

Detroit '67

Sam Roberts

I went walking at street level
Feeling strange and disheveled
Past the abattoir and the glory holes
Like a film noire in the starring role
To the side streets, kept my nose clean
Tasted beautiful, tasted obscene
Singing, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
This is Detroit, see the skyline
A commotion on the assembly line
Raise a glass to the ambassador
As she's moving you to the dance floor
Does anyone here tonight
Remember those times?
Can anyone here tonight
Just tell me what they felt like?
So many years, so many lives
These are the streets where they collide
From Jimmy Hoffa to Cadillac
Some look ahead, I'm going back
'Cause I'm just looking for some sounds
To ease the vice that squeezes us every day
This was Motown, this was New France
Where the Chippewa did the fire dance
That was long ago, this is here and now
But the memory still remains somehow
Singing, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
I can't tell you how this old story ends
I can't touch you now, like they did back then
Past the child's play with the jump rope
Hear the gun play, it's a tightrope
Does anyone here tonight
Remember those times?
Can anyone here tonight
Just tell me what they felt like?
Does anyone here tonight
Remember those times?
Somebody call the riot police

There's trouble down on 12th Street

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