

## Back on the Streets

Axe

These streets are made for living  
And for never growing old  
Valleys built for laughter  
And for souls already sold  
Ten thousand people waiting  
For another sleepless night  
They walk the streets in search of  
Someone to make everything alright  
And the silence keeps on howling  
Screaming in my head  
And makes me think of something  
That somebody out there said  
I'm back on the streets again  
I'm back on the streets again  
And the buildings seem to breathe in  
A never ending breath  
And the subways all show signs of  
A never ending death  
And the smell of something burning  
Is floating in the air  
Outside someone's crying  
But nobody seems to care  
And the silence keeps on howling  
Screaming in my head  
And makes me think of something  
That somebody out there said  
I'm back on the streets again  
I'm back on the streets again  
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I'm back on the streets again  
These streets are made for living  
And for never growing old  
Valleys built for laughter  
And for souls already sold  
Ten thousand people waiting  
For another sleepless night  
They walk the streets in search of someone  
To make everything alright  
I'm back on the streets again  
I'm back on the streets again  
I'm back on the streets again  
I'm back, back on the streets again  
I'm back on the streets again  
I'm back, back on the streets again