

Daylight In The City

Strata

It's the start of a bright new day as the light finds its way
through the curtains at the end of my night.

I'm alive in a city of dead people rising for work...

And as they ride through the cycle, the machine revving up,
I feel a little suicidal, just not high enough to jump.

Oh who am I kidding now?

My plan to die young, somehow is just a memory now.

It's daylight in the city, "just hold me,"

she said, "it's been a long night in the city, just hold me, hold me..."

I had an old friend who said I should run

like today is the last of my sick, sorry little life.

As I stared into my own eyes in the mirror by my bed,

that's when I realized nobody ever told me that, I'm just afraid of dying.

She told me everything is gonna be all right - everything is gonna be just fine