## Mystery Jets, Last Bench

<Climbed up the ladder But I fell right down Haven't got a stitch So I'll wear a frown It needs a miracle For the blind to see The bridge of hope And this chestnut tree

One day you were there And then you were gone Up for the ride But got dragged along Down at the heel But I must admit New pairs of shoes Fall to pieces, bit by bit

Every street is mean In this dark city For a lost stranger There is no pity I'll keep on walking From dusk through dawn This song I'll keep singing For you, to forewarn

Two steps forward And four steps back I climbed up the ladder But I fell right back I'm down at the heel But I must admit New pairs of shoes Fall to pieces, bit by bit