

Laura Nyro "Gibson Street"

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Don't go to Gibson cross the river
The devil is hungry, the devil is sweet
If you are soft then you will shiver

They hang the alley cats on Gibson street
They hang the alley cats on Gibson street
Gibson, Gibson street

I wish my baby were forbidden
I wish that my world be struck by sleet
I wish to keep my mirror hidden

To hide the eyes that looked on Gibson street
To hide the eyes that looked on Gibson street
Gibson, Gibson street

In my sorrow oh my morning
In my sorrow oh my morning
In my sorrow oh my morning

There is a man he knows where I'm going
He gave me a strawberry to eat
I sucked its juices never knowing
That I would sleep that night on Gibson street

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