

## **The Devil Wears Prada "Chicago"**

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In this grave hour,  
I have composed our final song  
The last words of our love lost (of our love lost)

I called your hands home for years, for years, for  
years, for years on end.  
It's become distant and I hate my helpless defiance.  
No.

You have no problem finding me,  
Although you only commit unintentionally.  
(unintentionally)

I do it for the Lord,  
I do it for Chicago.  
I once lived for you,  
And I've never ever been  
So wrong (wrong), wrong,  
So wrong (wrong), wrong.

We keep building,  
Building to find no release.

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