

Hastings Street

Brazzaville

In a city by the sea
I think of all the things I've tried to be
It's raining at the beach
And I'm feeling all washed up at 33
Oh no!

They say it's lonely at the top
But there's nothing quite as sad as sleepin' rough
(I was) just lookin' for relief
Now I'm feelin' all washed up on Hastings Street
I'm feelin' all washed up on Hastings Street
Oh no!

Salt wind wash over me
Blow my sins to the distant galaxies
10 years of smuggling
And I land in the depths of Hastings Street