

Russian Red, They Don't Believe

Walk by the man who sings a song to the street lights
and turns out everybody claps, they don't believe in cabs
they don't believe in cabs, they don't believe in cabs.

And they all go wild, but they walk instead
they all go wild, but they walk instead.

Now, talk to the man who's laying down by the door of a bank
and people don't rely on the traffic lights, they don't believe in lights
they don't believe in lights, they don't believe it's a confusing situation
they all get run over in petrol stations but they rock.

And there are faces on the six AM working crowds
who take the subway from their homes to their lonely nights.