

Agent 51, 5 Miles To Bellevue

Sixteen and waitin' on the corner
Watchin' all the people go by
Thinkin' of how directed that they all must be
As a tear rolls from his eye
Stuck down in another rut
He swears that he's forever f**ked
Livin' on the streets ain't fun
Wishin' he had a place to stay
To keep him dry on rainy days
Now there's nowhere he can run
And nobody's gonna change his mind or his broken heart
Waitin' down in Bellevue park in position
Waitin' for another real friend
To keep him warm inside the next home of delusion
You freeze, melt, live, die, panic, run
Then break and bend
The pain he feels inside is endless
Lives a life alone and friendless
All there's left to do is start
Countin' the days, now it's the years
Building up these pointless fears
The both of them are torn apart
And nobody's gonna change his mind or his broken heart