

People That You Meet

Slaves

I met some man called Terry
He told me a joke
The punchline was dirty
And he was a dirty bloke
I handed him a dollar
So he would go away
He shook my hand and wished me well
And went about his day
Confessed my sins to Tony
A man from Tennessee
He drove me to the city
Took me from A to B
Cruising through the desert
Smoking through the night
Eyes on the horizon
Into the morning light
The people that you meet
Walking down the street
The people that you meet
Walking down the street
The stories that you share
Remaining in your chair
The people that you meet
Walking down the street
I walked into a sex shop
The lady had a beard
She talked me through the products
That's when it all got weird
Performed a demonstration
Showed me all the toys
Sold me a bottle of pheromone that works for girls and boys
The people that you meet
Walking down the street
The people that you meet
When you're walking down the street
The stories that you share
Remaining in your chair
The people that you meet
Walking down the street oh

Walking down the street
The people that you meet
Walking down the street
The stories that you share
Remaining in your chair
The people that you meet
Walking down the street

Aahhh
Aahhh
What?
Listen

I know a man called Michael
He hails from NYC
Now he lives in Malibu
In a mansion by the sea
Production is his game now
He called my friend Laurie

He used to be a beastie boy but now he works for me
The people that you meet
Walking down the street
The people that you meet
Walking down the street
The stories that you share
Remaining in your chair
The people that you meet

Whwn you are walking down the street

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

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