

# Forbidden Street

Paul Kelly

There's a place that I know  
There's a place I can go  
Without a sound, without a trace  
Walking through the twisted town  
Walking just above the ground  
And no one seems to know my face  
Soon I come into the hum of Forbidden Street

I love the trash on Forbidden Street  
I love the trash, it smells so sweet  
You've seen the best, now see the rest  
Here below in the land of stealth  
Far away from a land called health  
Intrigue is all I breathe  
Thy will be done, thy kingdom come, on Forbidden Street

I see the bright sky  
I hear the music  
I watch you sleeping  
I love your bruises

Have you heard, they're moving in?  
Those who weigh and measure sin  
They study crimes, they give them names  
The lights are on in Forbidden Street  
Everybody's gone  
There's no one there left to meet  
The rusted horns, the broken drums, on Forbidden Street

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