Ryan Adams "Tina Toledo's Street Walkin' Blues"

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Sweet talkin' Johnny push a John quicker than he spit Street walkin' tin with a crooked crown waitin' for it There she goes She born in Boston but the Amtrak took her away She lives in Brooklyn but she works outta Queens in the

Black limousines, money in the bank Black limousines, money in the bank Send it home

Tina Toledo got a kid that lives with her ma
She takes the subway after school, makes up her face, changes clothes
There she goes
She feels the rain comin' down on Washington square
She gives the cops on the beat a little discount
And then, then, then it's

Black limousines, money in the bank Black limousines, money in the bank Send it home

Hard on the knees, money in the bag Hard on the knees, money in the bag Send it home for medical school

Rock herself to sleep with the rhythm of the rain Beating like the bed of, against the window frame Of her hotel room Rock herself to sleep with the tunes on the dash Don't take no credit cards, she takes cash

Says, "Money, money, money in the bank Money, money, money in the bank Money, money, money in the bank Money, money, money in the bank"

It ain't no easy life but it pays pretty good Keeps her out of the cold It ain't no easy life But it's silver and gold, silver and gold Silver, silver, silver and gold Tina, Tina
Tina street walkin' blues yeah
Tina street walkin' blues yeah
Silver and gold oh yeah, silver and gold yeah
Oh Tina street walkin', street walkin' blues yeah
Street walkin', street walkin' blues yeah
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah

Street walkin', street walkin' blues yeah Oh yeah, ohh Oh oh, street walkin' blues yeah Tina, Tina, Tina, Tina Street walkin', silver and gold Silver and gold, silver and gold Silver, silver, silver

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