

Lucky Street

Go Radio

And I watched the Atlantic Ocean rise to meet New York
And everyone involved got way too scared
That life was way too short
And we all sang songs about things we'd take back
If given the chance again And I'd never seen the sky a sadder shade of gray
And I thought about the words I told you
And others I forgot to say
So just tell me that you'll hold my hand
We'll stand together here in New York sand 'Cause we're all just chasing red balloons
As our sky falls to the ground
And the ocean rises up
And you refuse to make a sound And everybody falls
And then sways as if to beats
Except for you and me
We've got promises to keep here on Lucky Street So many faces that I'd hope to soon forget
They're all just pushing and kicking and screaming
In a panicked mournful fit
Everyone's fighting for just north of here
But you're just south and baby, I'm so scared 'Cause we're all just chasing red balloons
As our sky falls to the ground
And the ocean rises up
And you refuse to make a sound And everybody falls
And then sways as if to beats
Except for you and me
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