

Bridge Street

A dozen car radios on a chill winter breeze
A sparrow sings a song somewhere that filters through the trees
Last night I saw your face
Today I know my place
I guess, anyway

I light another cigarette as I'm whispering your name
I can see your confused expression sheltering the pain
Today you should be free
To find security
I guess, anyway

I'll take my troubles down to Bridge Street
And find a way to make it pay
No more troubles down on Bridge Street
I swear I'll be back someday

You're such a crazy kid you don't know where to turn
You run to the flame only to find that fire burns
Who cares what's right or wrong
Tomorrow might not come
I guess, anyway

We've been lost and wandering for half a lifetime now
It doesn't really change a thing I don't know why or how
The love will slowly die
And we'll just let it lie
I guess, anyway

Lyrics © 2014 Vincent Michael Brown
www.anonamos.uk