

# Dirty Faces

[Ann Beretta](#)

Take a walk down the boulevard, All the broken dreams, And all the beat up cars, And it always seems to come across that way, Come along as we watch the street, But looking at you is like pulling teeth, When you always hear that way you'll say... Go! You don't know what's going on, I've been here all too long, All the dreams all the broken glass, Hey, I'm still in this town, I'm walking on the broken glass, And then you slip on top the broken glass. We're all looking for our places, Sit and have a little wine, And we all have dirty faces, And we all fall down to die. Take a walk down the beaten path, Because nothing good was meant to last, And it always seems to come across that way, Come along as we watch the street, But looking at you is like pulling teeth, When you always hear that way you'll say... Go! You don't know what's going on, I've been here all too long, All the dreams all the broken glass. Hey, I'm still in this town, I'm walking on the broken glass, And then you slip on top the broken glass. We're all looking for our places, Sit and have a little wine, And we all have dirty faces, And we all fall down to die, And we all fall down to die, And we all fall down to die, And we all fall down to die, And we all fall down to die. We're all looking for our places, Sit and have a little wine, And we all have dirty faces, And we all fall down to die. We're all looking for our places, Sit and have a little wine, And we all have dirty faces, And we all fall down to die. And we all fall down to die. And we all fall down to die.

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