

## The New Cities

### "Streets Of Fire"

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Come on, come out of the rain. You're not oppressed  
you're just too learned. I took the book, I lit the page -  
your sabbatical was burning.

Sweet sweet sweet sweet fire in the street, let's sully  
every stage. Lick my lips, twist my hips, but  
Contessa....I already did.

Some things work but me I choose to lose my skin in  
the dirt. This whiskey priest he burned the church to  
keep his girls alive.

Sweet sweet sweet sweet fire in the street, let's sully  
every stage we meet. Lick my lips, twist my hips, but  
Contessa.....I already did.

(Refrain til it fades out)

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