

## **Cowboy Junkies**

# **"This Street, That Man, This Life"**

Visit "[This Street, That Man, This Life](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This street holds its secrets like a cobra holds its kill  
This street minds its business like a jailer minds his jail  
That house there is haunted, that door's a portal to hell  
This street holds its secrets very well

That man wears his skin like a dancer wears her veils  
That man stalks his victims like a cancer stalks a cell  
That man's soul has left him, his heart's as deadly as a  
rusty nail  
That man sheds his skin like a veil

Lord, you play a hard game, you know we follow every  
rule  
Then you take the one thing we thought we'd never  
lose  
All I ask is if she's with you please keep her warm and  
safe  
And if it's in your power please purge the memory of  
this place

This life holds its secrets like a sea shell holds the sea  
Soft and distant calling like a fading memory  
This life has its victories but its defeats tear so  
viciously  
This life holds its secrets like the sea

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