

Front Street

The Gutter Twins

Front Street ain't no place for a boy
Who likes to talk ways that boys do
Unstrung, young, dumb
Comfortably numb

I am old as the star who bears you
Black as the bitch who wears you
Tears you, rips you apart
And then turns it around

Come on feel me
I ain't only one
When it comes apart
We're gonna have some fun, son

Give me five minutes
With your sweetest sweet tea
If she's fine as your missus
Then she's fine enough for me

A rod out the window
A suburban street
And I ain't slept since Monday
Jump in and ride we got deadlines to meet

People to use, lovers to break
Handful of pills, no life to take
River too cold, oven too hot
Bridge a one hundred and fifty foot drop

But there was a day I could say that I loved you
Early one evening I cut through Longview
Lifted you up and you turned it around

Here on Front Street
All the good girls and their boys know
Down in the mine there are diamonds
Down on the street walk the lifeless

And now I know that you're through with me
Can I tell you my love dead honestly?
Life is shame and your hands are stained
Walk in chains and change your name

Go where you go but forget me not
Take a memory too, if it's all you got
Chase your pain with a shot of rain
Dig with a spade or a razor blade

Come on feel me now
I ain't only one
When it comes apart
We're gonna have some fun, son

Come on feel me now
I ain't only one
When it comes apart

We're gonna have some fun, son

We're gonna have some fun, son

We're gonna have some fun, son

We're gonna have some fun, son

Young, dumb, comfortably numb

Give me five minutes

Give me five minutes with your sweetest sweet tea

[Incomprehensible]

You go where you gotta go, forget me not

Take my memory 'cause it's