

Wild In the Street

Chris Spedding

Wild in the street

Wild in the street

Wild in the street

Wild in the street In the heat of the summer, better call out the plumber

To turn on the steam cock to cool me off

Well, your newspaper writers and your big crime fighters

Still need a drug store to cure my cough Running wild in the street

Wild in the street

Wild in the street

Wild in the street I got a banged up Chevy and a midnight lady

And two transvestites to keep the band

Well, you best not touch us, you best believe us

Your teenage John would be a mess

Running wild in the street

Wild in the street

I said, wild in the street

Wild in the street Mrs. America, tell me how's your favourite son

Do you really care what he has done? Wild in the street

Wild in the street

Wild in the street

Wild in the street Wild in the street (running, running)

Running wild in the street

Wild in the street (running, running)

I said, wild in the street Wild in the street (running, running)

Wild in the street

Wild in the street (running, running)

I said, wild in the street

Wild in the street (running, running)

Wild in the street

Wild in the street (running, running)

Wild in the street Wild in the street (running, running)

Wild in the street

Wild in the street (running, running)

Wild in the street

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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