

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