

In The Shadow Of St. Marks

Shuffle along, he don't want attention
Doubtful that he would find a friend
Kicked off the bus for hitting the bottle
Raindrops tell him to find shelter again

His nights are lonely, long and cold
Nothing changes, same old pain

As the cars on the highway go by,
They sound like waves
His Mad Dog is running out
He drifts away...

Now he's down and out on the highway
Hand out that nobody will hold
Scraped up enough to get his drink on
This life is getting pretty old

His nights are lonely, long and cold
Nothing changes, same old pain

As the cars on the highway go by,
They sound like waves
His Mad Dog is running out
He drifts away...

Nothing can touch him now, let him find peace here
Sleeping in the shadows of St. Marks