

Junior Smalls And The Criminals

"Washington And 13th"

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We came to be
Against a backdrop of bricks and concrete
Burned out buildings, shot out street lights
And the glass crushes beneath your feet
And these faded walls
Make me feel home
Said these faded walls
Make me feel home

Cause I still get the chills
At Washington and 13th
Our youth trapped in these blocks
Never again to be seen

And I don't like to think of you lost in this sea
Of icy cold eyes void of all sympathy
I knew when I left there'd be things that I'd miss
But I never expected it would feel like this
It would feel like this

We came to be
Against a backdrop of mayhem and heartbeats
Racing through backstreets, alleys and backyards
But somehow always made safe retreat

And these faded walls
Make me feel home
Said these faded walls
Make me feel home

Cause I still get the chills
At Washington and 13th
Our youth trapped in these blocks
Never again to be seen

And I don't like to think of you lost in this sea
Of icy cold eyes void of all sympathy
I knew when I left there'd be things that I'd miss
But I never expected it would feel like this

