

# Last Tango on 16th Street

## Boz Scaggs

Selling late night transfers  
Tryin' to make a play  
The people with the answers  
Don't often pass this way  
Starting from Dolores  
All the way to Treat  
It's the last tango on 16th Street  
The later that it gets, the meaner that it looks  
There's a lot learn out here  
Not found in books  
The goddess of the winter rain,  
Watch out for the heat,  
When it's the last tango on 16th Street  
Same old people begging quarters  
Stretching out their hands  
The vendors selling flores (flowers)  
From a plastic can  
Some are poor but honest, others lie and cheat  
When it's the last tango on 16th Street  
All the homeless helpless need a place to stay  
Asking you for spare change  
Don't know what to say  
Gypsy plays a melody, a broken tooth, a smile so sweet  
It's the last tango on 16th Street  
Same old song, I know you heard it  
Many times before  
Why does life in poverty seem so much like war  
Just make sure you're careful  
Where you place your feet  
When it's the last tango on 16th Street  
Some of them don't see so good when they leave the bars  
Talking loud and ugly  
Step in front of cars,  
If you're holding valuables, it pays to be discreet,  
'cause it's the Last Tango on 16th Street  
Dodge between the hookers, pain between their thighs  
Full moon shines above the bay  
You can see it in their eyes  
Pass the Capp Street dogleg

Your heart might skip a beat  
When it's the last tango on 16th Street

Lyrics provided by  
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