

# Alexisonfire, Emerald Street

Pregnant teens on the Barton Street bus  
Homeless people living off crust  
and there's a beat-up town car - it's starting to rust  
Hard soles are kicking up dust  
Half a million people living in the corpse of the brown brick 50's  
To the north, all the small town outcasts are now the big city bourgeoisie  
All the boys in the halfway houses  
Wave to the girls of Emerald Street  
Our calloused fingers, blood red on the brick - but we hold on (hold on)  
We'll never falter, though they want us to slip - we hold on (hold on)  
The desperate, downtown stealing bikes  
Drunks in the village are picking fights  
So, police line the streets to read them their rights  
No controlling hot summer nights  
The sun goes down on the edge of town, at the end of everyday  
We sit and watch the stack, on fire, to the east across the bay  
All the boys in the halfway houses  
Wave to the girls of Emerald Street  
Our calloused fingers, blood red on the brick - but we hold on (hold on)  
We'll never falter, though they want us to slip - we hold on (hold on)  
There's something in the church belfry  
At the corner of Victoria and King  
And it screams out into the night  
It sings this city's plight  
All the boys in the halfway houses  
Wave to the girl on Emerald Street  
(Hold on, hold on)  
Our calloused fingers, blood red on the brick - but we hold on (hold on)  
We'll never falter, though they want us to slip - we hold on (hold on)