

Day over few where its poor and rundown  
There's a corner there ~~that~~ remember-remember  
on one side a liquor store was outside the door  
~~and the blind old man~~ ~~was~~ ~~there~~ ~~to~~ ~~stand~~ ~~and~~ ~~wait~~ ~~and~~ ~~stand~~  
on the other for welfare checks folks ~~wait~~ ~~and~~ ~~stand~~  
Every day would come one who cared for sure  
hes the blind old tap dancer

With a cane in his hand and a hat with its band  
He would poke his way down to the corner-corner  
Midst the misery there his only talent he'd show  
He'd put down his cane for the dog over a bone  
Then his feet 'gan to beat out a measure  
Hes the blind old tap dancer

Go man would call a waltz with a bottle  
and the folks would stand around + clap  
Oh man he'd pull out his shrotta  
~~and~~ ~~he'd~~ ~~pull~~ ~~out~~ ~~his~~ ~~shrotta~~  
and when he danced he'd ~~never~~ ~~stop~~

(whistle verse)  
So he brought a heap surcease of sorrow to all these  
who stood ~~and~~ ~~delightfully~~ ~~around~~ ~~his~~ ~~dance~~ ~~-~~ ~~dancer~~  
Then one day he wasn't there and so the folks just ~~stared~~ ~~and~~ ~~stared~~  
and I forgot the corner there and his dance  
at ~~whenever~~ ~~the~~ ~~time~~ ~~such~~ ~~powerful~~ ~~at~~ ~~article~~ ~~to~~ ~~write~~

