

Marshal Crenshaw, This Street

Music and screams on this street of twisted dreams
People staring (into space) and talking (to themselves, get it?)
Baby let's keep walking
Pretend I'm a king and you're a queen
this is our paradee and it goes on endlessly
And then it's not so bad, you see, to live
on This Street
I turn my eyes to the passing scene
old and young and in between
driven along by the pounding beat
all hurrying by
down this street
Sorry ole man well I guess I didn't see you there
Baby take hold of my hand
It's like a surreal dream in three dimension(s)
Always pay attention out here on this street
When I'm restless for no reason or rhyme
I wander away from time to time
The roar of my wheels always sounds so sweet
But I hurry back to this street
This street
Won't you come on down with me
Can't find any place where I'd rather be
This street
Hope my luck is still secure
Never know what's waiting by the door
Come take my hand
It's like a surreal dream and it goes on endlessly
It's really not so bad, you see
to live on this street