

Hot Streets

Chicago

Hot streets down below me
All the people moving slowly
As they search each other's faces For a trace of hope concealed beneath their laughter
And it's only love they're after Mountains lie before me
Skies ahead are looking stormy
As the highway driver braces For a race with time to reach a destination
In his own imagination A child of the sky
A rider on the wind
I can fly A prisoner of time
A dimensional crime
Lost am I Winter stars above me
With a woman who can love me
And moonlight swept embraces Fill my space with joy and peace
The sweet vibrations of a lover's celebration

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