Marc Broussard "Street Of Windows"

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Meet me down on the street of windows Girl that's all I want you to do Meet me down on the street of windows Baby let me look through you

Meet me down on the street of windows Where the boys are too young to care Now how I long just to hear the echo Of every fallen teardrop there

'Cause I can see your green eyes a-shinin' And the flowers are growing And it's flowing any way the wind blows Street of windows, let's go down

So meet me down on the street of windows Girl that's all I want you to do Meet me down on the street of windows Baby let me look through you

'Cause I can see that you're growing old child And your hair is red and brown And it's flowing any way the wind blows The street of windows, let's go down

La la la la la la la la....

'Cause I can see your green eyes a-shinin' And the flowers are growing so wild I can hear your daddy cryin' Just to watch you when you smile

So through the years on the street of windows You can bring a walking cane And I will hold you when the wind blows You can be a child again I said, you can be a child again

Street of windows Let's go down I heard 'em singin'

La la la la la la la la....

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