

Street of Dreams

The Damned

If you can't sleep tonight
And if a fever grips you tight
There's a place we must explore
Open wide the door We may be the haunted men
But we will hold our heads up when
We're walking down the street of dreams The dead beats and the dispossessed
The seekers of unlikeliness
The beauty walks arm in arm
With the beast tonight We may be the haunted men
But we will hold our heads up when
We're walking down the street of dreams Down the street of dreams
We walk down the street of dreams
A thousand doorways open there
A thousand voices sweet and clear
Emotions felt with a passion
Never felt before We may be the haunted men
But we will hold our heads up when
We're walking down the street of dreams When you walk down the street of dreams
You gotta hold your head up high

Songwriters

JUG, ROMAN / MERRICK, BRYN / MILLAR, CHRISTOPHER JOHN / VANIAN, DAVID Published by
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