

Bleecker Street

Mando Diao

Fog's rollin' in off the East River bank Like a shroud it covers
Bleeker Street Fills the alleys where men sleep Hides the shepherd
from the sheep

Voices leaking from a sad cafe Smiling faces try to understand
I saw a shadow touch a shadow's hand On Bleeker Street

A poet reads his crooked rhyme Holy, holy is his sacrament Thirty
dollars pays your rent On Bleeker Street

I head a church bell softly chime In a melody sustainin' It's a
long road to Caanan On Bleeker Street Bleeker Street