

# Growing Old On Bleecker Street

AJR

No point in dreaming if you're alone  
No point in walking without the road  
No point in crying without that someone there beside you  
Saying it will be OK I'll take my time  
I'll take my time  
You cannot rush  
What can't be timed And it's tough believing  
There's someone living out there  
Happier than me  
Happier than me We may be lost  
And gone forever  
The rain will wash our memory  
But when we cry  
We cry together  
Like it was meant to be I woke up last night from a dream  
That we'd grow old on Bleecker Street  
Sit by the fire and I'd play my guitar  
But dreams are only dreams And then I wonder when we leave  
Will the moon still be white  
And the river green  
Sometimes I wonder if we matter at all  
If we're not written down  
Who will remember now We may be lost  
And gone forever  
The rain will wash our memory  
But when we cry  
We cry together  
Like it was meant to be We may be lost  
And gone forever  
The rain will wash our memory  
But when we cry  
We cry together  
Like it was meant to be

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