

# Soho

## Brand X

The streets of Soho  
Ah, that's where your kids go  
The streets of Soho  
Chinatown or Flaminco Out in the streets  
Profane stokers sweat in the heat  
(Delilah was born)  
A greyhound body punctured and torn  
The take-away eats  
A grubby chef cooks up yesterday's meats  
And a baby is born  
But mama gets drunk, dad never comes home The streets of Soho  
There's tourists everywhere  
The streets of Soho  
You got French models up there  
Oh, the streets of Soho  
You can spend all your money The streets of Soho  
Land of poison and honey The rush hour is here  
Pinstriped bowlers made in India  
They emerge from the tube  
Their faces fixed in permanent sneers  
Whatever your taste  
You're guaranteed to find it all here  
A fix in the gents:  
A topless massage In the streets of Soho  
Oh, that's where your kids go  
The streets of Soho  
They got rock, jazz or disco Get down, get down, get down

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