## 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.