

## The Popes "Holloway Boulevard"

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Platinum rogues in stolen clothes teaching others how  
to pose  
All they're doing is wearin' out their brogues  
A Poor small guy from the west stripped down to his  
vest  
Doggie Dordon in his Sunday best  
The nightlife the music and the bars  
The hookers the dealers in their cars  
All lying in the gutter looking at the stars  
To night on Holloway Boulevard  
The Red Room the smell of Brut old boys in electric  
soup  
Black girls in high heeled boots  
From Upper Street to Archway Towers bondage to  
golden showers  
All you need to while away the hours  
The nightclubs the bookies and the bars  
The schemers the dreamers and the hards  
All lying in the gutter looking at the stars  
Tonight on Holloway Boulevard  
The winos and losers at the cards  
The buskers just beggars with guitars  
All lying in the gutter looking at the stars  
Tonight on Holloway Boulevard  
From the Norfolk Arms to the Brewery Tap  
From the Favourite to the Workman's Tap  
Everywhere you go you can hear the old one's laugh  
Tonight on Holloway  
Tonight on Holloway  
Tonight on Holloway Boulevard

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