

# Agent 51, 5 Miles To Bellevue

Sixteen and waitin' on the corner  
Watchin' all the people go by  
Thinkin' of how directed that they all must be  
As a tear rolls from his eye  
Stuck down in another rut  
He swears that he's forever f\*\*ked  
Livin' on the streets ain't fun  
Wishin' he had a place to stay  
To keep him dry on rainy days  
Now there's nowhere he can run  
And nobody's gonna change his mind or his broken heart  
Waitin' down in Bellevue park in position  
Waitin' for another real friend  
To keep him warm inside the next home of delusion  
You freeze, melt, live, die, panic, run  
Then break and bend  
The pain he feels inside is endless  
Lives a life alone and friendless  
All there's left to do is start  
Countin' the days, now it's the years  
Building up these pointless fears  
The both of them are torn apart  
And nobody's gonna change his mind or his broken heart