

# 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/>