

Boys In The Backroom  
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Well out in front is the crowd with their double delight,  
In the fog, they let out their sorrows,  
And they wait for the end, 'cause for nine out of ten,  
There are just too many tomorrows.

And out on the street, men in blue pound the beat,  
Chasing winos and drug store dependents,  
They take a good look around as they lay themselves down,  
Numb from their morning refreshments.

CHORUS:

And here's to the boys in the backroom  
Whippin' up their memories,  
The card game's a mess,  
But they're going on blessed,  
And the losers all get in for free

And the people seem few who can look up at you,  
With a smile and they just aren't pretending,  
Their children sit by, their clean socks say hi,  
But how are you and where are you going?