

Chris Rea, Guitar Street

There's a crazy sense of duty
As he licks between his fingers
Wipes the ketchup from his face and hands
There's a strong determination
That his teachers never witnessed
Never close enough to understand
He's like a bull just bred for fighting
He don't deliver nothing
Outside the only thing that he knows

School report just says he's lazy
His brother says he's crazy
But take a look 'cos there he goes

Through the avenues of fashion
To the palaces of dreams
All the way down Guitar Street

To some guitars are hot-rods
All along the quest for macho
To others a would-be ticket out of town
For Joe a six-string sten gun
In the 'Panto-revolution'
And Stevie's all just strictly sound
He's like a bull just bred for fighting
He don't deliver nothing
Outside the only thing that he knows

School report just says he's lazy
His brother says he's crazy
But anyway take a look 'cos there he goes
Through the avenues of fashion
To the palaces of dreams
All the way down Guitar Street