

Dogs Damour, Cardboard Town

(3:10)

Life is wicked in wino city
Life down here just ain't pretty
We get to the "Nitty Gritty";
You can smell the stench of vagabond city
Life used to be sex, smack and tears
For a dirty hero playin' guitars for those years
To make a few Quid for breakfast at Sids
And a pack o'ten tabs for him n' his missus
An all those people hit me
They just knock me down
in cardboard town, come on down, cardboard town
>From the Irish to the rich who have fallen from grace
To the battered wife took one too many on the face
The husband is drunk n' so absurd
To the people who give up the world
An all those people hit me
They just knock me down
in cardboard town, come on down, cardboard town
Down in the gutter sleepin' with the dogs
Talkin' to the fleas, rats, n' the hogs
Drinkin' the grain that'll rot my brain
Leavin' thunderbird city on the next nighttrain
An all those people hit me
They just knock me down
in cardboard town, come on down, cardboard town
Come on down, irish n' slick guys hang around
25 cents if you got any sense