

## Thursday

# "Death In New Burnswick"

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You told me on your birthday  
all the things that  
this place had done to you.  
And in the streets you walk,  
you hide your face cause  
they don't believe it's true.  
They say it doesn't happen that often  
but it's happening right now

CHORUS:

I'm writing you this  
letter to let you know  
I'm not all right  
and in this city  
the streets are paved with hate  
so you can cry yourself to sleep tonight,  
and say  
no there aren't enough love songs in the sky

You're counting down the days till you can say  
bye bye city bye-bye  
You're walking down on Union,  
you see the roads  
and know they're a part of you.  
They say it doesn't happen that often  
But it's happening right now

CHORUS:

I'm writing you a second time  
to let you know  
Nothing here has changed  
The streets: still paved with hate  
So you can cry yourself to sleep tonight

Will you look back on this night  
As the day that ruined your life.  
Will you look back on these city streets and say,  
"Oh, God, what happened..."

With these city streets I hide my face.  
I turn away when you look at me.  
And every night when I try and sleep,

I feel your hands all over my body.

You stripped away the street signs  
and you shot out all the stop lights.  
You smashed away the buildings,  
what would you have left?

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