

# Nameless Streets

Defeater

As a kid the summers seemed so long.  
The dusk a never ending song.  
Too much, too young.  
He'd never hear it again.  
A walk through the dismal streets,  
The alleys where the junkies sleep.  
Too much, too young.  
"That will never be me."  
Slow, hand in hand to the boardwalk's end.  
His mother's words like the biting wind.  
"Please don't leave me."  
He'll never hear them again.  
"Keep quiet, stay out of sight."  
Her sunken eyes that used to burn so bright.  
"Please don't leave me."  
Please don't leave me.  
So he hid pressed against the wall,  
Under stairs in the darkened hall.  
The sound of heartbreak reminded him of home.  
Shadows move slow across the floor,  
A minute seemed like a day or more.  
The end of heartache when she opened the door.  
The sights, sounds,  
Smell of burnt out shame, pride, spite, love.  
They all come here to die.  
He sobs, "please take me away.  
Please mother bring us home safe  
On nameless streets the way we came."  
And suddenly she prayed for better days  
And for redemption.  
Sullenly she prayed to keep from harm's way and for conviction.  
But there's no forgiveness here.  
No hope beyond that pier.  
No way to get out now,  
Not for her in this dead end town.  
And that drunk is waiting up,  
Him and jack, the empty cup.  
"Where you been?  
What you on?  
Who'd you fuck?"  
One more drink to toast "good luck".  
She gets a stiff hand from the old man  
Like the bourbon he's been drinking.  
Black out.  
And she gets a stiff hand from the old man  
Like the bourbon he's been drinking.  
Black out

The summers seemed so long.  
The dusk a never ending song.  
Too much, too young.  
He'd never sleep again  
Too much, too young.  
"That will never be me."