Streets of Your Town

The Go-Betweens

have you seen the old menthat lean on the wallsof salvation hallsin the streets of your town
you can't have missedthe vagranthe is the rubblehe is the trouble you want to remove
in the parks about sundownhe makes his bedhis shoes are a pillow for his head
have you seen the young menthat look so oldthey'd rather have the cold dark lonely road
have you ever wonderedwhy do they goleaving the tv and the automo
you can see them hailing trucks down the open roadyou wave your thumb and you hop on boardyou ain't got no keeper you don't need a friendI betcha wish you were the sameyeah I betcha wish you were the same
have you seen the old menwe lean on the wallsof salvation hallsin the streets of your townwe're just a little shadywe get a little crazyin the streets of your town
in the parks about sundownwe lay our headsour shoes are our pillowthe grass our beddon't need no keeperand don't need no friendI betcha wish you were the sameyeah I betcha wish you were the same

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