

# Syndicate Dream, My Old Haunts

These streets are paved with stories  
Of faded hopes and glories  
No sleepless nights, no worries  
Hey, baby, what's your hurry?  
I'd like to get to know you  
I've got some things to show you  
Let's take a walk to my old haunts

These dreams are best forgotten  
Passed on from ripe to rotten  
Bewildered and besotten  
Soaked up in balls of cotton  
Oh do not ask what is it  
Let's go and make our visit  
Let's take a walk to my old haunts

What do you do when you're credit's shot?  
Skip town until it's not  
What do you do when you've passed your best?  
Put a cherry on top and bury it to rest

These eyes are never focused  
On all the dreams that choke us  
No tricks, no hocus-pocus  
Cleared out by wasps and locusts  
We're on the road to ruin  
There's nothing better doin'  
Let's take a walk to my old haunts  
Walk...

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