

## Latin Quarter

### "Race Me Down"

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Don't walk, don't walk it says but he can't ride  
Not while his only living relative's inside  
Who couldn't pay his way and couldn't pay his fines  
His spirit stretched like gum between the 'stop' signs

The dust of angels hurled into your eyes  
Does more than sear and more than tranquilise  
The burger beads of gristle marbled hard  
And strewn like clam-shell pearls in your back-yard

Race me down, Felipe, race me down  
To the small and secret corners of this town  
Race me fast on sunset  
Race me past sundown  
Race me down, Felipe

The street is a storefront smashed beyond repair  
Where the cheaper goods still cost too much to care  
But wisdom's thrown in free with every sale  
Don't fool yourself 'cos you can't even raise your bail

Say, hey Felipe, the barrio's like a barrier to a town  
That no-one knows (where no-one goes)  
Say, stay Felipe, left to lose, they left us curfewed,  
Left us cracked in two

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