Bourbon Street

Schism

Bring your lips a little closer honey
Wet them as cold as an ice block for me
Kissings become a habit
Since this part of the street closed upNo free drinks are passing through
The lights are dull and dim to
Forget about a scotch on the rocks
The door is closed and I can't get inNow they lock up the hall
And there's just a passing parade
There's nothing to toast
Just an empty glass
And a bottled up ghost
Down on Bourbon Street
Down on Bourbon StreetWe were promised the world by the DJ
He had us all stuck up
As we listened to the Neville Brothers
Smoke was choking us all upNow they lock up the hall
And there's just a passing parade
There's nothing to toast
Just an empty glass
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Down on Bourbon StreetMusic by/ Richard Johnstone
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Lyrics by/ Michael J Peade
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