

## MEAN STREETS

If everything's in its place, how you ever going to get lost?  
 And if you never get lost, how you ever going to find your way?  
 On these clean streets, on these mean, clean streets of this town.

If everything's in its place, it's all where it's supposed to be,  
 How you going to find some space?, some place you really want to be.  
 On these clean streets, on these mean, clean streets of this town.

## INSTRUMENTAL ON VERSE

Now if nothing ever moves, how you going to see the world go by?  
 If all there is are truths, how you going to tell which one's are lies?  
 On these clean streets, on these mean, clean streets of this town.

## MID 8

G Am

If nobody takes the chances, and wise men know it all

G F F C

If you got all the answers, you won't know, you won't know, who to call

If everything is planned, how you ever going to understand?  
 If everything's within reach, You don't need to make your stand  
 On these clean streets, on these mean, clean streets of this town.  
 If there's peace within our time, how come all I hear is war?  
 And if the dying can't be seen, how do you know what your living for?  
 On these clean streets, on these mean, clean streets of this town.

## INSTRUMENTAL (ad lib words in fade out)

(Extra Verse if needed)

If you keep the shutters closed, how you going to see the world outside?  
 If the map shows every street, how you going to find a place to hide?  
 On these clean streets, on these mean, clean streets of this town.

## ADDITIONAL STUFF

Just one piece of paper, just one different face  
 One train that comes in later, would brighten up the place  
 Just one chance to see you, just some peace of mind  
 Hold on to that feeling the love comes right behind