

Between the Houses

The Paper Kites

There's gotta be a better place than bourbon street on a Friday
She don't want hand grenades or hurricanes
Got had by a shoe shiner just to hear his speech
Now every time they ask her where she got those shoes
She says "I got them right here on my feet"

In a dive bar off the boulevard down an alleyway
She smiles and I can tell this is what she's talking about
And the brothers gathered round the jukebox she said "I'm just
passing through"
Put a quarter in and played her song
The whole damn room approved
They like her style and I do too

You don't want fake rain while you're sleeping
You don't want the praise when you lose
Beneath the streets, between the houses
All you want is a little truth

East side of the village up in New York City
Late nights running round trying to find the underground
Hidden bars and speakeasies - convinced there's another world
Of things we're missing out on
And all you want is to unfurl to the wind
Blow the roof off this whole town

And I want to say I admire how you go
Seeing all the best in everyone
Between the houses and the billboard signs
All we want is a little truth