

The Streets

Soul Asylum

It's never quite complete,
It's never ever discrete
But people just disappear
And the people you meet
They come from anywhere
But not just anywhere
They all got stories to tell
They all got secrets to keep
And meet by someone you like
It may go get a fight
Start feeling insecure, you think it's something you like
But as you're passing by
You kinda wanna cry
You thinking ain't a dream
It's in your life
She keeps me off the streets,
But she keeps me off the streets
She keeps me off the streets,
She keeps me off the streets, So I was shooting this shit
Like I could handle it
Like I could live on the door
Running
And throw up crowd in a whole
Where it gets too cold
With nowhere to be and nowhere to go
And once to call my own,
Letting me someone, she's in love with
Never cheat again,
And yet the lie's a joke
But she keeps me off the streets,
She keeps me off the streets,
She keeps me off the streets,
But she keeps me off the streets, Hot lava, when it finally breaks
Breaks over your head and leaves you on your way
Then she calls her dad and lies about the cash
And then she bails you out
And then you feel like an ass
Where have you gone,
Got the self, you got nothing to eat

I'll see you on the streets
But she keeps me off the streets,
She keeps me off the streets,
She keeps me off the streets,
But she keeps me off the streets.

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