

Locust Street

The Black Crowes

Dry bread on the table
Burn the mill salt the paper

And its easy pick-ins on Locust Street
There's no place to hide
And you can't find love on Locust Street
But you can hear the sunrise crying
Can't you hear the sunrise crying
A song for you alone

Sad eyes, weeping willow
Black cat blues, blacked out window

And its easy pick-ins on Locust Street
There's no place to hide
And you can't find love on Locust Street
But you can hear the sunrise crying
Can't you hear the sunrise crying
A song for you alone

Just a glimpse of what love could be
Once a dream that I owned
What of many lonely longing souls
At least I'm not alone
Well at least I'm not alone

Ripe off the vine now lay rotten
Like a dead end street forever forgotten

And its easy pick-ins on Locust Street
There's no place to hide
And you can't find love on Locust Street
But you can hear the sunrise crying
Can't you hear the sunrise crying
A song for you alone