

Back Street Kid

Magnum

He had eyes of the poor
Wild and hungry
Stood outside of the store
Shy and clumsy
Saw an electric guitar
He got hooked from the start
That's what it 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

Everyone was saying it
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

All the kids are saying it
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

Hear your mama calling
Dream, dream, back street kid
Dream, dream, dream, dream, back street kid

Say
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on

Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on
Dream, dream, dream, dream, dream, dream on
Dream on