

# Back Street Kid

Magnum

He had eyes of the poor  
Wild and hungry  
Stood outside of the store  
Shy and clumsy  
Saw an electric guitar  
He got hooked from the start  
That's what it did  
To the back street kid

It's a dangerous game  
Might come to nothing  
Very hard to explain  
The pushing and the shoving  
Still the sound in his ears  
And the many lean years  
Taught him to live  
Back street kid

Everyone was saying it  
Dream, dream, back street kid  
Dream, dream, dream, dream, back street kid

He spends hours on his own  
He's still learning  
Learns to wait for the phone  
Ideas burning  
And from Liberty Hall  
He will rise or he'll fall  
That's how he'll live  
The back street kid

All the kids are saying it  
Dream, dream, back street kid  
Dream, dream, dream, dream, back street kid

He stepped into the rain  
Cold and empty  
Whispered never again  
I'm not contented  
Walked off into the night  
He walked far out of sight  
So much to give  
The back street kid

Dream, dream, back street kid  
Dream, dream, dream, dream, back street kid

Hear your mama calling  
Dream, dream, back street kid  
Dream, dream, dream, dream, back street kid

Say  
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on  
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on  
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on  
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on  
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on

Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on  
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on  
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on  
Dream on