

Back On The Streets

Donnie Iris

I dig the sound of the old street cars
Hooker's perfume and the shabby bars
That old cop who busted me
Never forgot my name

I dig the summer and the sticky sheets
The traffic and the litter and the jukebox beats
The night winds stir the old ghosts
And they haunt those less likely
They cry out loud and sound their warning
Your legends won't survive the morning light

They try
Back on the streets
Back on the streets

Now over in the corner stands Louie's Bar
The names have all been changed
And Louie's pictures in the frame
Back on the streets
He's in the hall of fame
So there you have your legends boy

Agnes lives alone on 42nd street
Badgered by a fat man's memory
Back on the streets
She won't get too far
Gettin' riddled in the dark

She cry's out loud and sounds a warning
Her memory won't survive the morning light

Oh but she tries
Back on the streets
Back on the streets

In a world that's sometimes cold
Where all is bought and sold
Like clothes we outgrow

Oh love is patient and it's kind
It never looks behind
Or changes its mind

Oh but they try
Back on the streets
Back on the streets
They die

Oh how they lie
Back on the streets
Back on the streets
Back on the streets they die
Oh how they try
Back on the streets
Back on the streets
They lie they lie they lie they lie