

## Beulah "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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