

Van Morrison, Street Theory

Come on out child
We gonna ring doorbells and run
Come on out child, child
We gonna ring doorbells and run
We gonna shake up the neighbourhood
Lord, we're bound to have some fun
We can take a plane to Paris
Lord, we can fly to Rome
We can take a plane to Paris
Lord, we can fly to Rome
I get a lump in my throat every time I go back home

I'm gonna go to church on Sunday
Just like my mama did
I'm gonna go to church on Sunday
Just like my mama did
We gonna put everything up front
'Cause there's nothing that we wanna keep in
We gonna put everything up front
'Cause there's nothing that we wanna keep in

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Lord, we're bound to have some fun
We gonna shake up the neighbourhood
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Come on out child
Come on out child, child
Come on out, come on out, come on out child
Come on out child
Come on out child, child
Come on out child, child
Come on out child