

Streets Of Little Italy

Bonnie Tyler

(robbie seidman)

Producer for bonnie: desmond child

The narrow and the winding ways

The streets of old new york

The families, the street life, the spark

The rooftop where we watched

San gennaro's festival

Masquerades in the dark...

On the streets down in little italy

Where the past goes on and on forever

And I feel it ever present

In every step I take alone

On the streets down in little italy

The oceans and the years

That separate our lives

From these streets we once called our home

Those distances of space and time

How strong they are

And how weak they are...

On the streets down in little italy

Where the past goes on and on forever

And I feel it ever present

In every step I take alone

On the streets down in little italy

Does the morning sunlight

Still hit the bed where we used to lie

Do the sidewalk stands and markets still overflow

Where I lingered till I was empty

Where I stayed till I had to go

Though in the night

Sometimes I see you disappear

Down cobblestones...

On the streets down in little italy

Where the past goes on and on forever

And I feel it ever present

In every step I take alone

Like your presence in my bones

On the streets down in little italy

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