Wild In the Street

Chris Spedding

Wild in the street
Wild in the street
Wild in the street
Wild in the streetIn 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 coughRunning wild in the street
Wild in the street
Wild in the street
Wild in the streetI 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 streetMrs. 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 streetWild in the street (running, running)
Running wild in the street
Wild in the street (running, running)
I said, wild in the streetWild 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 streetWild 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.

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