

On a Street Called Hope

Cilla Black

took a room in a house of gloom
Somewhere I could hide my soul
There I hoped to find a way to ease my mind
Couldn't face the gloom tomorrowI sat until the hours of three or four
Thinking doesn't help but seems
I crept to bed and cried myself to sleep once more
Then I had the wildest dream(Street called Hope) in a town named Freedom
Where each clock is pointed to the hour of love
Upon a street called Hope at the house of Welcome
That's where she opened the door of loveWhen I awoke the following day
Every doubt had left my mind
My dream it taught me what the prophets say
Those who seek will always findI ran down the stair and out in to the street
Looking for the nearest phone
We both said sorry and decided to meet
To find ourselves a happy homeYou know we're looking for a street called Hope
In a town name Freedom
Where each clock is pointed to the hour of love
Upon a street called Hope at the house of Welcome
That's where she opened the door of love

Songwriters

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