

# Killermont Street

## Aztec Camera

As the city asleep  
Shares its dreams and desires  
Every wish that we keep  
Will trace a line to other times, other placesThough the song of the proud  
Howls and dies, never fall for defeat  
Take a trip to reprieve every hour they leave  
From Killermont StreetDrink a drink to before  
And our memories spill  
Adding on as they pour  
From our Saturdays and secret sensationsDrink a drink to tonight  
Whisky words tumble down in the street  
With the pain that they cure, sentimentally yours  
From Killermont StreetAnd with collar upturned  
I made it south to see  
That the love I had spurned  
Was just the hate in meAs the ships and the steel  
Slip away to the cry of "compete"  
There's a message for us  
We can get there by bus  
From Killermont StreetThere's a message for us  
We can get there by bus  
From Killermont Street

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