

Tin Pan Alley

Brian Fallon

The cats are all□ crazy, Mona Lisa
They try to say my future is stone
They say they make all the rights calls
To all the right numbers that the fat cats know
But these wheels were meant for burning, these wings weren't meant to last
And in the end it's all fireworks and smokings, it's a treacherous road, baby, try not to crash

So keep your□ singin' voice golden, keep your red shoes on
I just wanna sing rock and roll, and buy my baby something nice to take home
I wanna dance with poor girls, senora
I just wanna dance...

See after all it's a crazy dream, baby,□ all the good cards burn up in a flash
Oh, my, my, it's getting late, Cinderella
How long before these dresses turn right back to rags?
Cause don't forget about my homeboy, we almost died at them gates
Thank the good Lord for sending His angels in a '49 Mercury for lightning-fast getaways

They not your friends,□ they all wanna sell your blood
Isn't that why everybody signs up?
Forget it, baby, keep your eyes on that Cadillac
And keep them feet dancing for they too old...

So keep your singin' voice golden,□ keep your red shoes on
I just wanna sing rock and roll, and buy my baby something nice to take home

So keep your singin' voice golden, keep your red shoes on
I just wanna sing Motown soul, and buy my baby something nice to take home
We keep our singin' voice golden, we got our red shoes on
I just wanna sing rhythm and blues, and crack this old heart, baby, made of stone