

This Street, That Man, This Life

Cowboy Junkies

This street holds it's secrets like a cobra holds it's kill
This street minds it's business like a jailer minds his jail
That house there is haunted
That door's a portal to hell
This street holds it's secrets very well That man wears his skin like a dancer wears her veils
That man stalks his victims like a cancer stalks a cell
That man's soul has left him his heart's as deadly as a rusty nail
That man sheds his skin like a veil Lord, you play a hard game, you know we follow every rule
Then you take the one thing we thought we'd never lose
All I ask is if she's with you please keep her warm and safe
And if it's in your power please purge the memory of this place
This life holds it's secrets like a sea shell holds the sea,
Soft and distant calling like a fading memory
This life has it's victories but it's defeats tear so viciously
This life holds it's secrets like the sea
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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