

Patrick McGinley

"Young In The City"

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I ferried my dreams across the water
underneath a faceless moon
I woke to find myself uncovered
in this dark and dusty room
take me up the wooden stairs
where the windows are open wide
there we can watch the city skyline
tremble in the heat waves rolling by
and don't the world look pretty
when you're young in the city

So there I was
Ophelia climbing
through these tangled threads of light
I was caught
open and bleeding
but I was willing to stay the night
take me down to where the buildings
stand empty at our feet
where the dirty Hudson River
and the sweet blue oceans meet
and don't the world look pretty
when you're young in the city

Don't you sometimes wonder
why it all goes by so fast
I held you in my fingers
now I hold you in my past
once I watched you walk on water
now I watch you walk across the room
I always thought we'd have forever
now these forevers go by too soon
take me down to the streets below
where the moon and traffic lights
guide us while we go dreaming
thru another sleepless night
and don't the world look pretty
when you're young in the city

