

Deportees "Streets Of You"

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If you'd write a map
Would you mark my spot
Would you position me
And come take me back to the streets of you

I won't be hard to find
I'll be that blinking kind
On your radar screen
Please take me back to the streets of you

I turned every stone
I read between the lines
I even asked a stranger
But I couldn't find the streets of you

I ain't the begging type
I ain't the helpless type
But I ain't too proud to ask
Please take me back to the streets of you

That would make me cry with a smile on my face
I wanna tell them about the love we share
The plans we made, the things we'll say
In the morning time, night time and every time
Leaving you has never been, on my mind, not here
In the streets of you

They call it make-believe
I wanna make you see
That it's a love you feel
And that's the love that counts in the streets of you

I feel I've been heard
It's time for me to serve
So here's to standing up
In a clear blue day in the streets of you

That would make me cry with a smile on my face
I wanna tell them about the love we share
The plans we made, the things we'll say
In the morning time, night time and every time
Leaving you has never been, on my mind, not here

In the streets of you

There ain't no, ain't no lovin'
Ain't no place I would rather be
I don't wanna leave you
I won't do, I won't do

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