

Jet Set Roger

"Strange Avenues"

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Strange avenues where you lose all sense of direction
And everywhere is Main Street in the winter sun.
The wino sleeps --- cold coat lined with he money
section.
Looking like a a record cover from 1971.

And here am I --- warm feet and a limo waiting.
Shall I make us both feel good? And would a dollar do?
But in your streets, I have no credit rating
And it might not take a lot to be alone just like you.

Heading up and out now, from your rock island.
Really good to have had you here with me.
And somewhere in the crowd I think I hear a young girl
whisper
"Are you ever lonely, just like me?"

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