

The Wallflowers

"Invisible City"

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Looking back at the crash site
I don't see me by the roadside
Well this heart is on wheels tonight
Straight through the ghettos and without lights

Now every heart has a blind side
Where he learns how to improvise
Well this place is a warehouse tonight
Cheaper lovers make expensive wives

But all of these horses
That you chase around
In the end they are the ones
That always bring you down

This invisible city
Where no one sees nothing
We're touching faces in the dark
Feeling pretty is so hard

Now all of these voices
And all of these noises
With all their illusions of choices
They've come to my door with one dozen roses

The imitation of good faith
Is how you stumble upon hate
It may have been the first of mistakes
When we held on too loosely that opened the gates

Now all of these horses
That you chase around
In the end they are the ones
That always bring you down

This invisible city
Where no one sees nothing
We're touching faces in the dark
Feeling pretty is so hard

Now I try not to tell lies
But there's pressures from inside

So I've learned how to compromise
Good people for alibis

But all of these horses
That you chase around
In the end they are the ones
That always bring you down

And this invisible city
Where no one sees nothing
We're touching faces in the dark
Feeling pretty is so hard

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