Souls

Rick Springfield

It all started here, she was a girl form the midwest He was a stranger in a strange land Same old story He came for the glory She came looking for a young man's hand

But they found bright lights And endless nights And men just used her innocent ways He found it all so pretty, hypnotized by the city They lost sight of the reason They lost count of the days

And they were two souls searching for each other One spirit looking for the other Caught between a hard hard place and a rock

Two souls searching for heaven Rolling the dice looking for a seven To the tick, tick, ticking of time Gotta beat the clock

Too many nights on the ledge He acquired a knife-edge Still the city didn't acquiesce to his demands Some nights she cried for pity in the heart of the city The city smacked her hands

He met her one endless night Her eyes had a light There was something familiar about the smell of her skin He held her tighter and tighter As he danced inside her She know from the moment that she let him in

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