

## Chaplin on the Subway

Music ©2004 Marc Ellis

Lyrics ©2004 Marc Ellis, Marcy Jarvis ©Marc Ellis 2005

I saw Chaplin on the subway;  
The little tramp was out last night;  
I saw him tip his hat and twirl his cane,  
As he ambled out of sight;

I saw E.B. White at a traffic light,  
Getting out of a Yellow Cab;  
He had dined with Dorothy Parker,  
And she picked up the tab;

I saw Rene' Magritte on Forty-Second Street,  
Going out to walk his dog;  
And I heard him say, "*Come Lou Lou,*"  
As they stepped out from the fog;

I saw Jesus preaching in Union Square  
To some NYU students there;  
He had clean, white robes,  
And pierced ear lobes,  
And he asked us for our prayers;

And the Golden Buddha of Chinatown,  
In the eyes of a Fukianese girl;  
She had crossed a world to be here;  
Now New York is her world;

Manhattan is a grand parade,  
A nostalgic frame of mind;  
Desires grow where two rivers flow;  
And your poems don't always rhyme;

*(Children's chorus or large crowd chorus)*

But it's more than just a city;  
And it's more than just a place;

*(Return to vocalist)*

And last night, on a Brooklyn-bound,  
I swear I saw the face,

Of Chaplain on the subway,  
The little tramp was out last night;  
I saw him tip his hat and twirl his cane,  
As he ambled out of sight....