

## **Ten Falls Forth**

### **"After-School Special"**

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The city is breathing tonight,  
As we watch these city streets come to life.  
And breeding that style into  
Those how fell short of trying  
And intertwining love with fear,  
Romanced with hate, connecting on,  
City street corners.

The blue light resembles these merchant tellers  
And the neon light solicits the perfect night light

I know nothings going on,  
But I'm broken down and tired of home again.  
Because I'm running.  
And I'm obsessed with your mentality,  
That I'm coming home back to see you,  
And I don't care if I'll ever sleep tonight.

And bombing hills to release aggression,  
Some lonely street beggar is losing his discretion.  
And these children are lying and dying,  
In these broke down city stores  
With these broke down city whores.  
(The blue light.)  
(If I'm really broken, would I want to fix it?)

So lend me four dollars,  
To support this orphan overseas.  
While my neighbor is dying,  
From this disease we call poverty.  
Now your machine is breaking down,  
As these city streets fall to sleep

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