

On Every Street (Live Album Version)

Dire Straits

There's gotta be a record of you someplace
You gotta be on somebody's books
The lowdown - a picture of your face
Your injured looks
The sacred and profane
The pleasure and the pain
Somewhere your fingerprints remain concrete
And it's your face I'm looking for on every street
A ladykiller - regulation tattoo
Silver spurs on his heels
Says - what can I tell you, as I'm standing next to you
She threw herself under my wheels
Oh it's a dangerous road
And a hazardous load
And the fireworks over liberty explode in the heat
And it's your face I'm looking for on every street
A three-chord symphony crashes into space
The moon is hanging upside down
I don't know why it is I'm still on the case
It's a ravenous town
And you still refuse to be traced
Seems to me such a waste
And every victory has a taste that's bittersweet
And it's your face I'm looking for on every street

Songwriters

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