Downtown

Strung Out

Tonight, I feel you comin' down
I feel you comin' over me like broken glass
Fallin' down to cut my dreams.
Now if, these walls could only talk
They'd say no more than I could say here with a grin, a bottle and St. Anthony.My thoughts are turnin' on me now
The pace with every footstep takes me farther down the dark end of the street that you call Home.Confessions, stories, chances left behind
all show their faces in every stranger that I find.There's somethin' you dnn't wanna know.
There's somethin' I don't wanna say.
Transmission on the radio, no direction no way home.
There's somethin' going wrong with us.
There's somethin' broken in our eyes.Caress the emptiness and pour another drink, and wash away these memories, these dirty walls with gasoline.
The faces here don't have a thing to hide.
They tell the story of every broken heart survived.There's somethin' you dnn't wanna know.
There's somethin' I don't wanna say.
And if we make it out alive, there's more to life than to survive!
There's somethin' going wrong with us.
There's somethin' broken in our eyes.Tonight I feel you comin' over me.
Tonight I don't wanna feel a thing.
We never had a plan to go this far.
We never thought that I would get this dark.There's somethin' you dnn't wanna know.
There's somethin' I don't wanna say.
Transmission on the radio, no direction no way home.
There's somethin' going wrong with us.
There's somethin' broken in our eyes.

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