

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 paradise 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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