

The City Song

I must look stupid with my face against the window
but the glitter of the city lights
is like the glimmer of the busy life
where the neon signs compete with graffiti
the street car's a billboard, the billboard's a TV
sooner or later the traffic lights will sell you the signal

there's a cafe every corner, for the world works on caffeine
and rests on cigarettes, just to get through the day
and I pinch my pennies here and there
to blow a buck on alcohol
at the bars that keep me awake 'til half past three

I can't see my own carbon feet
when I'm just a cog in this lean machine
but the bike lane, vegan, feministic,
bleeding green heart hipsters
keep on popping out of the woodwork all the same

with everything I asked for
it's everything I asked for
in the city, in the city
it's everything I asked for
and everything I didn't ask for
in the city, in the city

where the stars you meet on the street
outnumber the ones in the sky
and the trees in cement boxes
hang their heads in shame, and I

I can't sleep at night.
I can't turn off the white noise
so turn up the music, like everybody else
and now with all this music memorized
I can't hear myself think
so I scream whatever's on my mind