

Dire Straits "On Every Street"

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There's gotta be a record of you some place
You gotta be on somebodys books
The lowdown, a picture of your face
Your injured looks

The sacred and profane
The pleasure and the pain
Somewhere your fingerprints remain concrete

And it's your face, I'm looking for
On every street

A ladykiller, regulation tattoo
Silver spurs on his heels
Says, what can I tell you as I'm standing next to you
She threw herself under my wheels

Oh, it's a dangerous road
And a hazardous load
And the fireworks over liberty explode in the heat

And it's your face, I'm looking for
On every street

A three-chord symphony crashes into space
The moon is hanging upside down
I don't know why it is I'm still on the case
It's a ravenous town

And you still refuse to be traced
Seems to me such a waste
And every victory has a taste that's bittersweet

And it's your face, I'm looking for
On every street

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