

The Sidewalks of New York to "The Sidewalks of New York"

new words by Roger Deitz

Copyright 1988, 1989, Roger Deitz

East Side, West Side, all around the town

There are folks on the street

Plastic bags on their feet

Pushing shopping carts around

Sometimes they sleep in Grand Central

Sometimes on a bench in the Park

Close your ears and your eyes

So you can't hear their cries

Still they don't disappear in the dark

They'll tell you their own sad story

About the way things used to be

About what might have been

If their ship had come in

In the "Land of the Brave and the Free"

About a long lost love, The Lord above

Don't worry about me I'm just fine

About frost bit hands, Aluminum cans

And two-dollar bottles of wine

There's an old lady blue, out on Eighth Avenue

She's cold, and she dying, and she smiles

She says, "If you've got the time,

Can you throw me a dime.

And I'll sing my song for a while."

Rosey sings about a day in her childhood

About a warm afternoon in the sun

And she says, "When you're tired of singing my friend

That's the day when your sad songs are done"

And it's East Side, West Side

All around the town

The cops play "Ring-around-Rosey -

London Bridge is falling down"

It's boys and girls together

Just me and old Rosey O'Rourke

We'll trip the light fantastic

On the sidewalks of New York