

# 42nd Street

## McLaren

Spiraling leapers, wearing Nike sneakers  
Some of them laugh, some of them sing  
Some of them don't do a goddamn thing  
Trip-skipping drifters, grafters and lifters  
Chicks with big tits, school boys with zits  
Moonlight circus of earthly delights  
Pimpmobile cruising the soft velvet night  
Deals going down, midnight in town  
Down into the subways, the underground tunnels  
A musician is playing, a drunk stumbles and mumbles  
Out in the park it's scary with frights  
Somebody shot out all the streetlights  
Hookers and bookies, floozies and boozers  
All kinds of misfits, perverts and losers  
Out of the limo that looks like a boat  
The pimp steps out in a mink fur coat  
Sporting a Fedora, that creates its own aura  
A ruby-tooth grin and a diamond stick pin

A deal's going down this side of town  
People walk on fleet feet On the way down 42nd Street  
Except for the bums, down for the count  
That one's dead but no one's found out  
And look at the bitch, with her dress up ass  
When she moves that thing, she must move it fast  
Cop with a nightstick, checking around  
A neon lit junkie slides to the ground  
Here comes a flasher, a jogger, a punk  
Check out that guy, drunk as a skunk  
Blinking, reflection, lights melt in the rain  
The sidewalks are empty, nothing's the same  
4 A.M. people are crashing  
Where the hookers are huddled  
Colored raindrops are splashing  
The deals have gone down, the bimbo's split town  
Burned from the hustle, burned from the hype  
But under the lights, I'm feeling alright  
On 42nd Street, it's just another night

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