

Vienna Teng, Mission Street

Mission Street is a striking dark-eyed stranger
Who speaks a language I don't know but long to learn
Its cadences fall endlessly beyond the windowpane
As I sit as though awaiting some return

And my hands are cold tonight
I'm sleepless in this dark
Forgetting what it was I came to find
And it seems that I've been wrong
More than I've been right
More than I've been right

Mission Street calls out to me by name
Then hurries on before I've hardly turned my head
Promises of answers muttered underneath her breath
Like an offering of contraband misread

And my hands are cold tonight
On the strings of this guitar
Looking for the chords of what I've left behind
And it seems that I've been wrong
More than I've been right
More than I've been right

Mission Street is alive at every hour
Like I've never been and feared I may not ever be
A light so steady on the mountains in the distance
A solitude so deep it might awaken me

Well, my hands are cold tonight
But the sky is bright with stars
And I'm tearing through the veil that keeps me blind
And it seems the more I'm wrong
The more that I am right
The more that I am right

Mission Street
Mission Street