

The Connells, Logan Street

Oh yes I know, and believe me it gets worse.
I got told, ring, round and gold.
It's hard enough, when everything we say
Is really fascination long away.

I just got up, and the motion left me cold.
And I found out, I'm growing old.
It's not enough, your standing in your wealth
And there's real infatuation with yourself.

Chorus:
Been down on Logan Street, been there having fun.
Been down on Logan Street, I'm done.

Bottoms up, and the rest is getting cold.
And I'm decieved, ring, round and gold.
It's bad enough, when everything we do
Is really desperation coming through.

(repeat chorus)

(repeat chorus)

(repeat chorus)

(repeat chorus)