

Wishbone Ash "Kicks on The Street"

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The wind was howling,
Dogs were sleeping,
I had to bite my tongue.
Looking down the street,
I was hanging on
Eighty floors above the ground,
Suffering vertigo.
Got me a date with a drug store blond,
With a cure I know
She picks me up when I'm coming down.

Kicks on the street
It's a shot in the arm.
Get your kicks on the street
Can't do any harm.

Can't put me on a drip feed,
Under state control.
I put a razor to my face,
And the steel is cold.
It ain't going to take me too long before I get revived.
I'm traveling incognito,
Don't want to be identified.
They dress you up,
They strip you down.

Ain't going to find me falling asleep behind the driver's
wheel.
You get me intoxicated,
That's the way I feel.
I can't break the ice,
Shrinks in the heat,
Falling like an acrobat and landing on my feet.
She picks me up when I'm coming down.

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