

This Street

Marshall Crenshaw

(m. crenshaw) Music and screams on this street of twisted dreams

People staring (into space) and talking (to themselves, get it?)

Baby let's keep walking

Pretend I'm a king and you're a queen

This is our paradee and it goes on endlessly

And then it's not so bad, you see, to live

On this street

I turn my eyes to the passing scene

Old and young and in between

Driven along by the pounding beat

All hurrying by

Down this street

Sorry ole man well I guess I didn't see you there

Baby take hold of my hand

It's like a surreal dream in three dimension(s)

Always pay attention out here on this street

When I'm restless for no reason or rhyme

I wander away from time to time

The roar of my wheels always sounds so sweet

But I hurry back to this street

This street

Won't you come on down with me

Can't find any place where I'd rather be

This street

Hope my luck is still secure

Never know what's waiting by the door

Come take my hand

It's like a surreal dream and it goes on endlessly

It's really not so bad, you see

To live on this street

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