

Carmine Street

Loudon Wainwright III

In the morning I read the paper
In the evening I watch the news
I sit there in my armchair
I stare, flip, switch, peruse
The stories and the pictures
For me there's no escape
I read all about it
See it live, see it on tape
It's there in living color
It's plain in black & white
Things just go on happening
They go wrong, things aren't right
In the morning I read the paper
In the evening I watch the news
Every day's a battle
In a war that you just lose
And I'm there in my armchair
Safe from the world outside
To leave this locked apartment
Would be suicide
My windows have bars on them
I'm safe so it seems
Outside I hear the sirens
Sometimes I hear the screams
In the morning I read the paper
In the evening I watch the news