

## Empty Street

Angelic Upstarts

Walking on the empty street with tomorrow on my mind.  
Every day it seems the same I find it hard to reason why,  
A reason why.

I see the man in the big black car wishing he could have my place.  
Give him just a week of my life and wipe the smile off from his  
face,  
Off from his face.

Searching is a task I face, day to day as great as the last.  
Why can