

Cryin' In The Streets

Lou Christie

Cryin'
(Oh, ah ah, ah ah)
In a back street
Cryin'
(Oh, ah ah, ah ah)
In a back street

Here comes a girl
She really wants to make the scene
She's proud of her tight fittin' clothes
She'll show the world she really swings
And all her heartbreak, no one knows
And all her heartbreak, no one knows

See it in her eyes
(See it in her eyes)
Ah
(See it in her ey-yi-yies)

Cryin'
(Oh, ah ah, ah ah)
In a back street
Cryin'
(Oh, ah ah, ah ah)
In a back street

There goes a boy
He's makin' like he's big and bad
Leather boots and bleach streaks in his hair
He's wearin' shades and Levis too
He's actin' smart and nonchalant
He's actin' smart and nonchalant

See it in his eyes
(See it in his eyes)
Ah
(See it in her ey-yi-yies)

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(Oh, ah ah, ah ah)
In a back street
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In a back street

(Watch 'em in the streets)
Oh, oh, they're masqueradin'
(Watch em' in the streets)
Oh, oh, they're just paradin'

(Make-up won't cover up)
No, no, no, no
(Make-up won't cover up)
No, no, no, no

See it in their eyes
(See it in their eyes)

Ah
(See it in her ey-yi-yies)

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