

Streets That Time Walks

Son Volt

The beliefs from the status-quo picture
Drop down like from a drip dispenser
Leaving too many paths that lead to
A one way talk with only the darkness

Sun breaks on a buffer-zone madness
Fleeing ghosts for all the wrong reasons
With apathetic eyes to the future
Complacent to the last broken pieces

No conspiracy to deny you
Or push you astray
You've withstood the streets that time walks
Still treading on a hallowed gone heyday

Your grievance is wrapped in
Just simple surviving
Points raised, points abandoned
The big dream is hollowed

Hereafters have not been chosen
The flame will find the oxygen
Stopgap measures down
Just take it for another spin

No conspiracy to deny you
Or push you astray
You've withstood the streets that time walks
Still treading on a hallowed gone heyday

Walked into a field of vision
Cold-hearted steps of perception
The closer to the rise
Is distance stood to fall

Homesick along with a hometown stay
Pack it up or pack it in
The promise of days gone past
Is a foregone situation

No conspiracy to deny you
Or push you astray
You've withstood the streets that time walks
Still treading on a hallowed gone heyday