

## **Benefit Street and Me (Rob Carlson)**

Long summer days  
Melting away.  
Playing in the band.  
Burning our feet,  
Benefit Street and me.

Hanging around  
Providence town,  
Sandwiches down at Joe's.  
Something to eat  
For Benefit Street and me.

Hung on your hillside on the east side of town,  
Seems so peculiar not having you 'round...

And everyone's there,  
Just like they were,  
No one can ever go.  
The memories are sweet  
Of Benefit Street and me.