

Quality Street

Roger Taylor

Back from the badlands
With the wind and the silence
And the cold winter nights
And nature's hard violence

Been scraping the soil
For a handful of stones
Got an ache in my heart
Got an ache in my bones

Want a new tomorrow
Want a brand new life
Want some quality time
With a house
And a car
And a wife

No time for excuses
No time to cry
Excuses are useless
Too late for lies

But I love you baby
This much is true
I'm dying inside
If our love is through

A new tomorrow
Life could be sweet
We should be living
On quality street
We could be living
On quality street

I'd hate you to think
I'd hurt you at all
When all this time I've been on
A mission improbable

But I love you baby
Now here's the thing
Found me a diamond
I'll make you a ring

A new tomorrow
And we can meet
Right in the middle
Of quality street
Right in the middle
Of quality street

We should be living
On quality street