

Richard Thompson, Streets Of Paradise

(Richard Thompson)

The tears fall down like whisky
The tears fall down like wine
On an island made of cocaine
In a sea of turpentine
We all need some assistance
But won't that day be fine
When we're walking down the streets of Paradise

Tar brush on the corner
I've never seen him before
He drank ten fingers of what they had
Now his feet don't touch the floor
He can't see me or this dirty old town
He's got nothing to look for
He's walking down the streets of Paradise

Walking down the streets of Paradise
Walking down the streets of Paradise

I'd trade my silver mansion
With a guard on every door
I'd trade my wealth and treasure
And the sash my father wore
I'd trade my little sister
And my brother who went before
To be walking down the streets of Paradise

Walking down the streets of Paradise
Walking down the streets of Paradise

I asked you for a racehorse
Now don't hand me no mule
I asked you for a fast car
Don't you take me for a fool
Just hand me down my telescope
And a bullet I can chew
I'll be walking down the streets of Paradise

Walking down the streets of Paradise
Walking down the streets of Paradise