

# 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