

Gutter Twins, The

"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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