

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

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

B A E B
Down city streets I would roam, I had no bed I had no home.

E A E B
There was nothing that I owned, used my fingers as a comb.

E A E B
In those days when I was young, drinking and fighting was no fun.

E A E B
It was daily living for me, I had no choice. It was meant to be.

B A E B
Down city streets I would roam, I had no bed I had no home.

A E B
And there was nothing that I owned, used my fingers as a comb.

INSTRUMENTAL

B E A E B
Now I m a wo/man, I m not alone. I am married, I have children of my own.

E A E B
Now I have something I call my own, these are my children, this is my home.

E A E B
I look around and understand, how street kids feel when they re put down.

B A E B
Down city streets I would roam, I had no bed I had no home.

E A E B
And there was nothing that I owned, used my fingers as a comb.

A E B A
And there was nothing that I owned, used my fingers as a comb.

A **B** **A** **B** **A** **B**
Down city streets. Down city streets. Down city streets.

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>