

# Emerald Street

## Alexisonfire

Pregnant teens on the Barton street bus  
Hard-up people living off crust  
And there's a beat-up town car it's starting to ruse  
Hard soles are kicking up dust  
Half a million people living in the corpse  
Of the brown brick 50's  
To the north, all the small town outcasts  
Are now big city bourgeoisie  
All the boys in the halfway houses  
Wave to the girls of Emerald Street  
Our calloused fingers, blood red on the brick  
But we hold on  
We'll never falter, though they want us to slip  
We hold on  
Desperate downtown stealing bikes  
Drunks in the village are picking fights  
So police like the streets, read them their rights  
No controlling hot summer nights  
The sun goes down on the edge of town  
At the end of everyday  
We sit and watch the stacks on fire  
To the east across the bay  
All the boys in the halfway houses  
Wave to the girls of Emerald Street  
Our calloused fingers, blood red on the brick  
But we hold on  
We'll never falter, though they want us to slip  
We hold on  
There's something in the church belfry  
On the corner of Victoria and King  
And it screams out into the night  
It sings this city's plight  
All the boys in the halfway houses  
Wave to the girls of Emerald Street  
Our calloused fingers, blood red on the brick  
But we hold on  
We'll never falter, though they want us to slip  
We hold on

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