Puressence, Street Lights

High time for nothing, there's a clock in the prison cell Superfly sells me something made me come out of my shell Now I don't even have to tell you You already know Any map in any station, pick a line and go You've always got the streetlights, Shining on your hard times, Don't it make your shoes shine Staring at the streetlights Hey streetlights won't you save me? Bringing down aircraft with your eyes don't amaze me The former number one contender squealing on his back, You keep screaming no surrender Go and ride your bike You've always got the streetlights Shining on your hard times When the top one hundred earners coffins have been nailed When you stop their ugly sisters opening your mail And when the reason why you're drinking isn't solely to get wrecked It'll be high time for something I would've held my breath You've always got the street lights Shining on your hard times Don't it make your shoes shine Staring at the streetlights