

Alexisonfire, Emerald Street

Pregnant teens on the Barton Street bus
Homeless people living off crust
and there's a beat-up town car - it's starting to rust
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 the 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 (hold on)
We'll never falter, though they want us to slip - we hold on (hold on)
The desperate, downtown stealing bikes
Drunks in the village are picking fights
So, police line the streets to 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 stack, 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 (hold on)
We'll never falter, though they want us to slip - we hold on (hold on)
There's something in the church belfry
At 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 girl on Emerald Street
(Hold on, hold on)
Our calloused fingers, blood red on the brick - but we hold on (hold on)
We'll never falter, though they want us to slip - we hold on (hold on)