

47th Street

Words & Music by Dave James Hendrikse

Well, my heart is pounding and my knees are weak
My throat is dry now, I can't even speak
You're like an angel with your head in shame
Some, would say each ride a different name

But when you touch me baby, oh when you touch me baby
You knock me off my feet, east west running
47th Street

You're no social drinker, but your kisses sweet
And within an instant I'm revived to meet You,
But you're busy, to walk your streets at night
to sell your body till broad daylight

When you touch me baby, Oh, when you touch me baby
You're a hell of a treat, east west running
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