

## Marsha Ambrosius

### "This Street"

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(m. crenshaw)

Music and screams on this street of twisted dreams  
People staring (into space) and talking (to themselves,  
get it? )  
Baby let's keep walking  
Pretend I'm a king and you're a queen  
This is our paradee and it goes on endlessly  
And then it's not so bad, you see, to live  
On this street  
I turn my eyes to the passing scene  
Old and young and in between  
Driven along by the pounding beat  
All hurrying by  
Down this street  
Sorry ole man well I guess I didn't see you there  
Baby take hold of my hand  
[This Street lyrics on ]It's like a surreal dream in three  
dimension(s)  
Always pay attention out here on this street  
When I'm restless for no reason or rhyme  
I wander away from time to time  
The roar of my wheels always sounds so sweet  
But I hurry back to this street  
This street  
Won't you come on down with me  
Can't find any place where I'd rather be  
This street  
Hope my luck is still secure  
Never know what's waiting by the door  
Come take my hand  
It's like a surreal dream and it goes on endlessly  
It's really not so bad, you see  
To live on this street

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