

Flash And The Pan, Psychos On The Street

Sentimental lover

What a shame he's such a sensitive man
'Cos he tries to be as hard as he can
Doesn't like to show the pain

Independent loner

He's the kind of man that won't let you down
Has a laugh when all the boys are around
'Cos he likes to play the game

Oh isn't he nice

Oh terribly nice

Oh paying the price

On the street, on the street, on the street where you live

There's a body in trouble with a message to give

On the street, psychos on the street

On the street, psychos on the street

Fascinating fellow

He's the man they call the mystery mind
What a shame he's such a singular kind
When he opens up the door

Mother loving hero

Sends a card whenever he's out of town
Wouldn't dream of bringing anyone down
'Cos he doesn't like to score

Oh isn't he good

Oh awfully good

Oh misunderstood

On the street, on the street, on the street where you live

There's a body in trouble with a message to give

On the street, psychos on the street

On the street, psychos on the street

Look at the way that he catch your eye

Oh my oh my such a wonderful guy around you

I don't know why you feel the way you do

Oh isn't he nice

Oh terribly nice

Oh paying the price

On the street, on the street, on the street where you live

There's a body in trouble with a message to give

On the street, psychos on the street

On the street, psychos on the street

On the street, psychos on the street

On the street, psychos on the street