

On Every Street - 1/1

Interprété par Dire Straits.

There's got to be a record of you some place
You got to be on somebody's books
The low-down - a picture of your face
Your injured looks

The sacred and profane
The pleasure and the pain
Somewhere your fingerprints remain concrete
And it's your face I'm looking for on every street

A lady killer - regulation tattoo
Silver spurs on his heels
Says - what can I tell you as I'm standing next to you
She threw herself under my wheels

Oh it's a dangerous road
And a hazardous load
And the fireworks over liberty explode in the heat
And it's your face I'm looking for on every street

A three-chord symphony crashes into space
The moon is hanging upside down
I don't know why it is I'm still on the case
It's a ravenous town

And you still refuse to be traced
Seems to me such a waste
And every victory has a taste that's bittersweet
And it's your face I'm looking for on every street

And it's your face I'm looking for on every street