

On Bradford Street

Is that guy a townie?
He eats breakfast out a lot

It's hard to tell
But he has dusty boots

You used to have eyes
Not just the middle part

Now it's all turned black
But the whole thing

Men of suicide
They lose the plot, and

Take a strange ride
Don't contribute a lot

It snows in Paradise
A nose is runny

It's pretty but cold
It's nice to be here any way

He was beautiful at one time
Oh no, his arm don't work

The chemo didn't work out well though
And he can't play no more

I knew a guy with cancer
For the many young and the new

He thought that he had an answer
He didn't last long for you

Hey, hey! Please please!
A lunch or a movie
You are fun and lovely
It won't really matter though

Don't sounds an alarm
Won't do no harm
I'd like to know your name
By tomorrow

You're my daily wreckage
It is true that I can't walk

The many things you stole from me
Its also true that I can't fly

You can rest assured
People and places I have seen

I still have a mind
As yet undefined

It's a daily thing
On Bradford Street

We can meet