

Patrik Fitzgerald

"Backstreet Boys"

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BACKSTREET BOYS (Patrik Fitzgerald 1979)

They could be waiting round the corner
They're such a scarifying sight to see
They could be waiting for a straying loner
They could be waiting for you or me.....
The patter of footsteps through an alleyway
Impatient in the dark, they wait to pounce
hey don't look far when they want trouble
They know it at a glance.....
But, imagine you look like a boy
That they want after
There's a face on their file
And they don't care for why
And it's no good getting mouthy
Or you'll lose your teeth in their laughter
nd it's no use acting timid
No use coming on shy
With the backstreet boys
Hear them running wild and stoney
You know the sound of violence, it frightens me
But I just pray that they don't know me
I think it's better to hear then see
But then I think to myself

That maybe it's me that they're trailing.
They stop you, no questions asked,
No time to spare.
And your eyes, half asleep,
And your energy failing.
And it's time to disappear
But they're always around somewhere.
And you move and you show
And your fingers point and off they go.
And you breath and they know
And they hear you when you're tippy toe.
And there's a lot of them
And you're only one
And your nerves, at every shadow
Say to turn and run.
And they'd like you to turn

They'd like you to run.....
Would the backstreet boys
The backstreet boys
The backstreet boys
The backstreet boys.....

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