

Bonnie Tyler, Streets Of Little Italy

The narrow and the winding ways
The streets of old New York
The families, the street life, the spark
The rooftop where we watched
San Gennaro's festival
Masquerades in the dark...
On the streets down in little Italy
Where the past goes on and on forever
And I feel it ever present
In every step I take alone
On the streets down in little Italy

The oceans and the years
That separate our lives
From these streets we once called our home
Those distances of space and time
How strong they are
And how weak they are...
On the streets down in little Italy
Where the past goes on and on forever
And I feel it ever present
In every step I take alone
On the streets down in little Italy

Does the morning sunlight
Still hit the bed where we used to lie
Do the sidewalk stands and markets still overflow
Where I lingered till I was empty
Where I stayed till I had to go
Though in the night
Sometimes I see you disappear
Down cobblestones...

On the streets down in little Italy
Where the past goes on and on forever
And I feel it ever present
In every step I take alone
Like your presence in my bones
On the streets down in little Italy