

Daryl Hall & John Oates, Fall In Philadelphia

There's a thunder storm 'a brewin'
And the day is turning gray
There ain't much to say about the weather
The shower stall is leakin'
And the ceiling's fallin' in
And I'm getting twenty bills to every letter

I've got to move myself out to the country
I'm lookin' out for any place at all
I'm gonna spend another Fall In Philadelphia

A roving band of youths beat up on Johnny
Everybody's gettin' richer sellin' that dope
Say, the stolen bikes are gathering by the thousands
Along with seven million people without a hope

I guess I have to face the fact as real
I think I feel my back up against the wall
I'm gonna spend another Fall In Philadelphia