

Sailor

"Keep off the streets at night"

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They used to play that old jukebox, full of American
jazz
With all the glory of the West, the very peak of what is
best
In blazing stars and razzmatazz
But on the boulevard sidewalk, the pro-American
swingers' talk
Will make the shadows in the doorways come alive
And special agents will arrive
(Chorus):
So keep off the streets at night
For no one is safe in the searching light
Keep off the streets at night
For agents hide in the pale moonlight (It's no place)
It's no place to be pro-American
It's no place to be found
When the troops came down on the off-beat side of the
town

They used to train those pretty ladies in Western
cinema style
To carry out romantic chores amongst the Diplomatic
Corps
Where tongues were loosened for a smile
But still they play that old jukebox
With all the power of the steeple clocks
Until the streets were left without a trace of sound
And only shadows move around
(Repeat chorus) (When the troops came down on the
off-beat) The troops came down on the off-beat side of
the town

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