

Jeff Finlin, Lovers In The Street

It's a town like any other
This city's gone mad
I think I had about enough of this shit I can stand
It's amazing dear Molly
You can even feel the force
As it whispers from a higher ground
And laps a distant shore

But it whistles in the alleyway
Catch me if you can
Kneels at the feet
Of the motorcycle man
I know it's out my window
Blowing through the shades of disbelief
Cause I can see it in the faces of the
Lovers in the street
With them Botticelli eyes
She asks me where I've gone
Has the coughing of these old heat pipes
Drowned out the magic in your song
All the truth ya paint seems to tumble with time
Like a self-indulgent acrobat
That can only land on a dime

Then my reflection in her pools so dark
Reminds me who I am
And I kneel at the feet of the motorcycle man
I sing goodbye Joe DiMaggio
And quietly take my seat
With all the sad-eyed dreamers
And the lovers in the street

Well then mission bells they're calling
Reminding me that love is blind
How many miles must a man go crawling
Before he sees the ground where he lies

So I let it fall to a pen and drum
Hammer hand in hand
Kneel at the feet of the motorcycle man
Bury inhibitions in waves of rabid conceit
And roll through the alley like a lover in the street