

## Ark, The "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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