

42nd Street

Angelic Upstarts

On 42nd street
There's gentlemen I'd rather not meet
I'd like to call it skid row
There's so much grass I had to blow

See them lining door to door
Faces I've seen in cities before
Sirens had to clash
This was the interstate New York bash

On 42nd street
There's a girl I'd like to meet
I'd like to take her home
But my girl wants me alone

We're in uncertain heat
As the N.Y.P.D. control the beat
But I think they're just as bad
If this was a reservation
There's too many chiefs and not enough indians

On 42nd street
White hot steam fills the street
On 42nd street