

Fountain Avenue

Albert Hammond

A witness, a call, the Fire Department, the Sheriff and a half
dozen cars
Talk back on the radios, flashing amber lights and sirens, on F
ountain avenue
On Fountain avenue

Swearing and wondering, the Schaefer ambulance screaming agains
t the evening sky
Pedestrians teeming from apartment blocks, a lady asks "What ha
ppened? Who's to blame?
Those motorbikes and their riders, you kids are all the same."

A car with a twisted grill, ooh, a bike thrown on its side
A loaded driver suffers shock, and a boy has quietly died

And they put him in the Schaefer, and the Schaefer pulls away
And another loaded driver wishes he hadn't gone out today
On Fountain avenue