

Men Without Hats

"One Way Street"

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When I was seventeen, I had so many dreams
Dreams don't always come true, especially if you want
them to
But we're older now and our ideas take a bow
To a world that taught us well
To survive this living hell

Life's a one way street
Full of broken people
Walking the narrow line
And acting so cool
Acting so cool
We're walking down a one way street

We walked the streets of fire, with hope in our eyes
We could be so insane, nothing to loose, everything to
gain
Those sympathetic ears, listened to our hopes and
fears
They wrapped us up so nice, and sold us for a discount
price

Whatever happened to all the friends we once knew
Most of them we left behind, you just can't catch up on
time
With not a lot to say, about tomorrow or today
Voices that were once so loud, now lost in the lonely
crowd

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