## Stephen Bishop "On Blonde Street"

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Well the Sun pokes thru' Blonde Street and shines on the cracks On the walls and the heartaches and they never shine back

Patsy clutches her rosary and from her window she sees Lots of social interaction from the people down on Blonde Street

Thru' the peephole she sees the Landlord who's come for more than her rent He says, "I'm kicking you out pronto. unless your body gives me consent"

But Patsy won't give into just any guy Crushed like a grape from where she must hide...you see Life is not her cup of tea...yeah But she says,

"I WANNA LIVE ON BLONDE STREET I WANNA LIVE ON BLONDE STREET"

There's a baby in the next room Watchin' some guy die on T.V. There are lovers in the basement havin' some kind of touchin' spree

Down the hall there's young Jimbo who's got his heart in hell 'Cause the girlfriend he got pregnant is going on Sally Jesse Raphael

Patsy laughs at her girlfriends
They're tryin' to marry someone rich
They all hang around the sofa and say
"Hey, ain't love a bitch?"
And Mars is a Planet
Where she'll find her man
She'll sail thru' the black hole
'til it's his arms she's in

With eyes like Walnuts and Cinnamon skin She won't be living the life of a Nun and that's what she gets...

## (CHORUS)

Her memories don't mean nothing So she throws them away Like that night in his bedroom When he looked just like a Young Hemingway and she was the, "Catch of the Day"...

Now she's walkin' down Blonde Street Where there's so many places to hide She's got a River of denial of what's locked up inside...

But she just wants to Fly... and she says...

"I WANNA LIVE ON BLONDE STREET
I WANNA LIVE ON BLONDE STREET"
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