

# Attica Blues, Enter

Backstreet ways  
Crowded dorways  
The darkness scares you  
Do you dare to look into those eyes  
Their kindness must disguise  
Ulterior Motives  
Will you ever know if the shadow's that  
Follow are only yours  
Don't look behind  
Keep your eyes on the road  
Trust Yourself  
But none else  
My friend  
Extend a hand  
But beware  
Of the ones that bite

Synonymous with the anonymous  
No one knows you  
When you know no one  
The life you lead is one of solitaire  
Samaritans run the streets  
And yet to me they seem ever empty