

# Fitzgerald Patrik, Backstreet Boys

BACKSTREET BOYS (Patrik Fitzgerald 1979)

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They could be waiting round the corner  
They're such a scarifying sight to see  
They could be waiting for a straying loner  
They could be waiting for you or me.....  
The patter of footsteps through an alleyway  
Impatient in the dark, they wait to pounce  
hey don't look far when they want trouble  
They know it at a glance.....  
But, imagine you look like a boy  
That they want after  
There's a face on their file  
And they don't care for why  
And it's no good getting mouthy  
Or you'll lose your teeth in their laughter  
nd it's no use acting timid  
No use coming on shy  
With the backstreet boys  
Hear them running wild and stoney  
You know the sound of violence, it frightens me  
But I just pray that they don't know me  
I think it's better to hear then see  
But then I think to myself  
That maybe it's me that they're trailing.  
They stop you, no questions asked,  
No time to spare.  
And your eyes, half asleep,  
And your energy failing.  
And it's time to disappear  
But they're always around somewhere.  
And you move and you show  
And your fingers point and off they go.  
And you breath and they know  
And they hear you when you're tippy toe.  
And there's a lot of them  
And you're only one  
And your nerves, at every shadow  
Say to turn and run.  
And they'd like you to turn  
They'd like you to run.....  
Would the backstreet boys  
The backstreet boys  
The backstreet boys  
The backstreet boys.....