

Nickels and Dimes

I walk these streets
In this early morning

The street lamps flicker
And fade
I came here looking
For fortune and fame
To be made

Left my home in the Maritimes
Moving over
On down the line
To where the streets
Are all paved
With silver and gold

Maybe it's time we went home, son
Maybe it's time we went home
Living this life
On the edge of a knife
Maybe it's time
To go home

Wonder where it will all end up
Wonder what this will bring
The shadows lift and the traffic's
Beginning to sing

My reflection in windowpanes
Melting now in the pouring rain
Another day on these streets
Where nothing has changed

Maybe it's time we went home, son
Maybe it's time to go home
Living this life
On the edge of a knife
Maybe it's time
To go home

I play the bars
And I work the corners
Sing every song that I know
Pretty soon it will be
November with snow

Here I am
With my half gloves on
Singing someone else's lines
At the mercy of strangers
For nickels and dimes

Maybe it's time we went home, son
Maybe it's time we went home
Living your life
On the edge of a knife
Maybe it's time
To go home