

One Way Street

Mark Lanegan

Stars and the moon
Aren't where they're supposed to be
For the strange electric light
It falls so close to me

Love, I come to the ride
I'm not sea sick, rolling wave
And you know that I am
Just trying to get it out

Oh, the glorious sound
Oh, the one way street
But you can't get
Can't get it down without crying

When I'm dressed in white
Send roses to me
I drink so much sour whiskey
I can hardly see

And everywhere I've been
There's a world that howls my name
From the one tiny sting
To that vacant fame

Oh, the deafening roar
Remember that's called a one way street
And you can't get
Can't get it down without crying

Mysteries aside
You can't get out
In a psychotropic light
You can't get out

Love, I come to the ride
I'm not sea sick, rolling wave
As a way that I fall
I'm trying to get out

Oh, the glorious sound
Of the one way street
And you can't get
Can't get it down without crying

Oh, the deafening roar
It's called a one way street