

## Avalanche City

### "The Streets"

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I have found a sorrow  
when i feel alone  
i need to follow  
in the distance i hear the pulse

even with the lights gone out i know  
the rhythm that our hearts pound out rolls on  
its bounding through the streets scattering the cold  
the marching band, rolls on

we'll lead with the heart and let our heads follow  
we'll leave all the plans to work themselves alone  
i'm hearing the ways that i have left to go  
oh you know its the sound that arrests my soul

the rhythm that our hearts pound out rolls on  
its marching through the streets scattering the cold

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