

## Hot Streets

Chicago

Hot streets down below me  
All the people moving slowly  
As they search each other's faces

For a trace of hope concealed beneath their laughter  
And it's only love they're after

Mountains lie before me  
Skies ahead are looking stormy  
As the highway driver braces

For a race with time to reach a destination  
In his own imagination

A child of the sky  
A rider on the wind  
I can fly

A prisoner of time  
A dimensional crime  
Lost am I

Winter stars above me  
With a woman who can love me  
And moonlight swept embraces

Fill my space with joy and peace  
The sweet vibrations of a lover's celebration