Tin Pan Alley

Colin James

They tell me Tin Pan Alley
The roughest place in town
They start cuttin' and shootin'
As soon as the sun goes down

Oh, tell me
What kind of place can the alley be?
Oh, every woman I guess
Lord, the alley takes away from me

When I need my baby
She can't be found
She got up early in the mornin'
She was ten pound alley bound

Oh, tell me
What kind of place can the Alley be?
Every woman I guess
Lord, the alley takes away from me

I heard a pistol shoot
Somebody groan
Some woman shot my baby
Left on that jokers arms

Oh, tell me
What kind of place can the alley be?
Every woman I guess
Lord, the alley takes away from me

I'll really miss my baby
Because I need my baby
I'll really miss my baby
Because I need my baby