

My Side Of The City

Beulah

The children are slow on my side of the city
They all like to try looking so pretty
They hide in the dark
Cause bright lights are so deadly
The radio screams
Their friends are never on time
They're never on time

And Mexican boys are holding down the corners
Girlfriend sways quick from one side to another
They're holding their own
The trouble's never on time
It's never on time

Well there's nothing in the world
That I want to see
There's nowhere
Oh no where
That I'd rather be
Than here with you
Oh holding me here

And all the girls sell on my side of the city
they're looking so pretty
Shift is a drag
The weather's always shitty
They do what they can
The men are always on time
They're always on time

And undercover cops
Are looking for a sucker
Always want to trade for a little treasure
They only ask once
They only give the pleasure
They give you a life
The trains are never on time
They're never on time

Well there's nothing in the world
That I want to see
There's nowhere
Oh no where
That I'd rather be
Than here with you
Oh holding me here

So make your way
To the ocean
Let the warm cool breeze
Soak into your bones