

Angelic Upstarts, Empty Street

Walking on the empty street with tomorrow on my mind.
Every day it seems the same I find it hard to reason why,
a reason why.

I see the man in the big black car wishing he could have my place.
Give him just a week of my life and wipe the smile off from his face,
off from his face.

Searching is a task I face, day to day as great as the last.
Why cant I just look forward? Its not sympathy I ask.
Weve reached the turning point; weve reached the point of no return.
I dont think theyll ever listen so nows the time to act.

Look around can you see my life, just a wide and empty space,
looking for encouragement of a worthwhile thing to do, a thing to do.
The country's in a hell of a state everyday upon the news,
its all the same, if they win its always us they will abuse,
they will abuse.

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