

A Street Called Hope

Gene Pitney

I 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

(Street called Hope) 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