

Streets of Glory

Paloma Faith

There's no angels in the sea
We both lend its own
We're in between
You can't teach 'cause you never learn
There's nothing left
There's no return The more you talk the less it means
What I wants is what I need
While with flesh and blood I still bleed
I know you're bad for me But baby on the streets of glory
I see you on the streets of glory It may hurt of grief but it's worse to hold your hand
The shattered glass it falls upon where you stand
I will be your momento mori
While you hide behind your made up story The more you talk the less it means
What I want is what I need
While with flesh and blood and I still bleed
I know you're bad for me But baby on the streets of glory
I see you on the streets of glory Maybe one day
I see you on those streets
All those glittering streets
Streets of glory
And you take my hand
Take me down to the river
Wash my sins away
And you come with me
Won't you take my hand
Meet me on the streets of glory
See you on the streets of glory

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