

On Every Street (Edit)

Dire Straits

There's gotta be a record of you some place
You gotta be on somebodys books
The lowdown, a picture of your face
Your injured looks The sacred and profane
The pleasure and the pain
Somewhere your fingerprints remain concrete And it's your face, I'm looking for
On every street A ladykiller, regulation tattoo
Silver spurs on his heels
Says, what can I tell you as I'm standing next to you
She threw herself under my wheels Oh, it's a dangerous road
And a hazardous load
And the fireworks over liberty explode in the heat And it's your face, I'm looking for
On every street A three-chord symphony crashes into space
The moon is hanging upside down
I don't know why it is I'm still on the case
It's a ravenous town And you still refuse to be traced
Seems to me such a waste
And every victory has a taste that's bittersweet And it's your face, I'm looking for
On every street And it's your face, I'm looking for
On every street

Songwriters

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