Streets Of Heaven (Promises, Promises)

Sam Roberts

What a way for a life to end
What a way for a life to begin
You come out kickin' and cryin'
You can't afford to lose
You don't know how to win
Just don't forget where you came from
Don't forget who you are
They're all beatin' the same drum
You've been playin' guitarYou hear the angel callin'
From the streets of heaven
You go to work in the mornin'
Get home by eleven
You're just a drop in the ocean
So don't rock the boat 'cause heads will rollPromises, promises
Got no control over this
Promises, promises
Not much to show except the
Heavy rocks I've been liftingMemories I've been sifting
My mind is always drifting
And under me, the sands are shiftingYou hear the angel callin'
From the streets of heaven
You go to work in the mornin'
Get home by eleven
You're just a drop in the ocean
So don't rock the boat cause heads will rollYou're a drop in the ocean, baby
Don't drift away
Just a body in motion, baby
You're food for days
You're just a drop in the ocean
So don't rock the boat cause heads will rollWe're all lyin' awake at night
We're all givin' the same advice
We're all sayin' it don't feel right
We're all rollin' the same ol' dice
You're always worried about money
You got the sting but no honey
They're always puttin' their hooks in me
They're always cookin' the books on me nowJust don't forget where you came from
Don't forget who you are
They're all beatin' the same drum

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