

The GC5 "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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