

Lucky Street

Go Radio

And I watched the Atlantic Ocean rise to meet New York
And everyone involved got way too scared that life was way too short
And we all sang songs about things we'd take back if given the chance,
again

And I'd never seen the sky a sadder shade of gray
And I thought about the words I told you and others I forgot to say
So just tell me that you'll hold my hand
We'll stand together here in New York sand

Cause we're all just chasing red balloons as our sky falls to the ground
And the ocean rises up and you refuse to make a sound
And everybody falls and then sways as if to beats
Except for you and me, we've got promises to keep here on Lucky Street

So many faces that I'd hope to soon forget
They're all just pushing and kicking and screaming in a panicked
mournful fit
Everyone's fighting for just north of here
But you're just south and baby I'm so scared