

Now there's many tales
In many cities to tell
And there's so many ways
That that story is told

There's a room with no bed in the heart of the ghetto
Where the rags and words lie still
There's a room with a chair in the heart of the city
But only memories sit there
Princelet street in the heart of the ghetto
Still Katz sells bags and strings
Calling you back are the streets of the ghetto
Climb the stairs where you're from
There's a room at the top of the heart of the ghetto
Where the gypsy's been and gone

Oh see them watching
Oh streets always watching
They're a watching now
Oh see them watching
Oh ghosts always watching
They're a watching now

Saying them prayers by edge of the city
And now it's time to move on
New voices talk in the heart of the ghetto
Make a little money move on
Memory thieves in the heart of the ghetto
Don't want ghosts movin' on
But the gypsy's on the loose in the heart of the city
And now ya see he move on

Oh see them watching
Oh streets always watching
They're a watching now
Oh see them watching
Oh ghosts always watching
They're a watching now

Listen to the street move on
Letters and numbers move on
Gypsy always move on
See him there then he gone
See him there then he gone
Always got to move on
See him there then he gone
See him there then he gone
Always got to move on
Always got to move on
Always got to move on