

# Magnum, Back Street Kid

He had eyes of the poor, wild and hungry  
Stood out side of the store, shy and clumsy  
Saw an electric guitar, he got hooked from the start  
That's what is did to the back street kid

It's a dangerous game, might come to nothing  
Very hard to explain, the pushing and the shoving  
Still the sound in his ears and the many lean years  
Taught him to live, back street kid

Dream, dream - back street kid  
Dream, dream, dream, dream - back street kid

He spends hours on his own, he's still learning  
Learns to wait for the phone, ideas burning  
And from liberty hall, he will rise or he'll fall  
That's how he'll live, the back street kid

Dream, dream - back street kid  
Dream, dream, dream, dream - back street kid

He stepped into the rain, cold and empty  
Whispered never again, I'm not contented  
Walked off into the night, he walked far out of sight  
So much to give, the back street kid

Dream, dream - back street kid  
Dream, dream, dream, dream - back street kid