

Starlight is streaming down a dead-end street
Lead our way back to something good
It's high time we turned around this lousy luck
You know tonight I think that we could raise my glass to starti
ng over

Knock on wood; were' getting warmer now
It's hard to read the street signs
In these dim lights and soft reflections
No dead ends, just new directions
Say that I think we're on an incline
Don't you?

I lose myself sometimes on these broken streets
But I still dream
I cough; I breathe

So beat me down; I won't ever leave
And even though I bruise myself somehow on the same concrete
And lose some skin, this world we're in can do its worst
It'll never win

We float away like fireflies in city night
Across the park where the flowers end and the nothing starts
Til we're half dead and scheming here in your backyard
Find some truth in the wine we spill
Fell short tonight but we'll keep coming back
We always have and we always will

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And even though I bruise myself somehow on the same concrete
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It'll never win

But right now I don't care
Your smile's like a cure to my poison luck
In pitch black we lay back
And laugh 'til the sun comes up
And we hold fast