

Pete Townshend, Street In The City

Street in the city. Street in the city on a working day.
Street in the city. Street in the city on a working day.
There's a man up on that ledge. He's only cleaning windows.
What a shame, who's to blame, for the pain with his sin,
Going to lean back on my wall and pray for him to fall.

See that man going in the bank with a blue suit?
He's carrying a bag full of very important papers.
There's old Mac trying to busk with his new flute.
Did you read about the Cambridge raper?

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Those girls pass every day. They seem to think I'm funny.
It's just a game that they're playing till they can claim their personal man.
Gonna lean back on my wall and pray for her knickers to fall.

See that woman with a bun in her hair?
Don't she know that ain't still done anywhere?
See that man going in the Wig and Pen?
He was charged with telling lies again.

I see the world go by as I lean against my wall.
I watch as Fleet Street makes new heroes rise and fall.
The news is written in the eyes of us all.
On is a sinner. One is a saint, but most of us worry about showing up late.

I'm gonna lean back on my wall and pray for him to fall.

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What a shame. Who's to blame for the pain?