

Ninety Mile Wind

Tonight is a night I'll walk in the wind
And listen to stuff I can write
The radio says a ninety mile wind
Will whip old New York town tonight.

Well I did walk and the wind did come
And I got to see who was the toughest
New York town or the high blowing wind
And I found out New York was the roughest.

This town has stood up in the face of things
Lots worse than a ninety mile wind
It's not bad storms I'm afraid of today
But the greed that our leaders walk in.

I'll walk along the boardwalk rail
And feel and hear this ninety mile gale
I can hear the ocean mourn and groan
And I wonder about ships lost out in this storm

So come on wind and blow out your brains
Blow like a cyclone across the flat plains
This is just an echo of our world wide storm
That's ripping away our balls and our chains.

Blow you little hurricane blow blow blow
I can see the Ferris Wheel and the parachute jump
And the men and women in overalls holding Coney Island's rides down and I
sometimes wonder what we do between blows
That is half as much fun as Coney Island or New York town
In a ninety or a hundred miles an hour storm.

And I remember that nature fights against all of man
And that man fights against all of nature
And that everything bites and fights every other thing
And that hurricanes do blow
And will blow
Some harder than others