

Latin Quarter, Race Me Down

Don't walk, don't walk it says but he can't ride
Not while his only living relative's inside
Who couldn't pay his way and couldn't pay his fines
His spirit stretched like gum between the 'stop' signs

The dust of angels hurled into your eyes
Does more than sear and more than tranquilise the burger beads of gristle marbled hard
And strewn like clam-shell pearls in your back-yard

Race me down, Felipe, race me down
To the small and secret corners of this town
Race me fast on sunset
Race me past sundown
Race me down, Felipe

The street is a storefront smashed beyond repair
Where the cheaper goods still cost too much to care
But wisdom's thrown in free with every sale
Don't fool yourself 'cos you can't even raise your bail

Say, hey Felipe, the barrio's like a barrier to a town
That no-one knows (where no-one goes)
Say, stay Felipe, left to lose, they left us curfewed,
Left us cracked in two