

Gaslight Street

Herman's Hermits

There's a place on the edge of town
Where the kids all hang around
Cobbled streets and terraced houses
Window boxes all around
It's never changed in sixty years
And it's tumbling down
It's never really know by name
It's called Gaslight Street
Gaslight Street

In the evening when the sun goes down
And there ain't nobody else around
The lamp lighter walks down the street
Illumination, indiscreet
It doesn't have much effect it seems
He's wasting his time
The lamp light don't shine so bright
On Gaslight Street
Gaslight Street

Every night at nine
There's children playing around the street
Trying to dodge their parents
When they call them in to go to sleep

Monday morning and as a rule
The place is quiet they're all at school
Lines of washing hang across the street
A weary policeman walks his beat
It's never changed in sixty years
And it's tumbling down
It's never really known by name
It's called Gaslight Street
Gaslight Street