

Wishbone Ash, Streets Of Shame

I was a long way from home, on the streets of shame,
Where the women in cages play any kind of game.
That's when I saw her, and I looked into her eyes -
I don't speak the language, but I sure see the merchandise.
Oh, what could I say? I was hot for you.
When you walk that way, what's a man supposed to do?
Tell me where I draw the line, let me have it one more time.
She was a sight, she had a ring right through her nose.
A feeling came over me from my head right down to my toes.
Must have been the voodoo, or that trickery,
Like something in a movie by Rico Fellini.
Oh, what could I say? I was hot for you.
When you walk that way, what's a man supposed to do?
Tell me where I draw the line, let me have it one more time.
Black halter, walk the streets of shame. (Repeat Four times)
Well, I think she knew by now that I was no saint.
Is this the holy cow, waiting 'till I retain?
Left her angel line-up - I was begging her for more.
Standing on the concrete, I'm going to break down the door.
Oh, what could I do? I was hot for you.
When you walk that way, what's a man supposed to do?
Tell me where I draw the line, let me have it one more time.
Black halter, walk the streets of shame. (Repeat and fade)