

Gutter Twins

"Front Street"

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Front Street

Ain't no place for a boy, who
Likes to talk ways that boys do
Unstrung
Young, dumb
Comfortably numb

I am

Old as the star who bears you
Black as the bitch who wears you, tears you
Rips you apart and then turns it around

Come on feel me

I ain't only one
When it comes apart
We're gonna have some fun, son

Give me five minutes

With your sweetest sweet tea
If she's fine as your missus
Then she's fine enough for me
A rod out the window
A suburban street
And I ain't slept since Monday
Jump in and ride
We got deadlines to meet

People to use

Lovers to break
Handful of pills
No life to take
River too cold
Oven too hot
Bridge a one hundred and fifty foot drop

But there was a day I could say that I loved you

Early one evening I cut thru Longview
Lifted you up, then you turned it around

Here on Front Street

All the good girls and their boys know

Down in the mine there are diamonds
Down on the street walk the lifeless

And now I know that you're through with me
Can I tell you, my love, dead honestly?
Life is shame and your hands are stained
Walk in chains and change your name
Go where you go, but forget me not
Take a memory too, if it's all you got
Chase your pain with a shot of rain
Dig with a spade or a razor blade

Come on feel me now
I ain't only one
When it comes apart
We're gonna have some fun, son

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