

Ryan Montbleau

"City"

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Im giving up the cigarettes
Im tired of the drinking
Think I'll learn a second language
Got some friends are Puerto Rican
Speaking of my friends I know they don always keep
me in line
But I swear they're full of wisdom and Im learning all
the time
And I know Im going to get there
Going to get there some day
But in this there are no shortcuts
No how,
No way.
And Ive been living my life
Longing for a City
Longing for someone I can call my own
I aint talking about love and I do not ask for pity
I just want a bit of something when Im feeling down
Ive done my time
And now I find I want a city.
Im knocking on the steeple door and Im waiting for an
answer
My sneakers are stuck in bubble gum and my heart
starts beating faster.
What if there is no design?
What if God don't have a plan?
I start screaming at the mezzanine
But an old priest lets me in,
Sits me down and says,
Son, youve got someone up there who aint never
gonna let you down,
But in this there are no shortcuts
No way,
No how.
And Ive been living my life
Longing for a City
Longing for someone I can call my own
I aint talking about love and I do not ask for pity
I just want a bit of something when Im feeling down
Ive done my time
And now I find I want a city.

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