

# The Streets

Soul Asylum

It's never quite complete  
It's never ever discrete  
But people disappear  
And there are people you meet  
They come from everywhere,  
But not just anywhere  
They all got stories to tell,  
They all got secrets to keep

Then you find someone you like and maybe you go for a bite  
You start to feel secure, you think it's something you like  
But, as you're passin' by you kinda wanna cry  
You thinking maybe she even saved your live

She keeps me off the streets  
She keeps me off the streets  
She keeps me off the streets

So I was shooting the shit  
Like I could handle it  
Like I could like on the dole  
And run around trading bikes  
And go crawl in a hole  
When it gets too cold  
With nowhere to be  
And nowhere to go

And no boss to call my own I'm just wettin' a line  
My time is mine it'd be so divine  
Then you meet someone that seems to know the ropes  
Knows how to cheat a con that knows life's a joke

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So then you bend the law  
But when it finally breaks  
It breaks over your head  
And leaves you in its wake  
And then she calls her dad  
And lies about the cash  
And then she bales you out  
Then you feel like an ass

Where had you gone, you bee gone for so long  
I heard you're calling yourself a vagabond  
You're living out on the lamb and you got yourself in a jam  
You got nothing to eat, when I see you again I'll see you out on the street

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