

Joan Osborne, 4 Camles

August in the city 90 degrees
The streets are full of arms and legs
The audience is hangin' on the corner
Just waitin' for some bones to beg
The sniper and the moving target
I can't talk talk talk until my face turn blue
Hey girl, you, girl put that right here
This what I'll do to you
But I live, I live, I live on this street
The dogs are speakin' the men are howlin'
When we take our parts out for a walk
I could say, I should say, I would say
Does your mama know about the way you talk
Somewhere in Egypt I'm worth 4 camels
A strong healthy girl like me
On 42nd Street it's a quarter to look
But the women outside are free
But I live, I live, I love on this street
He's the ruler of the pavement
He owns all that he can see
On 42nd Street it's a quarter to look
But the women outside are free
I live, I live, I love on this street