

## Van Morrison "Street Theory"

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Come on out child  
We gonna ring doorbells and run  
Come on out child, child  
We gonna ring doorbells and run  
We gonna shake up the neighbourhood  
Lord, were bound to have some fun  
We can take a plane to paris  
Lord, we can fly to rome  
We can take a plane to paris  
Lord, we can fly to rome  
I get a lump in my throat every time I go back home

Im gonna go to church on sunday  
Just like my mama did  
Im gonna go to church on sunday  
Just like my mama did  
We gonna put everything up front  
cause theres nothing that we wanna keep in  
We gonna put everything up front  
cause theres nothing that we wanna keep in

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Come on out child  
We gonna ring doorbells and run  
Come on out child, child  
We gonna ring doorbells and run  
We gonna shake up the neighbourhood  
Lord, were bound to have some fun  
We gonna shake up the neighbourhood  
Lord, were bound to have some fun

Come on out child  
Come on out child, child  
Come on out, come on out, come on out child

Come on out child  
Come on out child, child  
Come on out child, child  
Come on out child

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