

Bold Street

Eugene McGuinness

Black cabs, snapping at the heels of the ladies
Brushing windswept hair and scarves waving
Big Issue man threw a salvation by a penny
Please give what you can
A penny if you have any

Coffee aromas, swimming past the fruit stand
Drag at the corner in a pink polka-dot headband
Schoolboys are mean, but who knows what they're hiding
Time washes clean the masks in which we cry in

Oh, will I be lost in twilight limbo
Oh, me oh my
I always find myself on this road

A fake American diner plays me Mr. Mustard
But Orpheus is really an old accordion busker
The Mayor recites a Shakespearean sonnet
Saturday night, Bold Street's caked in its own vomit
Find More lyrics at www.sweetslyrics.com

Burberry check, curbside sex and police cars
She cuts through the chaos, through the canvas like a shooting
star
All slow motion now, can't quite believe my black eye
This dark angel landed and obviously missed a war cry

Twinkle, twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are
Like a diamond in the sky
Will I make it out alive

Oh, will I be lost in twilight limbo
Oh, me oh my
I always find myself on this road

Oh, will I be lost in twilight limbo
Oh, me oh my
I always find myself on this road