

## Down On Terminal Street

Be Bop Deluxe

I took a walk down Terminal Street last night  
To see the ancient faces living there  
I saw the sunken eyes of agony  
I saw the desperate stations of despair  
The madman waiting for the spirit girls  
In a song well written but unsung  
I saw the smiling wardens cutting down the noose  
From which my drowning head was hung

Ooh...Down on Terminal Street  
Ooh...Down on Terminal Street

The street cafe was closed to all but ghosts  
Who glide the alleys searching for their lair  
I heard a voice like Winter call my name  
Said, very soon that I would join them there  
And all the creatures born of hate and rage and lies  
Crawled from my pen and ran across the page to me  
Fascination was the germ of their disease  
Degradation is the term of the release

Ooh...Down on Terminal Street  
Ooh...Down on Terminal Street  
Oh, yes...I'm down on Terminal Street tonight  
Oh, no...Don't go on Terminal Street tonight  
Oh, yes...I'm down on Terminal Street tonight  
Oh, no...Don't go on Terminal Street tonight