

## Streets

Dreamscape

High times, the clock strikes midnight  
She grabs her things and turns to go  
Her coat tightly around her waist  
And walks her way back home alone

Raindrops drip down her shoulders  
She's sick and tired of this life  
The night are getting colder  
Selling her body for a dime

Back in her small apartment  
Takes off her dress and high-heeled shoes  
She hates to wear this garment  
To drink, is all that she can do

She knows her dream has burst now  
Alone and sad, she sit and cries  
Somebody came and stole it  
It's time to live, or time to die

Looking back on her life  
Packed with crap, with pain and with lies  
Seems that nothing went right

Found the streets with it's life  
Sure it's not what she thought for her kind  
Sought the sun with blind eyes

In the back of her mind  
Oh - she can feel the touch  
Of her mother's hand  
The whisper  
Oh - don't go away  
That's not your life  
It's hate that you'll find

Looking back on her life  
Packed with crap, with pain and with lies  
Seems that nothing went right

Found the streets with it's life  
Sure it's not what she thought for her kind  
Sought the sun with blind eyes

Now she's part of the grime  
Never thought it would turn out this way  
Dancing there on the minds