

# Don Gibson, Lonely Street

I'm looking for that Lonely Street I've got a sad sad tale to tell  
I need a place to go and weep where's this place called Lonely Street  
A place where there's just loneliness where dim lights bring forgetfulness  
Where broken dreams and mem'ries meet  
Where's this place called Lonely Street  
Perhaps upon this Lonely Street there's someone such as I  
Who came to bury broken dreams and watch an old love die  
If I could find that Lonely Street and just by chance someone I'd meet  
Someone who feels the way I do and knows just what false love can do  
[ steel ]  
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