

# These Streets

Paolo Nutini

Cross the border  
Into the big bad world  
Where it takes you 'bout an hour  
Just to cross the road  
Just to stumble across another poor old soul from  
The dreary old lanes to the high-street madness  
I fight with my brain to believe my eyes  
And it's harder than you think  
To believe this sadness  
That creeps up my spine  
And haunts me through the night  
And life is good and the girls are gorgeous  
Suddenly the air smells much greener now  
And I'm wondering 'round  
With a half pack of cigarettes  
Searching for the change that I've lost somehow  
These streets have too many names for me  
I'm used to Glenfield road and spending my time down in Orchy  
I'll get used to this eventually  
I know, I know  
Where'd the days go? When all we did was play  
And the stress that we were under wasn't stress at all  
Just a run and a jump into a harmless fall  
from  
Walking by a high-rise to a landmark square  
You see millions of people with millions of cares  
And I struggle to the train to make my way home  
I look at the people as they sit there alone  
Life is good, and the sun is shining  
Everybody flirts to their ideal place  
And the children all smile as a boat shuffled by them  
Trying to pretend that they've got some space  
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I'll get used to this eventually  
I know, I know  
You keep telling me so

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