

P.J. Pacifico

"This Street"

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I got a letter from a friend down in D.C.
He wants to know what's up with me
And why I never call or write him back
The truth is there ain't much to say
Today's the same as any day
And nothing really scares me more than that

Time and time again I see
The walls are closing in on me
Before my eyes my life begins to flash
Sad memories I can't erase
I know that I would leave this place
If only I could gather up the cash

While everyone with better sense has already left town
And those that still remain about wonder why
I'm around

But where do we go from here?
Do we leave it all behind?
Do we walk away blind?
Or will we ever find a light at the end of this street

I wish I was like my brother Jim
It doesn't seem to bother him
He doesn't seem to mind the old routine
He's always had it figured out
Exactly what this town's about
This unforgiving narrow-minded scene

My mama told me long ago
There's only two ways don't you
know
The second not so pleasant as the first
You either find the river, dive right in
Cleanse your soul, lose your sin
Or walk away alone and die of thirst

My old man ran from another land and tried to make a
new start
But he worked his whole damn life away and died of a
broken heart

So where do we go from here?
Do we leave it all behind?
Do we walk away blind?
And will we ever find a light at the end of this street

Lately I've been having dreams
Just like western movie scenes
Hanging day, gallows overhead
But I wake up in the nick of time
Lying here to find that I've been
Frozen to the sheets upon my bed

They'll tell you opportunity
Is simply nothing more to be
In the right place at the right time
But I've never been too lucky still
I make it to the top of the hill
And see there's twenty more ahead to
climb

So for every wounded mother's son left
standing in the lurch
And for every other wasted one who's
given up the search
Who spoke their minds stood their ground and was
gracious in defeat
Who is relegated now live and die out on this street

Where do we go from here?
Do we leave it all behind?
Do we walk away blind?
Or will we ever find a light at the end of this
street? (4X)

It's a long, long road away from here
And where it ends is never clear
A long, long time to cover ground
But never, never, never turn around

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