

Natural Disaster

City and Colour

Can you imagine all the homes abandoned and all alone?
With no one left to care for them, wilting in moss.
The paint is peeling off the walls.
The corners are filled up with dust.
Cigarette smoke hangs in the air,
And the grass ain't growing like it did long ago.

Whether a natural disaster ripped it from its foundation
Or an economic tragedy tore apart its family
They're all empty.

The pipes have long since seized.
The windows are all boarded up.
There's no electricity flowing through these lifeless veins.
Cracks are running down the walls
Where picture frames used to hang.
A hint of heartbreak still lingers in the air,
And weeds have choked the breath out of it long ago.

Whether a natural disaster ripped it from its foundation
Or an economic tragedy tore apart its family
They're all empty.
They're all empty.