

## **The Street I Live On**

Peep shows, pawnshops, Neon Rosie's Lounge.  
The Broadway Drugs & Diner, the Storefront Ministry,  
and the mission soup kitchen.

See that worldly girly over there?  
Barely dressed on a windy corner,  
Looking for a ride to feed her hunger for the week.  
She is from some eastern town,  
Born of a frightened woman  
And an evil man who committed crimes of which she will not speak.  
She has run away with one too many strangers in the night,  
Seeking shelter from the storm.  
Now she is dangerous to know, and she's a deadly one to hold.  
Those who seek her company get more than what they bargained for.

This is the street I live on.  
And the neighborhood is getting crowded.  
High above the street I live on,  
The money flows like water.  
But where's the dollar trickling down?

See that wheezing geezer over there?  
He ain't gonna work for food,  
Fed by guilty handouts at the traffic light.  
From a wealthy western city,  
A poet, first, unpublished,  
And a lecher, second, caught and given life without a rhyme.  
He will reach a boiling point and expose a bit too much  
To an unforgiving world.  
Then the lecher lands in jail where the poet starts to wail  
Apologies and curses to God and little girls.

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Once there was a politician with a two-day beard,  
He come down here dressed in rags.  
Spent the weekend undercover on my street,  
Sunday he went home, called the paper, and washed his hands.

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Publishing: 100% Window on the West