

Deep Forgotten Blues

Words and music by Alexander Sands

Did your New York City time, make you feel alive?
I wouldn't know, I still have yet to go

And did your New York City time, force you into crime?
The crime of leaving without having said goodbye

I made it to New Jersey, but this ain't major news
Me and Jersey, have the deep forgotten blues

It's clear to me your time, has made you less of mine
Although you were mine only in a dream

And I dreamt about that time, we got drunk on cooking wine
But I got so drunk that I couldn't read the signs

So I crossed out your name on the side of my old shoe
With the others of the deep forgotten blues

Once I'd even thought, I'd pack a bag and walk
And become a bum, and live in Central Park

Would you recognize me, under a cardboard canopy?
Begging for your lips to say 'hello'

But the roaches even hate me, I guess I'll take a clue
And walk away- into the deep forgotten blues

I saw you with your man, and your golden wedding band
I guess this means you won't be coming back for good

Now I sit at home, staring at the phone
But the phone, stares right on back at me

I wish I could provide like your wealthy husband do
But my resumé reads: 'deep forgotten blues'

Did your New York City time, make you feel assured?
Cause' rest assured, for now my heart is broke

And did your New York City time, force you into trying?
When still the only mail I get comes from the bank

I went once to New Buffalo, hardly worth the news
And like the buffalo, I have the deep forgotten blues