

# Walter Becker, Junkie Girl

In the good old bad part of this college town  
Men in business suits they run you down  
You take their money just like you take mine  
You send it bubbling down the thin blue line  
It doesn't matter how it got this way  
'Cause we could make it through this thing together  
I know you're laughing but I got to say  
Now I still want you maybe more than ever

No fooling it's a fucked up world  
So be cool my little junkie girl

The cops are out to shut the district down  
I comb the ruins of your stomping grounds  
Stanyan Street looking like that third world war  
You come up blazing like an open sore  
Now I believe you but I got to know  
How come the right side of your brain is hurting  
So take me with you baby when you go  
Through to the white side of your China curtain

No fooling it's a fucked up world  
So be cool my little junkie girl

In the good old bad part of this college town  
Men in grey limousines will drive you down  
You take their money just like you take mine  
Where does it get you on that thin blue line  
Now I can hardly hear you anymore  
Your eyes are empty and your voice is hollow  
I see you waving from a distant shore  
And where you're going I don't dare to follow

No fooling that's another world  
Good luck my little junkie girl