

Soho

Al Stewart

Rainstorm, brainstorm, faces in the maelstrom
Huddle by the puddles in the shadows where the drains run
Hot dogs, wet clogs clicking up the sidewalk
Disappearing into the booze shop
Rainbow queues stand down by the news stand, waiting for the late
show
Pin ball, sin hall, minds in free fall
Chocolate-colored ladies making eyes through the smoke-pall
Soho (needless to say)
I'm alone on your streets on a Friday evening
I've been here all of the day
I'm going nowhere with nowhere to go
Football supporters taking the waters
They're looking round for the twilight daughters
Non-stop strip club pornographic bookshop
Come into the back and take your time and have a good look
Old man laughs with flowers in his hair
Newspaper headline "Midde East Deadline"
Jazz musicians are down on the breadline
Soho (needless to say)
I'm alone on your streets on a Friday evening
I've been here all of the day
I'm going nowhere with nowhere to go
Soho feeds the needs and hides the deeds, the mind that bleeds
Disenchanted, downstream in the night
Soho hears the lies, the twisted cries, the lonely sighs
Till she seems lost in dreams
The sun goes down on a neon eon
Though you'd have a job explaining it to Richard Coeur de Lion
Animation, bar conversation, anticipation, disinclination
Poor old wino turns with dust in his eyes
Begs for the dregs from the bottom of the kegs, man
You've never seen a lady lay down and spread her legs like
Soho (needless to say)
I'm alone on your sheets on a Friday evening
I've been here all of the day
I'm going nowhere with nowhere to go
Soho (needless to say)
I'm alone on your streets, or am I dreaming

I've been here all of the day
I'm going nowhere with nowhere to go

Songwriters

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