

It's been said that a little man can move mountains
If his faith is as big as a mustard seed
But I know that in this life it's hard
To believe in the little things that we can not see

In this land in the city of broad shoulders
In the right part of town that we call the south side
In the midst of the railway cars
The bloody streets the endless bars
We strive to see a change in our minds and hearts

Dark city bright lights underneath the city light
Dark city bright lights tonight

In my home where the neighborhoods are distant
Where the pain of the past is remembered so vividly
But I pray for the day when we turn the page be on our way
And remember that we will bleed all the same