

## City Looks Pretty

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The city looks pretty when you been indoors  
For 23 days I've ignored all your phone calls  
And everyone's waiting when you get back home  
They don't know where you been, why you gone so long  
Friends treat you like a stranger and  
Strangers treat you like their best friend, oh well  
Spare a thought for the ones that came before  
All in a daze bending backwards to reach your goal

Sometimes I get sad  
It's not all that bad  
One day, maybe never  
I'll come around

The city takes pity on your injured soul  
And heavenly prose ain't enough good to fill that hole  
Everyone's soaked in animosity  
It's vicious in winter, you never say what you mean  
Friends treat you like a stranger and  
Strangers treat you like their best friend, oh well  
Wakin' up to another dismal day  
You got a ways to go, you oughta be grateful

Sometimes I get mad  
It's not half as bad  
Pull yourself together  
And just calm down

I'll be what you want oh when you want it  
But I'll never be what you need  
And the city looks pretty from where I'm standing...