

Hazel Street

Alela Diane

She said you were in the basement
When I knocked upon the door
That August afternoon
Through the kitchen, down the stairs
I found you waiting there
Your hair had grown
On Hazel Street, on Hazel Street, on Hazel Street

Colored blankets for your walls
A dirty bed upon the floor
You were not mine
Then the girl called down to you
I had a feeling that you knew
I'd be the one to see you through
On Hazel Street, on Hazel Street, on Hazel Street

Late that night, behind the bar
We surely knew how to play the part of lovers
It was nothing new
I woke up drunk on that basement floor
And then you asked how I would read the score
You asked me to marry you
On Hazel Street, on Hazel Street, on Hazel Street

I headed south on Highway 5
My head was pounding, I was bleary eyed
That August afternoon
You went and broke the young girl's heart
You said we'd have a brand new start
I'd be the one to see you through
Be the one to see you through
Be the one to see you through