

Growing Old on Bleecker Street

AJR

No point in dreaming if you're alone
No point in walking without the road
No point in crying without that someone there beside you
Saying it will be OK

I'll take my time
I'll take my time
You cannot rush
What can't be timed

And its tough believing
There's someone living out there
Happier than me
Happier than me

We may be lost
And gone forever
The rain will wash our memory
But when we cry
We cry together
Like it was meant to be

I woke up last night from a dream
That we'd grow old on Bleecker Street
Sit by the fire and I'd play my guitar
But dreams are only dreams

And then I wonder when we leave
Will the moon still be white
And the river green
Sometimes I wonder if we matter at all
If we're not written down
Who will remember now

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