Al Stewart
"Soho (Needless To Say)"

Rainstorm, brainstorm, faces in the maelstrom
Huddle by the puddles in the shadows where the
drains run
Hot dogs, wet clogs, clicking up the sidewalk
Disappearing into the booze shop

Rainbow queues stand down by the newsstand
Waiting for the late show
Pin ball, sin hall, minds in free fall
Chocolate colored ladies making eyes through the
smoke pall

Soho, needless to say
I'm alone on your streets on a Friday evening
I've been here all of the day
I'm going nowhere with nowhere to go

Football supporters, they're taking the waters
They're looking round for the twilight daughters
Non stop strip club, pornographic bookshop
Come into the back and take your time and have a
good look

Old man laughs with flowers in his hair
Newspaper headline
"Middle East Deadline"
Jazz musicians are down on the breadline

Soho, needless to say
I'm alone on your streets on a Friday evening
I've been here all of the day
I'm going nowhere with nowhere to go

Soho feeds the needs and hides the deeds, the mind
that bleeds
Disenchanted, downstream in the night
Soho hears the lies, the twisted cries, the lonely sighs
Till she seems lost in dreams

The sun goes down on a neon eon
Though you'd have a job explaining it to Richard Coeur
de Lion

Animation, bar conversation, anticipation,
disinclination
Poor old Wino turns with dust in his eyes

Begs for the dregs from the bottom of the kegs, man
You've never seen a lady lay down and spread her legs
like

Soho, needless to say
I'm alone on your sheets on a Friday evening
I've been here all of the day
I'm going nowhere with nowhere to go

Soho, needless to say
I'm alone on your streets or am I dreaming?
I've been here all of the day
I'm going nowhere with nowhere to go