

Thompson Richard Linda

"Streets Of Paradise"

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The tears fall down like whiskey, the tears fall down like wine

On an island made of cocaine in a sea of turpentine

We all need some assistance but won't that day be fine

When we're walking down the streets of paradise

Tar brush on the corner, I've never seen him before

He drank ten fingers of what they had, now his feet don't touch the floor

He can't see me or this dirty old town, he's got nothing to look for

He's a-walking down the streets of paradise

Walking down the streets of paradise

Walking down the streets of paradise

I'd trade my silver mansion with a guard on every door

I'd trade my wealth and treasure and the sash my father wore

I'd trade my little sister and my brother who went before

To be walking down the streets of paradise

Walking down the streets of paradise

Walking down the streets of paradise

I asked you for a racehorse, now don't hand me no mule

I asked you for a fast car, don't you take me for a fool

Just hand me down my telescope and a bullet I can
chew

I'll be walking down the streets of paradise

Walking down the streets of paradise

Walking down the streets of paradise

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