

Paolo Nutini, These Streets

Cross the border into the big bad World
Where it takes you 'bout an hour just to cross the road,
Just to stumble across another poor old soul from
The dreary old lanes to the high-street madness.
I fight with my brain to believe my eyes,
And it's harder than you think
To believe this sadness that creeps up my spine
And haunts me through the night.

And life is good and the girls are gorgeous
Suddenly the air smells much greener now.
And I'm wandering around with a half pack of cigarettes,
Searching for the change that I've lost somehow

These streets have too many names for me
I'm used to Glenfield Road and spending my time down in Ochy
I'll get used to this eventually
I know, I know

Where'd the days go? When all we did was play
And the stress that we were under wasn't stress at all
Just a run and a jump into a harmless fall from
Walking by a high-rise to a landmark square.
You see millions of people with millions of cares
And I struggle to the train to make my way home
I look at the people as they sit there alone

Life is good, and the sun is shining
Everybody flirts to their ideal place
And the children all smile as a boat shuffled by them
Trying to pretend that they've got some space

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