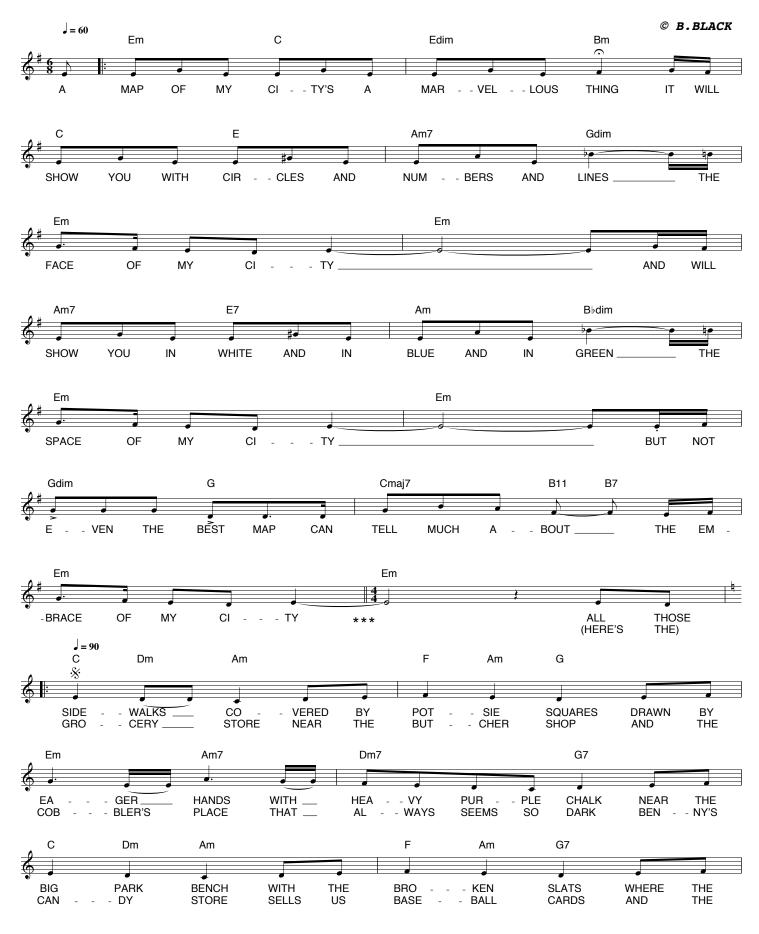
The OLD NEIGHBORHOOD



*** (Spoken softly after intro): Every city has not one, but a thousand hearts. They're what we remember lovingly long after we leave - they're called neighborhoods.



[Intro] A MAP OF MY CITY'S A MARVELLOUS THING IT WILL SHOW YOU WITH CIRCLES AND NUMBERS AND LINES THE FACE OF MY CITY AND WILL SHOW YOU IN WHITE AND IN BLUE AND IN GREEN THE SPACE OF MY CITY BUT NOT EVEN THE BEST MAP CAN TELL MUCH ABOUT THE EMBRACE OF MY CITY! (Spoken softly after intro): Every city has not one, but a thousand hearts. They're what we remember lovingly long after we leave - they're called neighborhoods. [1a] ALL THOSE SIDEWALKS FILLED WITH POTSIE SQUARES DRAWN BY EAGER HANDS WITH HEAVY PURPLE CHALK NEAR THE BIG PARK BENCH WITH THE BROKEN SLATS WHERE THE OLD GUYS ALWAYS LOVE TO SIT AND TALK SEE THAT NICE YOUNG COP? WHY THAT'S PATRICK KEANE HE'S JUST MADE THE FORCE NOW HE'S MOTHER'S PRIDE AND JOY HE GREW UP RIGHT HERE ON OUR STREET WE REMEMBER THE DAYS WHEN HE JUST A LITTLE BOY [1b] HERE'S THE GROCERY STORE NEAR THE BUTCHER SHOP AND THE COBBLER'S PLACE THAT ALWAYS SEEMS SO DARK BENNY'S CANDY STORE SELLS US BASEBALL CARDS AND THE PINK "SPALDEENS" FOR OUR STICKBALL IN THE PARK THAT'S OUR CHURCH RIGHT THERE, AND MY SCHOOL'S NEXT DOOR: YEAH, SOMETIMES SISTER YELLS, BUT SHE'S REALLY NOT SO BAD JIMMY'S TEACHER IS HIS MOM'S BEST FRIEND: IT'S THE BEST DARN LUCK THAT A FELLA EVER HAD! [CHORUS after 1b and 2b] GONE, I KNOW: THOSE DAYS ARE GONE FOREVER PEACEFUL DAYS, I'D RELIVE THEM IF I COULD BUT SO MUCH HAS CHANGED, MAKES ME SAD TO SEE IT HAPPEN NO PLACE WILL EVER BE LIKE THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD! [2a] THERE'S THE BARBER SHOP OWNED BY MISTER JOE WHERE I'VE LEARNED A LOT OF GOOD SICILIAN WORDS AND THE EMPTY LOT NEAR THE HARDWARE STORE WHERE THE CRAZY LADY COMES TO FEED THE BIRDS THERE'S A BAR ON ALMOST EVERY BLOCK: IN SUMMER THEY'RE COOL, BUT THEY ALWAYS SMELL OF BEER: WE CAN STOP AT THE DRUGSTORE FOR A TWO CENTS PLAIN OR MAYBE AN EGG CREAM: THEY MAKE THE BEST ONES HERE!

[2b] NOW THE MAN WITH THE BROOM IS OUR SUPER, JOHN: FROM NORWAY, HE SAYS, AND I GUESS THAT COULD BE TRUE LEAVING ASHCANS OUT AND CHASING KIDS ARE THE JOBS HE CAME TO AMERICA TO DO WHEN THE CHURCH BELL RINGS, THEN IT'S SIX OCLOCK WE'LL WALK TO THE SUBWAY AND MAYBE MEET MY DAD YOU CAN TELL BY THE WAY HE CLIMBS THE STAIRS IF HIS DAY AT THE OFFICE WAS A GOOD ONE OR A BAD!

[CHORUS] GONE, I KNOW: THOSE DAYS ARE GONE FOREVER PEACEFUL DAYS, I'D RELIVE THEM IF I COULD BUT SO MUCH HAS CHANGED, MAKES ME SAD TO SEE IT HAPPEN NO PLACE WILL EVER BE LIKE THE OLD NEIGHBORHOOD!

(Spoken at end) Somewhere, sometime, each of us dreams of the old neighborhood. Well, now you know a little more about mine.