

Larimer Street  
By:Utah Phillips

Your bulldozers rolling through my part of town,  
The iron ball swings and knocks it all down.  
You knocked down my hockshop; you knocked down my bar;  
And you black-topped it over to park all your cars.

And where will I go? And where will I stay?  
You knocked down the skid row and hauled it away.  
I'll flag a fast rattler and ride it on down.  
Boys, they're running the bums out of town.

Old Maxie, the tailor, is closing his doors.  
There ain't nothing left in the second-hand stores.  
You knocked down my pawnshop and the Big Harbor Lights  
And the old Chinese cafe that was open all night.

And where will I go? And where will I stay?  
You knocked down the skid row and hauled it away.  
I'll flag a fast rattler and ride it on down.  
Boys, they're running the bums out of town.

You ran out the hookers who worked on the street,  
And you built a big club where the playboys can meet.  
My bookie joint closed when your cops pulled a raid,  
But you built a new hall for the stock market trade.

And where will I go? And where will I stay?  
You knocked down the skid row and hauled it away.  
I'll flag a fast rattler and ride it on down.  
Boys, they're running the bums out of town.

These little store keepers, they don't stand a chance  
With the big, uptown bankers a-calling the dance  
With their suit-and-tie rest'rants that's all owned by Greeks  
And their counterfeit hippies and their plastic boutiques.

And where will I go? And where will I stay?  
You knocked down the skid row and hauled it away.  
I'll flag a fast rattler and ride it on down.  
Boys, they're running the bums out of town.

Now, I'm finding out there's just one kind of war.  
It's the one going on 'tween the rich and the poor.  
I don't know a lot about what you'd call class,  
But the upper and the middle can all kiss my ass.

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