

## Streets, The "It's Too Late"

Visit "[It's Too Late](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

She said 'Meet me at the gates at eight  
'Leave now, don't be late'  
She said one day she'd walk away  
'Cause I was always late  
Thought things were okay  
Didn't care though anyway  
Say 'Sorry, babe, I had to meet a mate'  
Tempting fate  
We first met through a shared view  
She loved me and I did too  
It's now seven-fifty  
Getting ready, better be nifty  
Do my hair quickly  
Step out, it's cloudy  
Mate bells me to borrow money  
I've got two henrys and a dealer to pay  
Call up on geezers to rid these green trees  
From my reeking jeans  
Got a You-Think-I-Care air  
Out glaring geezers' stares  
I'm here and I'm there  
Couldn't see past the end of my beer  
What was getting near  
All of the silence after the tears

[Chorus]

I didn't know it was over  
Till it was too late, too late  
But if I ever needed you  
Would you be there?

She said 'Meet me at the gates, don't be late'  
But pretty soon the day came for change  
And I was glad she never walked away  
So I'm choosing what to wear  
Doing my hair with an hour to spare  
When my life went pear  
She'd been there with a fixed stare

Big wheel climbed to the top  
Geezers' stares bounced off

Standing at the top of this huge mountain  
Smiling and shouting  
Spring flowers sprouting  
Not one inch of doubt in my mind  
As I reached the gates  
Came around the corner at a rate  
Risky her love  
But I was gonna set things straight  
Never again am I gonna be late [x3]

[Chorus]

I said meet me at the gates  
Leave now, don't be late  
I waited for a while  
Listening to her voicemail  
Mind set sail  
Then the facts turned me pale  
Wind, rain, hail  
My fears unveiled for my fair female  
She'd walked away  
Too little to late  
I step up the pace  
Walk past the gate  
Rain runs over my face  
Spirit falls from grace  
I purchase a hazy escape at the alcohol place  
In the Chase, I sat down, got a fat frown  
Weeping and drown in my senses  
For this love game's expensive  
I walk in a trance  
Got a wounded soldier stance  
And the everyday geezers' stares throw me off balance  
Now nothing holds significance  
And nothing holds relevance  
Cause the only thing I can see is her elegance

[Chorus x2]

Visit [Streets, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.