

Hope Street Rag

The Icicle Works

(McNabb)

nd you're always here on time,
Lightly doused but in your prime,
Swollen belly, hangin' chin, juiced up when your horses win,
Do the ladies know? Their perfumes hangin' in the salty air,
Do you wanna cross the line?
Meet you downtown in good time.

In the street they're gonna ball, I'm just leanin' on a wall,
Find a bar without a seat, all the dealers get to meet,
Do the ladies know? The music crashin' thru the smokey air,
If you're hangin on a dream, think you know just what I mean.

Me, somethin' in my heart,
Somethin' in my world

Over there is "Panama", chances are you'll see a "La",
This is where we come to play,
Won't you join us, won't you stay?
Do the ladies know? Suspicion is a virtue to behold,
Little crazy, little high, hope I get old before I die.