

Fitzgerald Patrik

"The 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 than 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.

