

Nazareth, Boogie

Walkin? down on main street
Well, it's not the same street like before
Those drinks that I've been drinkin? were stirred not shaken, ooh it's sore
My legs have gone all weak
It's so hard for me to speak anymore
I must get home to bed
And rest my aching head, that's for sure
Drivin? in the country
The grass is green as it was before
Rolled up on that river
Just ain't as clean that's for sure
You know my legs have gone all weak
It's so hard for me to speak anymore

I must get home to bed
And rest my aching head, that's for sure
Goin? down to main street to buy some wine
Make some love with that woman of mine
Drink some wine
Love some time
Ah- walkin? down on main street
Well it's not the same street like before
Those drinks that I've been drinkin? were stirred not shaken, ooh it's sore
You know my legs have gone all weak
It's so hard for me to speak anymore
Well I must get home to bed
Rest my aching head and that's for sure