

Rea Chris "Guitar Street"

Visit "[Guitar Street](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

There's a crazy sense of duty
As he licks between his fingers
And wipes the ketchup from his face and hands
There's a strong determination
That his teachers never witnessed
Never close enough to understand
He's like a bull
Just bred for fighting
And he don't deliver nothing
Outside the only thing he knows
School-report just says he's lazy
His brother thinks he's crazy
But anyway, take a look
'Cos there he goes...
All through the avenues of fashion
To the palaces of dreams
All the way down Guitar Street
To some, guitars are hot-rods
All along the quest for macho
To others a would-be ticket out of town
For Joe; a six-string sten gun
In the "panto-revolution"
And Stevies all just strictly sound,
And he's just a bull that's bred for fighting
Just bred for fighting
And he don't deliver nothing
Outside the only thing he knows
School-report just says he's lazy
His brother thinks he's crazy
But anyway, take a look
'Cos there he goes...
All through the avenues of fashion
To the palaces of dreams
All the way down Guitar Street

Visit [Rea Chris](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.