

# 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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