

Herman's Hermits

"Gaslite Street"

Visit "[Gaslite Street](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

There's a place on the edge of town,
Where the kids all hang around.
Cobbled streets and terraced houses,
Window boxes all around.
It's never changed in sixty years,
And it's tumbling down.
It's never really known by name,
It's called Gaslight Street,
Gaslight Street.

In the evening when the sun goes down,
And there ain't nobody else around.
The lamp lighter walks down the street,
Illumination, indiscreet.
It doesn't have much effect it seems,
He's wasting his time.
The lamp light don't shine so bright,
On Gaslight Street,
Gaslight Street.

Every night at nine,
There's children playing around the street,
Trying to dodge their parents,
When they call them in to go to sleep.

Monday morning and as a rule,
The place is quiet they're all at school.
Lines of washing hang across the street,
A weary policeman walks his beat.
It's never changed in sixty years,
And it's tumbling down.
It's never really known by name,
It's called Gaslight Street,
Gaslight Street.

(Lyrics Provided By: Phantom Zombi3)

Visit [Herman's Hermits](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

