

## Streets Of Little Italy

Bonnie Tyler

The narrow and the winding ways  
The streets of old New York  
The families, the street life, the spark  
The rooftop where we watched  
San Gennaro's festival  
Masquerades in the dark...  
On the streets down in little Italy  
Where the past goes on and on forever  
And I feel it ever present  
In every step I take alone  
On the streets down in little Italy

The oceans and the years  
That separate our lives  
From these streets we once called our home  
Those distances of space and time  
How strong they are  
And how weak they are...  
On the streets down in little Italy  
Where the past goes on and on forever  
And I feel it ever present  
In every step I take alone  
On the streets down in little Italy

Does the morning sunlight  
Still hit the bed where we used to lie  
Do the sidewalk stands and markets still overflow  
Where I lingered till I was empty  
Where I stayed till I had to go  
Though in the night  
Sometimes I see you disappear  
Down cobblestones...

On the streets down in little Italy  
Where the past goes on and on forever  
And I feel it ever present  
In every step I take alone  
Like your presence in my bones  
On the streets down in little Italy