

Sean Watkins "Chicago"

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Blowing trash in bitter wind, zip my sweatshirt to the
top
Shoulders high and hands are hid in pockets not quite
adequate
Sidewalk take me to the fire that will melt my frozen
soul
Please don't let me stay this way, I'm so cold and all
alone

Glass and steel cut through the wind a lake storm sent
this way
Dividing up the avenues, I walk to give away the blues
and take the day away

Walking quickly through the rain, I make no contact
with my eyes
I weave through coats that hang on men, she is
nowhere in my sight
People stand in corner crowds with eyes that point
down to their wrists
Wishing they were warm inside, as they breathe into
their fists

Glass and steel cut through the wind a lake storm sent
this way
Dividing up the avenues, I walk to give away the blues
and take away the day
I walk to give away the blues and take the day away

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