

Ark

"Singing 'Bout The City"

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I was born and raised with the cross in my face
And a mind that was set for pity
Not fully grown I was left all alone
That's the time I set my eyes on the city

Where no cold wind sweep and no willow's weep
And no singing in the treetops puts a child to sleep
Where the ghosts and creeps
Sad-eyed roam the streets
And the best minds turning tricks
For that sad and angry fix

But now I'm through, I'm through, I'm through
I'm through, I'm through singing 'bout the city
(Singing 'bout the city, singing 'bout the city)

I was all knocked down as I came to town
I was smug as a bug and pretty
I was led to believe that a little less self-esteem
Was required to survive in the city
In the high-end streets where the faces meet
Who are daring for a sharing on the toilet seats
But I've had my fill of cheap boudoir thrills
Hallelujah, - I am coming
Bring the fattened calf and sing

Now I'm through, I'm through, I'm through
I'm through, I'm through singing 'bout the city
(Singing 'bout the city, singing 'bout the city)

In the summertime in the dry hot town
Sun is high and ambition is low
When the sewers seethe there's no air to breathe
And when no place feels like home

In the summertime in the countryside
Where the birches and long grass grow
And the small birds sing and the church-bell ring
And the gentle warm winds blow

I guess I really should have known
There's only one place left to go

This time I'm really coming home

I'm gonna spread my wings
Gonna leave everything
Far behind that's unsound and shitty
I'm free at last, it's all in the past
Fooling round like a clown in the city
Where no pine and spruce lend a home to the moose
And no brown bears sleep and no rabbits snooze
In the open wild you get warm and mild
Turning playboys to the ploughboys
That they are inside
Where the green crops grow and the rivers flow
Where lakes glitter, small birds twitter
Oh, I sure could think of worse!
It's the Springsteen curse but this time it's in reverse
Life's a pity in the city Hell, what does Bruce know
about spruce?

Oh, I'm through, I'm through, I'm through
I'm through, I'm through, I'm through, I'm through
I'm through...
Singing 'bout the city, yeaheah

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