

## **The Fast Shuffle from Sunup to Midday**

The fast shuffle from sunup to midday  
brings him where the wind was  
sometime before it reached his nose.  
His legs swing through the morning heat,  
each ball joint in its socket  
churning the shoulder fat.  
The trip seems to take forever.  
His rheumy eyes ignore the fragrant  
den, the sweet teeming log.  
The third year appetite is on him.  
The smell of it batters his brain.

I once knew a smart man but now he's a duck  
He's down on his knees and he's down on his luck

The philosopher's a king and the king is a fool  
Five cents in my pocket don't make me feel so cool

Brother let me assk you can you spae any change?  
I want to buy me a ticket to get home on the range

The song of a city without any grass  
The song of a man without any class

So long to welfare and farewell to you  
I got to keep trucking these Berkeley Blues

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