

# Rare Bird, Lonely Street

The bars are closed and all the rooms are taken  
And the billboard signs for what seem to be true  
The sky is black and looks like it's been raining  
Oh but that don't seem to bother you  
You must go on and see it through  
Forget the things that meant so much to me and you

I might as well be  
Stuck on a lonely street  
Only who's got the answers?  
I might as well be  
Stuck on a lonely street  
Only who's got the key to your heart?

Bifid streets fulfilled with faceless people  
And you're lost with wounds you know you just can't heal  
It's really no use asking any questions  
Oh 'cause people just don't want to see  
They're stuck inside their fantasies  
And cannot think for you or me

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