

Streets of Stone

Bonnie Tyler

On these streets of stone
You might see her walking
All the time alone
She just got tired of talking

As she passes by, you might just get lucky
If you catch her eye
You might see a smile

In a world gone quite mad
She is quietly laughing
For all the good times she's had
Most of us don't get near

She has danced with them all
The short and the tall
The rich - and the famous ones
The poor - and the nameless ones

On these streets of stone
You might hear her singing
All the time alone
It's just her way of bringing

Her past to the fore
She remembers it all
When they shouted "Encore"
Then the curtain did fall

She has sung for them all
In theaters and halls
The rich - and the famous ones
The poor - and the blameless ones

On these streets of stone
You might see her walking
All the time alone
She's just got tired - of talking