

Down in the Street

Tim Buckley

Down in the street
There's a gunshot warnin'
Here comes the blue parade
Ready to save the day

Down in the street
Man, the whole block's burning
Outraged for rent control
I ride the gang patrol

Oh, it's just another sign that summer's coming
City wars, flash floods and tornadoes
Festivals for rock 'n' roll season
Beach talk, baseball and a handy household hymns

Yes, it's true in the U.S. of A
There's lots of room at the top
Oh, but you can't sit down
Oh no, you can't sit down

And don't you know that boudoir
Looks just like a ball and chain
Oh no, you can't sit down
Oh no, you can't sit down

All through the night
You hear gunshot warnings
This time it wasn't you
You never paid your dues

All through the night
You hear the city moaning
Must be a tomcat prowling
Or maybe your stomach growling

It's just another sign that summer's coming
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Festivals for rock 'n' roll season
Beach talk baseball and a handy household hymns

Summertime, summertime
Summertime, summertime
Summertime, summertime
Summertime, summertime