

# Backstreets

Brian Fallon

One soft infested summer me and terry became friends  
Trying in vain to breathe the fire we was born in  
Catching rides to the outskirts tying faith between our  
teeth  
Sleeping in that old abandoned beach house getting  
wasted in the heat  
And hiding on the backstreets, hiding on the  
backstreets  
With a love so hard and filled with defeat  
Running for our lives at night on them backstreets

Slow dancing in the dark on the beach at stocktons wing  
Where desperate lovers park we sat with the last of the  
duke street kings  
Huddled in our cars waiting for the bells that ring  
In the deep heart of the night to set us loose from  
everything  
To go running on the backstreets, running on the  
backstreets  
We swore wed live forever on the backstreets we take it  
together

Endless juke joints and valentino drag where dancers  
scraped the tears  
Up off the street dressed down in rags running into the  
darkness

Some hurt bad some really dying at night sometimes it  
seemed

You could hear the whole damn city crying blame it on  
the lies that killed us

Blame it on the truth that ran us down you can blame it  
all on me terry

It dont matter to me now when the breakdown hit at  
midnight

There was nothing left to say but I hated him and I  
hated you when you went

Away

Laying here in the dark youre like an angel on my chest  
Just another tramp of hearts crying tears of  
faithlessness

Remember all the movies, terry, wed go see

Trying to learn how to walk like heroes we thought we

had to be

And after all this time to find were just like all the

rest

Stranded in the park and forced to confess

To hiding on the backstreets, hiding on the backstreets

We swore forever friends on the backstreets until the

end

Hiding on the backstreets, hiding on the backstreets