

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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