

Magnum, Back Street Kid

He had eyes of the poor, wild and hungry
Stood out side of the store, shy and clumsy
Saw an electric guitar, he got hooked from the start
That's what is did to the back street kid

It's a dangerous game, might come to nothing
Very hard to explain, the pushing and the shoving
Still the sound in his ears and the many lean years
Taught him to live, back street kid

Dream, dream - back street kid
Dream, dream, dream, dream - back street kid

He spends hours on his own, he's still learning
Learns to wait for the phone, ideas burning
And from liberty hall, he will rise or he'll fall
That's how he'll live, the back street kid

Dream, dream - back street kid
Dream, dream, dream, dream - back street kid

He stepped into the rain, cold and empty
Whispered never again, I'm not contented
Walked off into the night, he walked far out of sight
So much to give, the back street kid

Dream, dream - back street kid
Dream, dream, dream, dream - back street kid