

The City

Darwin Deez

This town is made of aluminum
This town is made of glass

Why can't you see that?
Why can't you understand and come to the city?

Press one, with my thumb, for my messages
But you only leave me rocks

Why can't you call back?
I tried you twenty times I'm sick of the city

Everything's harder here
Everyone's so cold
The city is not so inviting when you have no one to hold
There's no one to hold

The city is a stop sign