

Lake Trout "Street Fighting Man"

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Everywhere I hear the sound of marching, charging
feet, boy
'Cause summer's here and the time is right for fighting
in the street, boy

But what can a poor boy do?
Except to sing for a Rock 'n' Roll band
'Cause in sleepy London town
There's just no place for a street fighting man, no

Hey so the time is right for a palace revolution
'Cause where I live the game to play is compromise
solution

Well, then what can a poor boy do?
Except to sing for a Rock 'n' Roll band
'Cause in sleepy London town
There's no place for a street fighting man, no

Hey said my name is called disturbance
I'll shout and scream, I'll kill the king, I'll rail at all his
servants

Well, what can a poor boy do?
Except to sing for a Rock 'n' Roll band
'Cause in sleepy London town
There's no place for a street fighting man, no

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