

Syndicate Dream "My Old Haunts"

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These streets are paved with stories
Of faded hopes and glories
No sleepless nights, no worries
Hey, baby, what's your hurry?
I'd like to get to know you
I've got some things to show you
Let's take a walk to my old haunts

These dreams are best forgotten
Passed on from ripe to rotten
Bewildered and besotten
Soaked up in balls of cotton
Oh do not ask what is it
Let's go and make our visit
Let's take a walk to my old haunts

What do you do when you're credit's shot?
Skip town until it's not
What do you do when you've passed your best?
Put a cherry on top and bury it to rest

These eyes are never focused
On all the dreams that choke us
No tricks, no hocus-pocus
Cleared out by wasps and locusts
We're on the road to ruin
There's nothing better doin'
Let's take a walk to my old haunts
Walk...

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Skip town until it's not
What do you do when you've passed your best?
Put a cherry on top and bury it to rest

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