

Buskin'

Background: Just a fun song that came to me quickly and seemed necessary for a singer-songwriter to write. To date, I've never actually busked, at least not in the way the word is usually used.

Written: March 28-29, 2026

Verse

I saw him buskin' outside the Metro
Doing some old Eagles song
Standing at the top of that escalator
That seemed a mile long
I asked him why he does it
Has he fallen on hard times
But he just winked and sang
"Brother can you spare a dime"

Chorus

He was buskin'
Buskin' buskin' buskin'
He was buskin'
In the morning summer sun
While those steps took people down
To their world underground
He was buskin'
Buskin' buskin' buskin'

Verse

She's buskin' on the corner
Outside the bagel shop
She didn't ask for any money
She just seemed happy when I stopped
I asked who wrote that song
It's got a familiar ring
She said an unknown artist
That hopes to make it big

Chorus

She's buskin'
Buskin' buskin' buskin'
She's buskin'
The sidewalk is her stage
While people all around
Go 'bout their business in this town
She's buskin'
Buskin' buskin' buskin'

Bridge

Streetlights paint the concrete
Splashing off the window glass
The beggars work the side streets
Alley rats sort through the trash

The night clubs are all abuzz
Bouncers guard the gates
The summer breeze breathes life
Into a city that doesn't wait

Verse

So I'm buskin' down 18th street
Below the Adams Morgan bars
Passersby barely notice
I blend in with the passing cars
She stopped for just a moment
Flashed a smile and then
Threw a dollar in my guitar case
I never saw her again

(But I still have that dollar)

Chorus

So now I'm buskin'
Buskin' buskin' buskin'
I'm out here buskin'
For no reason but my own
If you get a chance stop by
Request a song and I'll try
Because I'm buskin'
Buskin' buskin' buskin'
I'm buskin'
Buskin' buskin' buskin'