

Trout Fishing In America, Park Avenue And Tyson

(C. Calvert/K. Grimwood/E. Idlet)

For as long as I recall,
There's this picture on my wall
Of a place where two roads meet--
Park Avenue and Tyson Street.

Chorus: Part of my life, frozen in time,
In a gas light with a blue line
I can go back there any time.

Marble stairs and red-brick rows
Look the same each way you go;
Park Avenue runs north and south,
While Tyson Street lives hand-to-mouth.

Chorus:

Artists on the sidewalk, painting in pairs,
Making ends meet, she's selling her hair,
Captured in a frame, take me back there.

There are no faces on these streets.

And no business to complete.

For as long as I recall,

There's this picture on my wall.

Chorus: