

Doc Pomus

Ben Folds & Nick Hornby

Man in a wheelchair, lobby of the Forrest
With frighters, hustlers, hard-up millionaires
Mobsters, cops, whores, pimps and Marxists
All human life is there Man in a wheelchair listens to the chatter
Writes down all the insane crap he hears
He can't move around but it doesn't really matter
In the Forrest all you need is eyes and ears And out they pour, the hits and the misses
"Turn Me Loose," "Lonely Avenue"
And down in Nashville, Elvis sings "Suspicion"
Pomus/Shuman, 1962 And he never could be one of those happy cripples
The kind that smile and tell you life's OK
He was mad as hell, frightened and bitter
He found a way to make his feelings pay
Back at the Forrest, in the steakhouse off the lobby
A diner gets three bullets in the head
Doc looks down, eating his linguine
Thinking up a lyric for the dead And out they pour, the hits and the misses
"Turn Me Loose," "Lonely Avenue"
And down in Nashville, Elvis sings "Suspicion"
Pomus/Shuman, 1962
1962 Fred Neil, Jack Benny, crazy Phil Spector
Pumpkin Juice and Eydie Gormé
Damon Runyon, Jr. and the Duke's orchestra
All superhuman life was there And he never could be one of those happy cripples
The kind that smile and tell you life's OK
He was mad as hell, frightened and bitter
He found a way to make his isolation pay
And out they pour, the hits and misses
"Turn Me Loose," "Lonely Avenue"
And down in Nashville, Elvis sings "Suspicion"
Pomus/Shuman, 1962
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>