

Saint Etienne "Side Streets"

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A neighborhood that I live in
I've always seen as home
At certain times at the evening
It's like a no-go zone

Got cash in my pocket
To last the weekend
And I've got feet just like white light
And don't mind keeping

But still I walk the side streets home
Even when I'm on my own
If I let myself believe
All the bad press and all the stories
I wouldn't set a foot outside

You say I live in a bubble
I find the bubbles best
Add a thing with a truffle
Just turn and head to west

Quite light on my feet
If I ever need be
As I zip down the street
No one ever sees me

That's why I walk the side streets home
Even when I'm on my own
If I let myself believe
All the bad press and all the stories
I wouldn't set a foot outside

I'm tempting fate
So nonchalant
I'll probably get it tomorrow

Till then I walk the side streets home
Even when I'm on my own
If I let myself believe

Side streets home
On my own

Believe

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