

Cowboy Junkies, This Street, That Man, This Life

Michael Timmins

This street holds its secrets
like a cobra holds its kill.
This street minds its business
like a jailer minds his jail.
That house there is haunted.
That door's a portal to hell.
This street holds its secrets very well.

That man wears his skin
like a dancer wears her veils.
That man stalks his victim
like a cancer stalks a cell.
That man's soul has left him
his heart's as deadly as a rusty nail.
That man sheds his skin like a veil.

Lord, you play a hard game
you know we follow every rule.
Then you take the one thing
we thought we'd never lose.
All I ask is if she's with you
please keep her warm and safe
and if it's in your power
please purge the memory of this place.

This life holds its secrets
like a seashell holds the sea,
soft and distant, calling
like a fading memory.
This life has its victories
but its defeats tear so viciously.
This life holds its secrets
like the sea.