

## Booth Street

### Youth Group

This mistily remembered friend just breezed into town,  
Pulling all the cobwebs out and blowing my defenses  
down.

I think that I've been needin' some of her spring  
cleanin'  
Now we're gone.

If I'd known she was coming I would have baked a cake.  
But we'll have to make do with minimum chips and flake.  
Let's throw away the recipe, let's make it up.

I see you standing on Booth Street,  
Waiting on two feet there for me.  
I see you, a full bag of fruit  
Yeah, I think that you suit  
Me to a tee.

The heavenly choir now coming out of church.  
To the altar I don't walk I lurch.  
Heaven knows I'm hard to please, but I'm trying to  
change.

I see you standing on Booth Street,  
Waiting on two feet there for me.  
I see you chewing your nails  
Yeah, it never fails  
To chew me up.

Been through it so many times that it seems.  
I'm in the middle of a recurring dream.

I see you standing on Booth Street,  
Waiting on two feet there for me.  
I see you, your favorite shirt on.  
I hear the word on  
The street is out.  
I see you.