

Ana Popovic, Downtown

Red Pants and the Sugarman in the Temple Street gloom
Drinkin' Chivas Regal in a four dollar room
Just another dead soldier(2) in a powder blue night(3)
Sugarman says baby, everything's alright

Goin' downtown(4), down downtown
Goin' down downtown

Montclair de Havelin(5) doin' the St. Vitus dance(6)
Lookin' for someone to chop the lumber in his pants
How am I gonna unload all of this ice and all this mink
All the traffic in the street, but it's so hard to think

Goin' downtown, down downtown
Goin' down downtown

Frankie's wearin' lipstick, Pierre Cardin(7)
I swear to God I seen him holdin' hands with Jimmy Bond(8)
Sally's high on crank(9) and hungry for some sweets
Fem in the sheets but she's butch in the streets

Goin' downtown, down downtown
Goin' down downtown

It's the cool of the evening, the sun's goin' down
I want to hold you in my arms, I want to push you around
I wanna break your bottle and spill out all your charms
Come on baby, we'll set off all the burglar alarms

Goin' downtown, down downtown
Goin' down downtown

Red Pants and the Sugarman in the Temple Street gloom
Are drinkin' Chivas Regal in a four dollar room
Just another dead soldier in a powder blue night
Red Pants says to Sugarman, said everything's alright

Goin' downtown, down downtown
Goin' down downtown