

## On a Street Called Hope

Cilla Black

Took a room in a house of gloom  
Somewhere I could hide my soul  
There I hoped to find a way to ease my mind  
Couldn't face the gloom tomorrow

I sat until the hours of three or four  
Thinking doesn't help but seems  
I crept to bed and cried myself to sleep once more  
Then I had the wildest dream

in a town named Freedom  
Where each clock is pointed to the hour of love  
Upon a street called Hope at the house of Welcome  
That's where she opened the door of love

When I awoke the following day

Every doubt had left my mind  
My dream it taught me what the prophets say  
Those who seek will always find

I ran down the stair and out in to the street  
Looking for the nearest phone  
We both said sorry and decided to meet  
To find ourselves a happy home

You know we're looking for a street called Hope  
In a town name Freedom  
Where each clock is pointed to the hour of love  
Upon a street called Hope at the house of Welcome  
That's where she opened the door of love