

## Sixty Stories

### "Wet Cement"

Visit "[Wet Cement](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

This is the story at the crosswalk: the cars drive right  
up on my shoes.  
These days bad days are common. The city is  
changing.  
A jackhammer bounces off the walls and bounces back  
to me in stereo.

The sidewalk is fresh, the cement shines.  
I write your name next to mine.

Bridges take years to build but they begin to fall apart  
with a few days of heavy traffic.  
I like tall buildings, but it's disconcerting when they  
grow up in groups, dies in the centre.

The sidewalk is fresh, the cement shines.  
I write your name next to mine.

The city strikes. The garbage lines up.  
Bags bloat all night, bloom when the sun comes up.  
I make a fist and punch the crosswalk pole--the cars  
stop.

I reach the sidewalk with an expected sense of relief  
from dodging cars and kicking cartons.  
I have faith in some things, like the constant ringing in  
my ears,  
Still, I think good days are coming.

The city is changing, the cement shines.  
I write your name next to mine.

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