

Light This City "Parisian Sun"

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Sun shines pale through window,
Through the ghosts that dim this town
Arms that hold you burn off like fog in the heat of the
sun.
Do not mistake them for flesh and blood
This girl never laughs and she does not cry
For we all beam with hope for our children's bright
futures
Inoculating them for fictitious diseases
While we ignore dismal today's gray city slums
This girl wears red to stand out from the smog of her
city
While sun shines pale through the window
She wants to be civilized
Laugh gray eyes cry
For she will spread a new disease
But don't expect to see it's victims in the news
For the news always has something bad to say

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