

Dan Auerbach, Street Walkin'

You know that time when I said I had a job
And that bartender looked over at you and he gave a nod
The rain was hard and the ghosts were talkin'
My mind was gone, I was street walkin'

Kids with looks have a better chance
Of makin' it to the special dance
You're up at bat and the infielder's stalkin'
My mind is gone street walkin'

Begging bums, soda pop
Yankee tickets, bottle tops
Miniskirts, magazines
Out on the street it's a livin' dream

I came correct on my secret lives
I spoke the truth, darlin', I look into your eyes
You got uptight and onlookers started gawkin'
The moon is high, I'm street walkin'