

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 up
No 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 in
Now 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

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We 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 up
Now they lock up the hall
And there's just a passing parade
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Down on Bourbon Street
Music by/ Richard Johnstone
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Lyrics by/ Michael J Peade
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