

Now there's many tales  
In many cities to tell  
And there's so many ways  
That that story is told

There's a room with no bed in the heart of the ghetto  
Where the rags and words lie still  
There's a room with a chair in the heart of the city  
But only memories sit there  
Princelet street in the heart of the ghetto  
Still Katz sells bags and strings  
Calling you back are the streets of the ghetto  
Climb the stairs where you're from  
There's a room at the top of the heart of the ghetto  
Where the gypsy's been and gone

Oh see them watching  
Oh streets always watching  
They're a watching now  
Oh see them watching  
Oh ghosts always watching  
They're a watching now

Saying them prayers by edge of the city  
And now it's time to move on  
New voices talk in the heart of the ghetto  
Make a little money move on  
Memory thieves in the heart of the ghetto  
Don't want ghosts movin' on  
But the gypsy's on the loose in the heart of the city  
And now ya see he move on

Oh see them watching  
Oh streets always watching  
They're a watching now  
Oh see them watching  
Oh ghosts always watching  
They're a watching now

Listen to the street move on  
Letters and numbers move on  
Gypsy always move on  
See him there then he gone  
See him there then he gone  
Always got to move on  
See him there then he gone  
See him there then he gone  
Always got to move on  
Always got to move on  
Always got to move on