

# 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