

Hot Streets

Chicago

Hot streets down below me
All the people moving slowly
As they search each other's faces

For a trace of hope concealed beneath their laughter
And it's only love they're after

Mountains lie before me
Skies ahead are looking stormy
As the highway driver braces

For a race with time to reach a destination
In his own imagination

A child of the sky
A rider on the wind
I can fly

A prisoner of time
A dimensional crime
Lost am I

Winter stars above me
With a woman who can love me
And moonlight swept embraces

Fill my space with joy and peace
The sweet vibrations of a lover's celebration