

The moon was drifting over Jordan
As the street lies under control
And then she slips into the middle
Head on, the hour takes it's toll
With blues from a fountain
Keep you wishing for a rainy day
And a sandman sitting
Giving looks, giving looks that will fade away

(chorus):

If you could get yourself straight
I think that I would like to talk to you
If you could get yourself straight, straight
I think that I would like to talk to you
If you could get yourself straight, straight, straight
I think that I would like to talk to you
'Cause talk, talk, talk
That's all we do

Will you dance for your lover
While your brother doesn't know your name
And in an undercover shot
Still you talk of what you can't explain
They say nice change lady
Hey baby can you spare a dime
But then you put it in your pocket
And its off with another line

(chorus)

You better believe it
You better believe it
You better believe it
Better go