

Empty Street

Angelic Upstarts

Walking on the empty street with tomorrow on my mind.
Every day it seems the same I find it hard to reason why,
A reason why.

I see the man in the big black car wishing he could have my place.
Give him just a week of my life and wipe the smile off from his
face,
Off from his face.

Searching is a task I face, day to day as great as the last.
Why can