

Day by day, every morning  
To the same place he arrives  
Same clothes, same old hat  
A bottle in a paper bag

People going to work  
Or to buy a newspaper  
They never wonder why  
Does he sit here

He used to have a life  
All he has are memories  
And people passing by

His name is known  
That's all they want to know  
Just looking to somewhere else  
Thinking (about) problems of their own  
Then one day the place was emptied  
No bottle, no man or paperbag

Still something in there reminds of him  
An abandoned or wretched hat...

Something that has always  
Been in there and gone  
Almost everything's unchanged  
Life is just the same

People go to work  
Or to buy a newspaper  
They just wonder why  
Does he (usually) sit in there

He used to have ambitions  
He use to have a life  
All he has are memories  
And people passing by