42nd Street

Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler

Spiraling leapers, wearing Nike sneakers
Some of them laugh, some of them sing
Some of them don't do a goddamn thing
Trip-skipping drifters, grafters and lifters
Chicks with big tits, school boys with zits
Moonlight circus of earthly delights
Pimpmobile cruising the soft velvet night
Deals going down, midnight in town
Down into the subways, the underground tunnels
A musician is playing, a drunk stumbles and mumbles
Out in the park it's scary with frights
Somebody shot out all the streetlights
Hookers and bookies, floozies and boozers
All kinds of misfits, perverts and losers
Out of the limo that looks like a boat
The pimp steps out in a mink fur coat
Sporting a Fedora, that creates its own aura
A ruby-tooth grin and a diamond stick pin

A deal's going down this side of town
People walk on fleet feetOn the way down 42nd Street
Except for the bums, down for the count
That one's dead but no one's found out
And look at the bitch, with her dress up ass
When she moves that thing, she must move it fast
Cop with a nightstick, checking around
A neon lit junkie slides to the ground
Here comes a flasher, a jogger, a punk
Check out that guy, drunk as a skunk
Blinking, reflection, lights melt in the rain
The sidewalks are empty, nothing's the same
4 A.M. people are crashing
Where the hookers are huddled
Colored raindrops are splashing
The deals have gone down, the bimbo's split town
Burned from the hustle, burned from the hype
But under the lights, I'm feeling alright
On 42nd Street, it's just another night

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