

GC5, The "Sparkling Streets"

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When your hopes are batted down like your eyelids

Where the streets all sparkle like the eyes of kids

And you rise and wipe the sleep and the stupor from
your eyes

You've been cold and uncompromising

With ambitions as broad as the horizon

Tunnel vision focused on a consolation prize

In your darkest hour

You're left looking at your shaky hands

And bits of carefully constructed plans

And you feel just like a stranger to everyone you see

Everything they show you

Says they don't even know you

So you wave goodbye to your old friends

And you greet new enemies

In your darkest hour

Wasted your daylight on the death of feeling bad

Stuck in this rut all afternoon

No place to go, no face to know

No angel watching you

You're all alone now in your darkest hour

The minutes tick by in no man's land

And you've lost it all on a dead man's hand

Your delusions are so much dust, and there's no one
you can trust

You're wondering when it'll ever end

You wave goodbye to old enemies and meet new
friends

You pick yourself up and get back on your feet

On those sparkling streets

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