion"
Pomus, Shuman, 1962
And he could never be one of those happy cripples
The kind that smile and tell you life's okay.
He was mad as hell.
Frightened and bitter,
He found a way to make his feelings pay.
Back at the forest in the steakhouse of a lobby
A diner gets 3 bullets in the head.
Doc looks down eating his linguine
Thinking up a lyric for the dead.
And out they pour the hits and the misses
Turn me loose, lonely avenue
And down in Nashville, Elvis sings "Suspicion"
Pomus, Shuman, 1962
1962
Friendly Jack Benny, crazy Phil Spector
? and Eydie Gorme
Damon Runyon Junior and the ? orchestra
All super human life is there
In the forest all you need is eyes and ears
And he could never be one of those happy cripples
The kind that smile and tell you life's okay
He was mad as hell, frightened and bitter.
He found a way to make his isolation pay.
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Songwriters

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