

Bohemia

Mae Moore

It's another steamy night under the street lamp light
Way down in Bohemia
The bodies on the street, they're just trying to beat the heat
Way down in Bohemia
And you can feel the sweet, sweet rides going by
The boys are shooting craps on the back of No. 5
Some poor fool just asked if I really know
What it's like
What it's like
To be alive
Way down in Bohemia
Way down in Bohemia
People passing by and you know they're flying high
Way down in Bohemia
Dana says it's fine, she says it happens all the time
Way down in Bohemia
And you can feel the sweet, sweet rides going by
The boys are shooting craps on the back of No. 5
Some poor fool just asked if I really know
What it's like
What it's like
To be alive
Way down in Bohemia
Way down in Bohemia

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