

These Streets Are Alive

I the Mighty

I've always lived for the little things.
I experience, I dream.
In turn, my cloths are torn.
I breathe with the city, I wake with the sun.
I beg for your pity, I take pills for fun.
It's all, it's all a part of this game I play.

Help me stranger! I'm begging for more!
You've got plenty to spare but you just stare at the floor.
Help me stranger! These streets are alive!
I'm a capable man. I just got lost on this ride... Such is life
.

I see faces melt into purple streams.
I feel the ground shake beneath my feet.
I will surely hate myself when the morning comes
But for now I'll enjoy it. My nightly escape.
I know that it's fleeting. I make no mistake.
It's all, it's all a part of this game I play.

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A house, blue and red with a short white fence... What bliss...

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