Down City Streets
Archie Roach And Ruby Hunter

D o w n C i t y S t r e e t s

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G                          F     C                     G
Down city streets I would roam, I had no bed I had no home.
                         C      F       C            G
There was nothing that I owned, used my fingers as a comb.
G                          C
Crawled out of the bushes early morn.
F        C         G                                       C
Used newspapers to keep me warm, then I d have to score a drink.
F       C            G
Calm my nerves, help me to think.


G                          F     C                     G
Down city streets I would roam, I had no bed I had no home.
                         C      F       C            G
There was nothing that I owned, used my fingers as a comb.
                         C      F            C        G
In those days when I was young, drinking and fighting was no fun.
                       C   F     C                 G
It was daily living for me, I had no choice. It was meant to be.


G                          F     C                     G
Down city streets I would roam, I had no bed I had no home.
                              F      C                    G
And there was nothing that I owned, used my fingers as a comb.


INSRUMENTAL

G                           C     F    C               G
Now I m a wo/man, I m not alone. I am married, I have children of my own.
                                C    F            C              G
Now I have something I call my own, these are my children, this is my home.
                       C      F               C         G
I look around and understand, how street kids feel when they re put down.


G                          F     C                     G
Down city streets I would roam, I had no bed I had no home.
                              C      F       C            G
And there was nothing that I owned, used my fingers as a comb.
                              F      C                    G    F
And there was nothing that I owned, used my fingers as a comb.
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F         G        F         G        F         G
Down city streets. Down city streets. Down city streets.
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I believe Ruby Hunter wrote this song. RIP, Beautiful Lady.
Comments, corrections and/or rating appreciated. Enjoy!

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iMH-DY0z2ek