

Mission Street

Vienna Teng

Mission Street is a striking dark-eyed stranger
Speaks a language I don't know but long to learn
Its cadences fall endlessly beyond the windowpane
As I sit as though awaiting some return And my hands are cold tonight, I'm sleepless in this dark
Forgetting what it was I came to find
And it seems that I've been wrong
More than I've been right, more than I've been right Mission Street calls out to me by name
Then hurries on before I've hardly turned my head
Promises of answers muttered underneath her breath
Like an offering of contraband misread And my hands are cold tonight on the strings of this guitar
Looking for the chords of what I've left behind
And it seems that I've been wrong
More than I've been right, more than I've been right Mission Street is alive at every hour
Like I've never been and fear I may not ever be
A light so steady on the mountains in the distance
A solitude so deep it might awaken me Well, my hands are cold tonight, but the sky is bright with stars
And I'm tearing through the veil that keeps me blind
And it seems the more I'm wrong
The more that I am right, the more that I am right
Mission Street, Mission Street

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