

Eudora

"Bold Street"

Visit "[Bold Street](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Black cap, snapping at the heels of the ladies
Rushing, windswept hair and scarves waving
Big Issue man threw a salvation by a penny
Please give what you can
A penny if you have any

Coffee aromas, swimming past the fruit stand
Trag(?) at the corner in a pink polka-dot headband
Schoolboys are mean, but who knows what they're
hiding
Time washes clean the masks in which we cry in

Oh, will I be lost in twilight near Bold
Oh, me oh my
I always find myself on this road

A fake American diner plays me Mr. Mustard
But Orpheus is really an old accordion busker
The Mayor recites a Shakespearean sonnet

Saturday night, both feet caked in it's own vomit

Burberry check, curbside sex and police cars
She cuts through the chaos, through the canvas like a
Shooting star
All slow motion now, can't quite believe my black eye
This dark angel landed and obviously missed a war cry

Twinkle, twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are
Like a diamond in the sky
Will I work it out alive

Oh, will I be lost in twilight near Bold
Oh, me oh my
I always find myself on this road

Oh, will I be lost in twilight near Bold
Oh, me oh my
I always find myself on this road

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.