

Lostprophets "Streets Of Nowhere"

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She won't let me go.
Don't put me down.
I've seen the scenes,
And I've been around.
Big city lies, the bullshit smiles,
The inside jokes and the changing styles.
But when I'm here,
I leave behind what I don't need,
'Cause every time I walk these streets I know they're
mine.

It's just another day.
Living here this way,
Nothing ever troubles me,
And I say...
Lalalalala
Everything's ok!

Oh these roads they should talk,
Yeah feels good to walk,
These streets of nowhere.
These streets of nowhere.
Grey clouds up above,
But you still gotta love,
These streets of nowhere.
These streets of nowhere.

Your faded signs,
Your tiny crimes.
Your endless jokes that go on for miles.
Your errant daughter walks the water.
You wouldn't have a word said agianst her.
But I agree, the factories,
The shopping carts, sing a symphony
That sounds like home to me.

It's just another day.
Living here this way,
Nothing ever troubles me,
And I say...
Lalalalala
Everything's ok!

Oh these roads they should talk,
Yeah feels good to walk,
These streets of nowhere.
These streets of nowhere.
Grey clouds up above,
But you still gotta love,
These streets of nowhere.
These streets of nowhere.

It's just another day.
Living here this way,
Nothing ever troubles me,
And I say...
Lalalalala
Everything will be ok!

These streets of nowhere...

Oh these roads they should talk,
Yeah feels good to walk,
These streets of nowhere.
These streets of nowhere.
Grey clouds up above,
But you still gotta love,
These streets of nowhere.
These streets of nowhere.

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