

## Guitar Street

Chris Rea

There's a crazy sense of duty  
As he licks between his fingers  
Wipes the ketchup from his face and hands  
There's a strong determination  
That his teachers never witnessed  
Never close enough to understand  
He's like a bull just bred for fighting  
He don't deliver nothing  
Outside the only thing that he knows

School report just says he's lazy  
His brother says he's crazy  
But take a look 'cause there he goes

Through the avenues of fashion  
To the palaces of dreams  
All the way down Guitar Street

To some guitars are hot-rods  
All along the quest for macho  
To others a would-be ticket out of town  
For Joe a six-string sten gun  
In the 'Panto-revolution'  
And Stevie's all just strictly sound  
He's like a bull just bred for fighting  
He don't deliver nothing  
Outside the only thing that he knows

School report just says he's lazy  
His brother says he's crazy  
But anyway take a look 'cause there he goes  
Through the avenues of fashion  
To the palaces of dreams  
All the way down Guitar Street