

# Sam Roberts, Detroit '67

I went walking at street level  
Feeling strange and disheveled  
Past the abattoir and the glory holes  
Like a film noire, in the starring role  
To the side streets, kept my nose clean  
Tasted beautiful, tasted obscene  
Singing, oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

This is Detroit, see the skyline  
A commotion on the assembly line  
Raise a glass to the Ambassador  
As she's moving you to the dance floor

Does anyone here tonight remember those times?  
Can anyone here tonight just tell me what they felt like?

So many years, so many lives  
These are the streets where they collide  
From Jimmy Hoffa to Cadillac  
Some look ahead, I'm going back  
Cause I'm just looking for some sounds  
To ease the vice that squeezes us every day

This was Motown, this was New France  
Where the Chippewa did the fire dance  
That was long ago  
This is here and now  
But the memory still remains somehow  
Singing, oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

I can't tell you how this old story ends  
I can't touch you now, like they did back then  
Past the child's play with the jump rope  
Hear the gun play, it's a tightrope

Does anyone here tonight remember those times?  
Can anyone here tonight just tell me what they felt like?

Does anyone here tonight remember those times?  
Somebody call the riot police, there's trouble down on 12th Street