

British Lions

"Wild In The Streets"

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Wild in the streets
Wild in the streets
Wild in the streets
Wild in the streets

Well, in the heat of the summer
Gonna call up a plumber
To turn on the steam pump
To cool me off

With the newspaper writers
And the big crime fighters
I still need a drugstore
To cure my cough

Running wild in the streets
Running wild in the streets
Running wild in the streets
Running wild in the streets

You got a fan called Shady
And a Midnight Lady
And two Queen Mary's
To beat the band

You better not touch us
You'd best believe us
Your teenage jive is gonna
Work out a mess

Running wild in the streets
Running wild in the streets
Running wild in the streets
Running wild in the streets

Mrs. America, tell me
How is your favorite son?
Do you really care
What he has done?

Running wild in the streets

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