

Background Noise

Mike & The Mechanics

These streets
These streets have beats that linger
These trigger fingers seldom caress
The best sound
Comes from nowhere

In These streets
We speak in conversations
Caught up in invitations
And yet
The best sound comes from nowhere
Out of nothing

In the background noise
Comes the world of choice
In the distance a familiar voice
It's the one, it's the one
I adore

In the background noise
I can hear you call
With such persistence
That I have to fall
It's the one, it's the one
I adore

What gives what takes
I'm always considered a contender
I surrender I surrender

In the background noise
Comes the world of choice
In the distance a familiar voice
It's the one, it's the one
I adore

In the background noise
I can hear you call
With such persistence
That I have to fall
It's the one, it's the one
I adore

These streets