

Richard Clapton, Girls On The Avenue

Girls on the avenue, Their tryin' to get you in
Strollin' by with a rose bud smi-ile
They-re all dressed up to kill
Lean on the window sill
Lookin' your way with ey-eyes of fire
But don't you sli-ip
Don't you sli-ip in love with the girls on the avenue

Friday night, we see the girls on the avenue
Like a child at big store windows, you feel confused
So many girls on the avenue-ue

Girls on the avenue, Know how to get you in
Casting out si-igns like drinks from a ha-at
All the miss lonely hearts
Ooh, they look awful hard
And sometimes they seem as fragile as gla-ass
But don't you sli-ip
Don't you sli-ip in love with the girls on the avenue

Friday night, we see the girls on the avenue
Like a child at big store windows, you feel confused
So many girls on the avenue-ue

Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah, Ah-ah, ah-ah, ah-ah
Don't you sli-ip, don't you sli-ip
In love with the girls on the avenue

Friday night, we see the girls on the avenue
Like a child at big store windows, you feel confused
So many girls on the avenue-ue

Don't you sli-ip, don't you sli-ip, In love with the girls on the avenue
Don't you sli-ip, Right now boys don't you slip
In love with the girls on the avenue-ue
Bah-hoo, bah-hoo, bah-hoo
Ah don't you slip, Right now boys don't you slip
In love with the girls on the avenue
Bah-hoo, bah-hoo, bah-hoo
In love with the girls on the avenue