On Blonde Street

Stephen Bishop

Well the Sun pokes through' Blonde Street
And shines on the cracks
On the walls and the heartaches
And they never shine backPatsy clutches her rosary
And from her window she sees
Lots of social interaction
From the people down on Blonde Streetthrough' the peephole she sees the Landlord
Who's come for more than her rent
He says, "I'm kicking you out pronto.
Unless your body gives me consent"But Patsy won't give into just any guy
Crushed like a grape
From where she must hide...you see
Life is not her cup of tea...yeah
But she says,"I WANNA LIVE ON BLONDE STREET
I WANNA LIVE ON BLONDE STREET"There's a baby in the next room
Watchin' some guy die on T.V.
There are lovers in the basement
Havin' some kind of touchin' spreeDown the hall there's young Jimbo
Who's got his heart in hell
'Cause the girlfriend he got pregnant
Is going on Sally Jesse RaphaelPatsy laughs at her girlfriends
They're tryin' to marry someone rich
They all hang around the sofa and say
"Hey, ain't love a bitch?"And Mars is a Planet
Where she'll find her man
She'll sail through' the black hole
'til it's his arms she's inWith eyes like Walnuts and Cinnamon skin
She won't be living the life of a Nun
And that's what she gets...(CHORUS)Her memories don't mean nothing
So she throws them away
Like that night in his bedroom
When he looked just like
A Young Hemingway
And she was the, "Catch of the Day"...Now she's walkin' down Blonde Street
Where there's so many places to hide
She's got a River of denial
Of what's locked up inside...But she just wants to Fly...
And she says..."I WANNA LIVE ON BLONDE STREET

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