

# Donnie Iris, Back On The Streets

I dig the sound of the old street cars  
Hooker's perfume and the shabby bars  
That old cop who busted me  
Never forgot my name

I dig the summer and the sticky sheets  
The traffic and the litter and the jukebox beats  
The night winds stir the old ghosts  
And they haunt those less like me  
They cry out loud and sound their warning  
Your legends won't survive the morning light

They try  
Back on the streets  
Back on the streets

Now over in the corner stands Louie's Bar  
The names have all been changed  
And Louie's pictures in the frame  
Back on the streets  
He's in the hall of fame  
So there you have your legends boy

Agnes lives alone on 42nd street  
Badgered by a fat man's memory  
Back on the streets  
She won't get too far  
Gettin' riddled in the dark

She cry's out loud and sounds a warning  
Her memory won't survive the morning light

Oh but she tries  
Back on the streets  
Back on the streets

In a world that's sometimes cold  
Where all is bought and sold  
Like clothes we outgrow

Oh love is patient and it's kind  
It never looks behind  
Or changes its mind

Oh but they try  
Back on the streets  
Back on the streets  
They die

Oh how they lie  
Back on the streets  
Back on the streets  
Back on the streets they die  
Oh how they try  
Back on the streets  
Back on the streets  
They lie they lie they lie they lie