

Street

Herman Brood

Herman Brood - Street

E

Street 4x

F#m

Hey boy I can see you

Bm

You re one of our own

E

The way you stake out your ears

A

You know, bitch your bust

B

Cook up your tears

C

D

Clean your works

E

And hit a stone

Daddy kick that stone

F#m

Wasting your time on the somege of light

Bm

it s a hell of a deafen

E

A

Sucking a tit, ever

B

E

Ever seen a hotshot hit, kid

A

You re gonna doubt on yourself, you know

B

C

Mumble inside, speck from yourself

D

Looking for life in the

E

Street

Hanging round on the sidewalk

Street

You got that blackboard feelin

Street

Get it high and go dancing

Street

Robbin and stealin

F#m

Bm

Hey boy just take a tit, don t be over hip

E **A**
Just reach out, see what it s all about

B **C**
But take a good look down this road

D **E**
Before you, buddy, hit that stone
Kick that stone

F#m **Bm**
Where were you when the lights went out

E **A**
I saw these looners hanging round

B **E**
Do they crap so loud

A
I saw you sneaking mommy

B
Sure made a show

C
You know this stays as hot

D
But you feel so low on the

E
Street
On a hot summer Sunday
Street
You got the pavement stealin
Street
You got lost in the subway and
Wild romance keeps you dreaming

Hey boy

F#m **Bm**
Many people tried to sing the blues

E
About the love they lost,

A
You know, bout feeling low

B
Holding the shoes

C **D**
About missing the show

E
Hit that stone
Daddy, kick that stone

A **B** **E**
You re gonna change your car for seven horses

A **B**
Noises are bang,

E
Stonewalls clashing

A **B**

You re gonna face yourself upside down

C

D

You re gonna see every shithouse in the whole damn town in the

E

Street

Hanging round in the sidewalk

Street

You got that blackboard feeling

Street

Flashing and dancing

Street

Robbin and stealin

Street

You feel the heat closing in

Street

Buddy, on a hot summer sunday

Street

You got that pavement stealin

Street

Got lost in the subway

Street

Can you feel that heatwave

Street

Like a loop de loop?

Street

Straight from the gutter mom

Street

Like bowl of soup

Street

Don t wanna lose a minute

Street

Don t wanna miss a chance

Street

Now you feel the slipstream like a

Street

Wild romance