

This Street

P.J. Pacifico

I got a letter from a friend down in D.C.

He wants to know what's up with me

And why I never call or write him back

The truth is there ain't much to say

Today's the same as any day

And nothing really scares me more than that Time and time again I see

The walls are closing in on me

Before my eyes my life begins to flash

Sad memories I can't erase

I know that I would leave this place

If only I could gather up the cash While everyone with better sense has already left town

And those that still remain about wonder why I'm around But where do we go from here?

Do we leave it all behind?

Do we walk away blind?

Or will we ever find a light at the end of this street I wish I was like my brother Jim

It doesn't seem to bother him

He doesn't seem to mind the old routine

He's always had it figured out

Exactly what this town's about

This unforgiving narrow-minded scene My mama told me long ago

There's only two ways don't you know

The second not so pleasant as the first

You either find the river, dive right in

Cleanse your soul, lose your sin

Or walk away alone and die of thirst My old man ran from another land and tried to make a new start

But he worked his whole damn life away and died of a broken heart So where do we go from here?

Do we leave it all behind?

Do we walk away blind?

And will we ever find a light at the end of this street Lately I've been having dreams

Just like western movie scenes

Hanging day, gallows overhead

But I wake up in the nick of time

Lying here to find that I'm

Frozen to the sheets upon my bed They'll tell you opportunity

Is simply nothing more to be

In the right place at the right time

But I've never been too lucky still

I make it to the top of the hill

And see there's twenty more ahead to climb So for every wounded mother's son left standing in the lurch

And for every other wasted one who's given up the search
Who spoke their minds stood their ground and was gracious in defeat
Who is relegated now live and die out on this streetWhere do we go from here?
Do we leave it all behind?
Do we walk away blind?
Or will we ever find a light at the end of this street... (4X)It's a long, long road away from here
And where it ends is never clear
A long, long time to cover ground
But never, never, never turn around

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