

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

