

Russell Crowe & 30 Odd Foot Of Grunts, Charlie'

(Crowe)

One of these streets
The city of dreams
Wakes anticipating
In the doorway I lean
On the corner of 44th & 9th
Ain't nothing to be seen

But this is where Lennie lives

The pain gets worse
But I ignore it
It don't really hurt if there ain't a pill for it
I see so many blackbirds
The end of it all
My luck's a baby sister
You gotta be responsible
You listen to her talking 'bout the colour of her hair
You gotta notice sooner or later
If it starts wearing thin

Charlie told me that he didn't understand
How I could do anything but sing with the band
I said Charlie
I still wear the scars from letting my emotions ride
Touring bar to bar
Something had to stop me
Something had to make me keep it in

I'm cheered by the thought
Of so much thinking
Sad song singers
Never depress me
So much to say she'd buy
Ten stories a day
He'd like wine with the west wind
If you are going that way

Everything new carries it's threat
I work myself open
I'm so deep in debt
I've stopped working
I'm waiting for the chains
Perspectives your cloud baby
Here comes the rain