

## 42nd Street

Angelic Upstarts

On 42nd street  
There's gentlemen I'd rather not meet  
I'd like to call it skid row  
There's so much grass I had to blow

See them lining door to door  
Faces I've seen in cities before  
Sirens had to clash  
This was the interstate New York bash

On 42nd street  
There's a girl I'd like to meet  
I'd like to take her home  
But my girl wants me alone

We're in uncertain heat  
As the N.Y.P.D. control the beat  
But I think they're just as bad  
If this was a reservation  
There's too many chiefs and not enough indians

On 42nd street  
White hot steam fills the street  
On 42nd street