

# Sparkling Streets

## The GC5

When your hopes are batted down like your eyelids  
Where the streets all sparkle like the eyes of kids  
And you rise and wipe the sleep and the stupor from your eyes  
You've been cold and uncompromising  
With ambitions as broad as the horizon  
Tunnel vision focused on a consolation prize  
In your darkest hour You're left looking at your shaky hands  
And bits of carefully constructed plans  
And you feel just like a stranger to everyone you see  
Everything they show you  
Says they don't even know you  
So you wave goodbye to your old friends  
And you greet new enemies  
In your darkest hour Wasted your daylight on the death of feeling bad  
Stuck in this rut all afternoon  
No place to go, no face to know  
No angel watching you  
You're all alone now in your darkest hour The minutes tick by in no man's land  
And you've lost it all on a dead man's hand  
Your delusions are so much dust, and there's no one you can trust  
You're wondering when it'll ever end  
You wave goodbye to old enemies and meet new friends  
You pick yourself up and get back on your feet  
On those sparkling streets

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