

## 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