

Chris Rea

"Guitar Street"

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There's a crazy sense of duty
As he licks between his fingers
Wipes the ketchup from his face and hands
There's a strong determination
That his teachers never witnessed
Never close enough to understand

Through the avenues of fashion
To the palaces of dreams
All the way, all the way down guitar street

Down guitar street, down guitar street
Down guitar street there he go
Down guitar street

He's like a bull just bred for fighting
And he don't deliver nothing
Outside the only thing that he knows

Mama, papa don't know what to say
They know he's gonna leave 'em anyway
Take a look 'cos there he goes

Down guitar street, down guitar street
Down guitar street
Take a good look, there he goes
Down guitar street

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Down guitar, yeah, yeah, yeah
Down guitar, down guitar street
Take a good look 'cos there he goes

Down guitar street
Down guitar street, down guitar street
Take a good look 'cos there he goes

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Down guitar street, down guitar street
Yeah, yeah, down guitar street

There he goes, down guitar street, guitar street
Yeah, yeah, yeah
Take a good look 'cos there he goes
Down guitar street, all the way

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