

## Hastings Street

Brazzaville

In a city by the sea  
I think of all the things I've tried to be  
It's raining at the beach  
And I'm feeling all washed up at 33  
Oh no!

They say it's lonely at the top  
But there's nothing quite as sad as sleepin' rough  
(I was) just lookin' for relief  
Now I'm feelin' all washed up on Hastings Street  
I'm feelin' all washed up on Hastings Street  
Oh no!

Salt wind wash over me  
Blow my sins to the distant galaxies  
10 years of smuggling  
And I land in the depths of Hastings Street