

## Billy Squier

### "42nd Street"

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Keep the faith child, whatcha say to me  
Ah, let me tell ya what those pretty eyes can't see  
You're carousin' over London town  
You got some cheshire cats chasin' you around  
Me, I'm sittin' on my window seat  
I watch the ladies down on 42nd street

I'm a man of reputation  
I would never steal your pride  
I'm a man of obligation  
I don't need to hide

I'm sore for drinkin', oh its been so long  
My nights seem endless and I'm really not that strong  
And I can see you, have you in my sleep  
But nightmares from the bottle, they ain't hardly fit to  
keep, no

In my trials and tribulations  
I have never been in doubt  
I don't feign intimidation  
I can't do without

So now I'm sittin', wearin' through my pants  
Too much sufferin' and not enough romance  
Now I'm hangin' from my window seat  
Drool on the ladies down on 42nd street

I'm a man of reputation  
I would never make you pay  
I'm in need of some relations  
Just can't stand another day  
I'm a man of consternation  
I can't stand to be alone  
I'm a victim of temptation  
You best not leave me on my own  
You just might be sorry honey

