

# Chicago, Hot Streets

Hot streets down below me  
All the people moving slowly  
As they search each other's faces  
For a trace of hope  
Concealed beneath their laughter  
And it's only love they're after  
Mountains lie before me  
Skies ahead are looking stormy  
As the highway driver braces  
For a race with time  
To reach a destination  
Of his own imagination  
A child of the sky  
A rider on the wind  
I can fly  
A prisoner of time  
A dimensional crime  
Lost am I  
Winter stars above me  
With a woman who can love me  
And moonlight swept embraces  
Fill my space with joy and peace  
The sweet vibrations  
Of a lover's celebration