## Between Thieves "My Side Of The City"

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the children are slow on my side of the city they all like to try looking so pretty they hide in the dark cause bright lights are so deadly the radio screams their friends are never on time they're never on time

and mexican boys are holding down the corners [?]
girlfriend sways quick from one side to another they're holding their own the trouble's never on time it's never on time

well there's nothing in the world that I want to see there's nowhere oh no where that I'd rather be than here with you oh holding me here

and all the girls sell on my side of the city
[?] they're looking so pretty
shift is a drag
the weather's always shitty
they do what they can
the men are always on time
they're always on time

and undercover cops
are looking for a sucker
always want to trade for a little treasure
they only ask once
they only give the pleasure
they give you a life
the trains are never on time
they're never on time

well there's nothing in the world

that I want to see there's nowhere oh no where that I'd rather be than here with you oh holding me here

so make your way to the ocean let the warm cool breeze soak into your bones

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