

Frank

Frank was the first serious drunk I ever knew,
He was hiding out, drying out, for the hundredth time & a few,
He said, 'Get your sheets there, here's a pillow,

The man asked me to show you 'round this tank,
He said, 'Get your sheets there, here's a pillow,
Follow me down the hall to your room.

Frank told me 'bout his life, about leaving, bout holdin' on,
& we were the first-timers, scared o' s'crakin',

Scared of our own shadows, scared o' been gone,
Frank lived on the street, he lived by his heartbeat,
He said, 'Get your sheets there, here's a pillow,
Follow me down the hall to your room.

Somebody said, as we stood around,

Rolling up cigarettes & talking 'bout this & that,
That they'd seen Frank from the top deck

Falling down in the burnt-out bus shelter near the flats,
But Frank had taught me well,

You never put a man on a pedestal,
He'd said, 'Get your sheets there, here's a pillow,
Follow me down the hall to your room.

Frank was strong he was wined, he didn't think much of himself,

But he met some people, good & bad ones,

Frank was one of the finest, & I drink to his health,
While I cry about mine,
& think about the next line,

You can get your sheets there, here's a pillow,
Follow me down the hall to your room.

I remember one time Frank said,

'Put that music on you played last night'

'Do you mean the Don Williams?'

Frank turned & said, 'Yea, that's right'

Well he said, it helped him to sleep,

For his soul to keep,

We said, 'Get your sheets there, here's a pillow,

Follow me down the hall to your room.

Get your sheets there, here's a blanket,

& Don't worry, you'll get used to it soon,

Get your sheets there,

Follow me down.

Pearson Park '98
(after passing Birkdale
Hotel - the late, on Prince
Ave)