

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

Hiding on the backstreets

Hiding on the backstreets

Hiding on the backstreets

Hiding on the backstreets