

Washington Square
(Clark/Robinson)

On her biggest wall, she hung Warhol
And wishes she had never used
The last magazine, in which she was seen
Was sold to the self abused

This lovely one holds an empty gun
And swears it was done on a dare
Her only fear, is that her career
Has been damaged beyond repair
Down on Washington Square

The summer breeze, blows the shades off the window
As she stares out on to Seventh Avenue
She sees a rastafarian, out on the corner
Trying to sell his point of view

Without affection, she tells her connection
"I need a fix this just isn't fair"
And he takes a walk, around the block
And disappears into thin air
Into Washington Square

She sits there all alone
Wondering when he will come

She reads every page of Vogue Magazine
Studies every single look
She came on the scene, behind amphetamines
And left before they finished the book

Mirror, mirror, on the wall
Does this mean that you no longer care?
You used to tell her that she was the one
But now that you're no longer here
She stands and stares out on Washington Square

Doesn't anybody understand she needs someone
Blown away in the loft, late at night into oblivion

She found her bag of troubles and tricks
Down on Commerce Avenue
All the muggers, all the whores and the thieves
Told her, all of her dreams would come true

"Jeanine" they said, "she set her old man free
Down at the Chelsea, just before he disappeared"
She takes a walk, around the block
And picks up a few volunteers
And takes a stand out on Washington Square

I saw an art show
I saw Jaco Pastorius walking across the street

He was mumbling mumbling something about
Someone that he had to meet

It was that lovely one with an empty gun
Who did it on a dare

Came on the scene wearing tennis shoes and jeans
And vanished into thin air she disappeared

It's the new sound of thunder
It's not purple rain

It's the new southern California
And New York City again.