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American Music Club "Away Down My Street"

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I'll sit inside, emptying a bottle, plugging up my brain Killing off my hopes, I'm an idiot king, shoot 'em down one by one You and me both we're living a lie we don't belong And the clothes we wear they always tear Those second-hand clothes they always tear Those second-hand hopes they always tear

Away down my street Away down my street I walk, I walk The sun's a prize for my weak eyes I put my blindfold on How do I get out of here

Move along Joe, move along Jack, the burning road welcomes you back I'm high enough now to turn out the sun I'm king enough now to close my eyes And watch the ruins grow like my alibis Like we're already dead, like we're empty as hell We're jewels on a chain, yeah we're jewels on a chain

Away down my street Away down my street I walk, I walk The sun's a prize for my weak eyes I put my blindfold on How do I get out of here

Because there is no peace, yeah there is no peace There is no peace, there is no peace Hey Hey garbage man, I'm in garbage land Hey man, how do I get out of here Hey, hey, how do I get out of here Come on man, how do I get out of here

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