

Streets of Glory

Paloma Faith

There's no angels left in this scene
We both landed somewhere
in between
You can't teach 'cause you'll never
learn
There's nothing left, there's no return
The more you talk the less it means
And what I want's not what I need
While we're flesh and blood and I
still bleed
I know you're bad for me
But maybe on the streets of glory
I'll see you on the streets of glory
It may hurt to leave but it's worse to
hold your hand
The shattered glass it falls upon places
where you stand
I will be your momento mori
While you hide behind all your made
up stories
The more you talk the less it means
And what I want's not what I need
While we're flesh and blood and I
still bleed
I know you're bad for me
But maybe on the streets of glory
I'll see you on the streets of glory
Maybe one day
I see you on those streets
All those glittering streets
Streets of glory
And you'll take my hand
Take me down to the river
Wash my sins away
And you come with me
Won't you take my hand
Meet me on the streets of glory
I'll see you on the streets of glory

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>