

# Backstreets

Maria McKee

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 Stockton's  
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 they set us loose of  
everything  
To go running on the backstreets  
Running on the backstreets  
Terry, you swore we'd live forever  
Taking it on them backstreets together

Endless juke joints and Valentino drag  
Where famous 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 don't matter to  
me now  
When the breakdown hit at midnight, there was nothing  
to say  
But I hated him, and I hated you when you went away

Laying here in the dark, you're like an angel on my  
chest  
Just another tramp of hearts crying tears of  
faithlessness  
Remember all the movies, Terry, we'd go see  
Trying to learn to walk like the heroes we thought we  
had to be  
And after all this time, to find we're just like all  
the rest  
Stranded in the park and forced to confess  
To hiding on the backstreets  
Hiding on the backstreets  
Where we swore forever friends  
On the backstreets until the end

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