

Strange Avenues

Jethro Tull

Strange avenues where you lose all sense of direction
And everywhere is Main Street in the winter sun.
The wino sleeps cold coat lined with the money section.
Looking like a record cover from 1971. And here am I warm feet and a limo waiting.
Shall I make us both feel good?
And would a dollar do?
But in your streets, I have no credit rating
And it might not take a lot to be alone just like you. Heading up and out now, from your rock island.
Really good to have had you here with me.
And somewhere in the crowd I think I hear a young girl whisper:
"Are you ever lonely, just like me?"

Songwriters

IAN ANDERSON Published by

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Other patents pending.

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