

1. She knows the streets  
where she walks,  
never were paved with gold  
can't return,  
but won't dream till she's old.  
leaving it soon behind  
city so cold.

And everyday now so long,  
how could she have been so wrong.

2. And as the morning comes,  
shadows on her fall upon,  
walking crowded the streets  
she looked on,  
packs her case  
and tomorrow she's gone.

And everyday now so long,  
how could she have been so wrong.