

Brand X "Soho"

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The streets of Soho
Ah, that's where your kids go
The streets of Soho
Chinatown or (flaminco)?

Out in the streets
Profane stokers sweat in the heat
(Delilah was born)
A greyhound body punctured and torn
The take-away eats
A grubby chef cooks up yesterday's meats
And a baby is born
But mama gets drunk, dad never comes home

The streets of Soho
There's tourists everywhere
The streets of Soho
You got French models up there
Oh, the streets of Soho
You can spend all your money

The streets of Soho
Land of poison and honey

The rush hour is here
Pinstriped bowlers made in India
They emerge from the tube
Their faces fixed in permanent sneers
Whatever your taste
You're guaranteed to find it all here
A fix in the gents:
A topless massage (...)

In the streets of Soho
Oh, that's where your kids go
The streets of Soho
They got rock, jazz or disco.

Get down, get down, get down...

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