Tunnel of Love

DC Project

Getting crazy on the waltzers but it's the life that I choose
Sing about the sixblade sing about the switchback and a torture tattoo
And I been riding on a ghost train, where the cars they scream and slam
And I don't know where I'll be tonight but I'd always tell you where I am
In a screaming ring of faces I seen her standing in the light
She had a ticket for the races
Yea just like me she was a victim of the night
I put my hand upon the lever, said let it rock and let it roll
I had a one arm bandit fever
There was an arrow through my heart and my soul
And the big wheel keep on turning
Neon burning up above
And I'm just high on the world
Come on and take a low ride with me girl
On the tunnel of love
Yea love
It's just a danger, when you're riding at your own risk
She said, "You are the perfect stranger"
She said, "Baby just keep it like this"
It's just a cake walk, twisting baby step right up and say
"Hey mister, give me two, give me two now
'Cause any two can play"
And the big wheel on turning
Neon burning up above
And I'm just high on the world
Come on and take a low ride with me girl
On the tunnel of love
Oh love, love
Well it's been money for muscle on a another whirligig
Money for muscle and another girl I dig
Another hustle just to, just to make it big
And rockaway, rockaway
Oh rockaway, rockaway
And girl it looks so pretty to me, like it always did
Oh, like the Spanish city to me, when we were kids
Oh, girl it looks so pretty to me, just like it always did
Oh like the Spanish city to me, when we were kids
(Woh la)
Check it out

She took off a silver locket
She said remember me by this
She put her hand in my pocket
I got a keepsake and a kiss
And in the roar of dust and diesel
I stood and watched her walk away
I could have caught up with her easy enough
But something must have made me stay
And the big wheel keep on turning
Neon burning up above
And I'm just high on the world
Come on and take a low ride with me girl
On the tunnel of love
Yea love, love
On the tunnel of love
Wo love, love
Yea I am searchin' through these carrousels
And the carnival arcade, searching everywhere
From steeplechase to ballastades
In any shooting galleries where promises are made
To rockaway, rockaway
Oh rockaway, rockaway
From color coats to whitney bay
And to rockaway
And girl it looks so pretty to me, like it always did
Oh, like the Spanish city to me, when we were kids
Oh, girl it looks so pretty to me, like it always did
Oh like the Spanish city to me, when we were kids

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