

## Schism

# "Bourbon Street"

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Bring your lips a little closer honey  
Wet them as cold as an ice block for me  
Kissings become a habit  
Since this part of the street closed up

No free drinks are passing through  
The lights are dull and dim to  
Forget about a scotch on the rocks  
The door is closed and I can't get in

Now they lock up the hall  
And there's just a passing parade  
There's nothing to toast  
Just an empty glass  
And a bottled up ghost  
Down on Bourbon Street  
Down on Bourbon Street

We were promised the world by the DJ  
He had us all stuck up  
As we listened to the Neville Brothers  
Smoke was choking us all up  
Now they lock up the hall  
And there's just a passing parade  
There's nothing to toast  
Just an empty glass  
And a bottled up ghost  
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Music by/ Richard Johnstone  
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Lyrics by/ Michael J Peade  
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