

Walter Becker, Lucky Henry

Dusted down in shanty town behind a sky of red
Hoist upon some frozen dawn exploding in my head
Fast asleep in trouble deep or wide awake and burning
Stuck inside some stranger's hide whose karma keeps returning

Where you trail that holy grail of darkness and despair
Way cross town, now up now down, as though you'd really care
On the bus across from us seen once in silhouette
The old man's face you couldn't place that now you can't forget

Down and dirty
There you go
Lucky Henry says hello
Burned his bridges high and low
And down the road and gone
It's raining boxcars did you know
From County Cook to Baltimore
Where ever those old jockeys go
To live out their lifelines

Burning down that two lane town the boys call Hollywood
Kicked around now lost now found now lost again for good
Badly placed or half erased or lost in space and time
And all because the real one was the disappearing kind

Now you tumble
Now you know
Lucky Henry says hello
Scatched in verses high and low
And down to hell and gone I'm told
It's raining boxcars that's for sure
From Bakersfield to Elsinore
For all what I care anymore
For now and forever gone gone gone