

**Ryan Malcolm****"City"**

Visit "[City](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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.

Visit [Ryan Malcolm](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.