

This Street, That Man, This Life

Cowboy Junkies

This street holds its secrets like a cobra holds its kill
This street minds its business like a jailer minds his jail
That house there is haunted, that door's a portal to hell
This street holds its secrets very well That man wears his skin like a dancer wears her veils
That man stalks his victims like a cancer stalks a cell
That man's soul has left him, his heart's as deadly as a rusty nail
That man sheds his skin like a veil Lord, you play a hard game, you know we follow every rule
Then you take the one thing we thought we'd never lose
All I ask is if she's with you please keep her warm and safe
And if it's in your power please purge the memory of this place This life holds its secrets like a sea shell holds
the sea
Soft and distant calling like a fading memory
This life has its victories but its defeats tear so viciously
This life holds its secrets like the sea

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