

Wild in the Streets

British Lions

Wild in the streets
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Wild in the streets
Wild in the streets Well, in the heat of the summer
Gonna call up a plumber
To turn on the steam pump
To cool me off With the newspaper writers
And the big crime fighters
I still need a drugstore
To cure my cough Running wild in the streets
Running wild in the streets
Running wild in the streets
Running wild in the streets You got a fan called Shady
And a Midnight Lady
And two Queen Mary's
To beat the band You better not touch us
You'd best believe us
Your teenage jive is gonna
Work out a mess Running wild in the streets
Running wild in the streets
Running wild in the streets
Running wild in the streets Mrs. America, tell me
How is your favorite son?
Do you really care
What he has done? Running wild in the streets

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