

Damned, Street Of Dreams

If you can't sleep tonight
And if a fever grips you tight
Theres a place we must explore
Open wide the door

We may be the haunted men
But we will hold our heads up when
We're walking down the street of dreams

The dead beats and the dispossessed
The seekers of unlikeliness
The beauty walks arm in arm
With the beast tonight

We may be the haunted men
But we will hold our heads up when
We're walking down the street of dreams

Down the street of dreams

We walk down the street of dreams

A thousand doorways open there
A thousand voices sweet and clear
Emotions felt with a passion
Never felt before

We may be the haunted men
But we will hold our heads up when
We're walking down the street of dreams

When you walk down the street of dreams
You gotta hold your head up high