

## **Rick Springfield** **"Souls"**

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It all started here  
she was a girl from the midwest  
He was a stranger  
in a strange land  
Same old story  
he came for the glory  
She came looking for  
a young man's hand

But they found bright lights  
and endless nights  
and men just used her innocent ways  
He found it all so pretty  
hypnotized by the city  
They lost sight of the reason  
they lost count of the days

And they were two souls  
searching for each other  
One spirit looking for the other  
caught between a hard  
hard place and a rock

Two souls searching for heaven  
rolling the dice looking for a seven  
to the tick, tick, ticking of time  
gotta beat the clock

Too many nights on the ledge  
he acquired a knife-edge  
Still the city didn't  
acquiesce to his demands  
Some nights she cried for pity  
in the heart of the city  
the city smacked her hands  
He met her one endless night  
her eyes had a light  
there was something familiar  
about the smell of her skin  
He held her tighter and tighter  
as he danced inside her  
She knew from the moment

that she let him in

They'd been two souls  
searching for each other  
One spirit looking for the other  
caught between a hard  
hard place and a rock

Two souls searching for heaven  
rolling the dice looking for a seven  
to the tick, tick, ticking of time  
gotta beat the clock  
Beat the clock  
Beat the clock  
Beat the clock

(instrumental)

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