Tina Toledo's Street Walkin' Blues

Ryan Adams

Sweet talkin' Johnny push a John quicker than he spit
Street walkin' tin with a crooked crown waitin' for it
There she goes
She born in Boston but the Amtrak took her away
She lives in Brooklyn but she works outta Queens in theBlack limousines, money in the bank
Black limousines, money in the bank
Send it homeTina Toledo got a kid that lives with her ma
She takes the subway after school, makes up her face, changes clothes
There she goes
She feels the rain comin' down on Washington square
She gives the cops on the beat a little discount
And then, then, then it'sBlack limousines, money in the bank
Black limousines, money in the bank
Send it homeHard on the knees, money in the bag
Hard on the knees, money in the bag
Send it home for medical schoolRock herself to sleep with the rhythm of the rain
Beating like the bed of, against the window frame
Of her hotel room
Rock herself to sleep with the tunes on the dash
Don't take no credit cards, she takes cashSays, "Money, money, money in the bank
Money, money, money in the bank
Money, money, money in the bank
Money, money, money in the bank"It ain't no easy life but it pays pretty good
Keeps her out of the cold
It ain't no easy life
But it's silver and gold, silver and gold
Silver, silver, silver and goldTina, Tina
Tina street walkin' blues yeah
Tina street walkin' blues yeah
Silver and gold oh yeah, silver and gold yeah
Oh Tina street walkin', street walkin' blues yeah
Street walkin', street walkin' blues yeah
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeahStreet walkin', street walkin' blues yeah
Oh yeah, ohh
Oh oh, street walkin' blues yeah
Tina, Tina, Tina, Tina, Tina
Street walkin', silver and gold
Silver and gold, silver and gold
Silver, silver, silver, silver

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