

## Streets of Glory

Paloma Faith

There's no angels in the sea  
We both lend its own  
We're in between  
You can't teach 'cause you never learn  
There's nothing left  
There's no return

The more you talk the less it means  
What I want is what I need  
While with flesh and blood I still bleed  
I know you're bad for me

But baby on the streets of glory  
I see you on the streets of glory

It may hurt of grief but it's worse to hold your hand  
The shattered glass it falls upon where you stand  
I will be your momento mori  
While you hide behind your made up story

The more you talk the less it means  
What I want is what I need  
While with flesh and blood and I still bleed  
I know you're bad for me

But baby on the streets of glory  
I see you on the streets of glory

Maybe one day  
I see you on those streets  
All those glittering streets  
Streets of glory  
And you take my hand  
Take me down to the river  
Wash my sins away  
And you come with me  
Won't you take my hand  
Meet me on the streets of glory  
See you on the streets of glory