

Happy Birthday Humphrey

Windswept lookers, downtown hookers
They've all got someone to love
And I stand here waiting
Just deactivating
Looking for some long lost clues
It's the eighty-year-old Bogart blues.

It comes time and I make my way
On down to the midnight mass
And I sit there waiting
Just anticipating
Some Word that I can use
It's the eighty-year-old Bogart blues.

Another long, lonely sleepless night
Without you here by my side
So I lie here waiting
Just about creating
Pulling on some worn out fuse
It's the eighty-year-old Bogart blues.

It seems like years since you left me
That I've always been alone
I fall asleep waiting
Just slowly deflating
Bored with nothin' but bad news
It's the eighty-year-old Bogart blues.