Union Square

Wu-Block

Well time is always money
For the boys at Union Square
You can bust your ass till doomsday
But don't forget to say your prayers
Someone's got a wad on the backstreet.
Sacco got a bran' new slack
And your baby is handcuffed on the front seat
You just sit right there, boy and relax
Chorus:
I'm goin' down down down
I'm goin' down down down
I'm goin' down down down
I'm goin' down down town
Well they spill out of the Cinema 14
To that drag bar there on the block
Best live show by far in the whole east coast
With a bank rolled up in your sock
She stand right there for your pleasure
Half Puerto Rican Chinese
You got to find your baby somebody to measure
I'm goin' to get me some of these baby.
Chorus
Four in the mornin' on a Sunday
Sacco Drinkin' whiskey in church
Half pint festival brandy
That boy 'bout to fall right off his perch
The guy in the sweaters off duty
Out in front of the welfare hotel
The guy in the dress is a beauty
Go all the way and I swear you never can tell

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