

Youth Group "Booth Street"

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This mistily remembered friend just breezed into town,
Pulling all the cobwebs out and blowing my defenses
down.

I think that I've been needin' some of her spring
cleanin'

Now we're gone.

If I'd known she was coming I would have baked a cake.
But we'll have to make do with minimum chips and
flake.

Let's throw away the recipe, let's make it up.

I see you standing on Booth Street,
Waiting on two feet there for me.

I see you, a full bag of fruit

Yeah, I think that you suit

Me to a tee.

The heavenly choir now coming out of church.

To the altar I don't walk I lurch.

Heaven knows I'm hard to please, but I'm trying to
change.

I see you standing on Booth Street,
Waiting on two feet there for me.

I see you chewing your nails

Yeah, it never fails

To chew me up.

Been through it so many times that it seems.

I'm in the middle of a recurring dream.

I see you standing on Booth Street,
Waiting on two feet there for me.

I see you, your favorite shirt on.

I hear the word on

The street is out.

I see you.

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