

New Pornographers, The "Streets of Fire"

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Come on, come out of the rain. You're not oppressed
you're just too learned. I took the book, I lit the page -
your sabbatical was burning.

Sweet sweet sweet sweet fire in the street, let's sully
every stage. Lick my lips, twist my hips, but
Contessa....I already did.

Some things work but me I choose to lose my skin in
the dirt. This whiskey priest he burned the church to
keep his girls alive.

Sweet sweet sweet sweet fire in the street, let's sully
every stage we meet. Lick my lips, twist my hips, but
Contessa.....I already did.

(Refrain til it fades out)

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