## Jackie Greene, Talkin' Midtown Women

Well monday morning had me down by tuesday evening id come around Friday found me singing on the stage well i dont mind working late it keeps the beans on my plate if it werent for singing, I might be in the cage

now i got me a basement with a view and i can sleep till 1/2 past two some folks call me lazy some call me brave but it dont matter anyway we do our own things day to day i just aint no one elses slave

and all the while the world turns with petty talk and lame concerns and arguments over what you should believe and all the while the world burns its clear as day, but nobody learns cause no one wants a cure for this disease

now i see women everywhere on the street and on the stair sometimes its so hard to keep my cool platinum blondes whove gone brunette and some who aint decided yet Lord sometimes they make me feel just like a fool!

i know girls with strange tattoos and i know girls who like their booze and i know girls who dont do nothing but cry i know girls with plastic faces their pictures on their pillowcases i know girls who live to love and lie

and everytime i turn around another grave is in the ground theyre selling all kinds of crap on my TV and everytime I turn around someone says they think theve found the answer to some old forgotten mystery

now outside the apartment gates theres vanity on license plates and a dozen differnt kinds of coffee shops i go walking down that avenue same as them, same as you difference is my feet dont ever stop!

now i know married girls who cheat they say their lives are incomplete and i know girls who say theyve been betrayed i know some girls who speak of fate and they dont ever hesitate they say: life is made of moments, being made

but come midnight its all the same it melts into a picture frame and suddenly everythigns so clear the night is cool, the moon is tame and theres nothing but some crazy dame its always these damn women that keep me here

wintertimes, my favorite time

i get to see old friends of mine everybodys running from the cold but i know someday itll all be gone when youth decides to pass me on and time decides to turn my body old

but ill always love that cheap perfume messin with my afternoons and all those pretty women passing by we all sing the same old tune like the locals in the loud saloon just doing what were doing till we die