

Tina Toledo's Street Walkin' Blues

Ryan Adams

Sweet talkin' Johnny push a john quicker than he spit
Street walkin' tin with a crooked crown waitin' for it
There she goes
She born in Boston but the Amtrak took her away
She lives in Brooklyn but she works outta Queens in the
Black limousines, money in the bank
Black limousines, money in the bank
Send it home

Tina Toledo got a kid that lives with her Ma
She takes the subway after school, makes up her face, changes clothes
There she goes
She feels the rain coming down on Washington Square
She gives the cops on the beat a little discount
And then, then, then it's
Black limousines, money in the bank
Black limousines, money in the bank
Wend it home

Hard on the knees, money in the bag
Hard on the knees, money in the bag
Send it home for medical school

Rock herself to sleep with the rhythm of the rain
Beating like the be against the window frame
Of her hotel room
Rock herself to sleep with the tunes on the dash
Don't take no credit cards, she takes cash
Says, "money, money, money in the bank
Money, money, money in the bank
Money, money, money in the bank
Money, money, money in the bank

It ain't no easy life but it pays pretty good,
Keeps her out of the cold
It ain't no easy life
But it's silver and gold
Silver, silver, silver and gold

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