

Sunday's Best "Beethoven St."

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I remember my old Beethoven Street:
With the market on the corner always closed.
A place that will never change in time;
When you find it you can tell that it's mine.

Backyard in the sun, runners up at dawn,
Motorcars with mufflers charged raced after dark

I knew I could never really leave:
There's a handprint on the sidewalk I've outgrown.
In a place that I will always call my home...
Never forget it. Never leave it alone

Never let it go now.
You know Beethoven was my own.

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