Street Theory

Van Morrison

Come on out, child
We gonna ring doorbells and run
Come on out, child, child
We gonna ring doorbells and runWe gonna shake up the neighborhood
Lord, we're bound to have some funWe can take a plane to Paris
Lord, we can fly to Rome
We can take a plane to Paris
Lord, we can fly to Rome
I get a lump in my throat
Every time I go back homeI'm gonna go to church on Sunday
Just like my mama did
I'm gonna go to church on Sunday
Just like my mama didWe gonna put everything up front
'Cause there's nothing that we wanna keep in
We gonna put everything up front
'Cause there's nothing that we wanna keep inI'm gonna go to church on Sunday
Just like my mama did
I'm gonna go to church on Sunday
Just like my mama didWe gonna put everything up front
'Cause there's nothing that we wanna keep in
We gonna put everything up front
'Cause there's nothing that we wanna keep inCome on out, child
We gonna ring doorbells and run
Come on out, child, child
We gonna ring doorbells and runWe gonna shake up the neighborhood
Lord, we're bound to have some fun
We gonna shake up the neighborhood
Lord, we're bound to have some funCome on out, child, come on out, child, child
Come on out, come on out, come on out, child
Come on out, child, come on out, child, child
Come on out, child, child, come on out, child

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/