

Streets of Fire

The New Pornographers

Come on, come out of the rain.
You're not oppressed you're just too learned.
I took the book, I looked the page - your sabbatical was burning.

Sweet sweet sweet sweet fire in the street, let's sully every stage.
Lick my lips, twist my hips, but Contessa....I already did.

Some things work but me I choose to lose my skin in the dirt.
This whiskey priest he burned the church to keep his girls alive.

Sweet sweet sweet sweet fire in the street, let's sully every stage we meet.
Lick my lips, twist my hips, but Contessa.....I already did.

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