

Latin Quarter, Donovan's Doorway

There is a stray dog lapping at the kerb-side pool
Hear the tap, tap, tapping from a tap-dance school
The teacher keeps the beat
To the old sheet music
They keep in the piano stool

And in Donovan's doorway
There's a man with a night stick
To keep us from playing the fool
And in Donovan's doorway
There's a man with a night stick
And he's just applying the rules

There's fine rain falling past a tall flood-light
For some fine foot-balling on a week-day night
The players all drive up
In limousines
To pull on the red and the white

And in Donovan's doorway
There's a man with a night-stick
He's watching from his left to his right
And in Donovan's doorway
There's a man with a night-stick
He's keeping us well in his sights

And he could walk this road all night
And we could talk it out till the very first light
And we could start from the slightest suggestion
But the odds are against us
Making much progress
Because it's not just the night that's in question

There's a church converted to a hard-ware store
There's no-one on this street who don't know the score
Two hearts entwined
'Mick' and 'Caroline'
On a poster that says, 'Help the Poor'

And in Donovan's doorway
There's a man with a night-stick
He asks me what I'm looking for

And in Donovan's doorway
There's a man with a night-stick
He asks me what I'm looking for

And in Donovan's doorway
There's a man with a night-stick
And he's just upholding the law