

Commonplace Streets

The Jayhawks

This crumpled dollar bill in my back pocket
Reminds me I had twenty
What somebody said to someone
You'd think that worries him
Laid out on the newsstands
or even sinful publications

See the haze on commonplace streets,
you're back again

So we walk on different streets
Taking time no one seems to notice
Outside you're all smiles
When inside I know you're hurten

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Reminds me I had twenty
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