

What I'd Give Up

The Classic Crime

Jenny left from Idaho and made her home in Capitol Hill
In a 300 square foot studio above a coffee shop near the Broadway Grill
And every night she walks the block to trade in her time for cheap thrills
And everyone she meets is cool, but just out of reach and it kills
She used to spend her nights by firelight and singing to the stars
Now she's ours
Kevin left from Denver where the air is clear and people are nice
And he traded it for sea level, for misty rain, what a bitter compromise
For now he felt like he belonged to those who understood him
But he sold his soul to fight right in and he watched his friends desert him
He used to spend his nights by candlelight and drinking wine to vinyl
Now he's ours
It's a city of orphans
Who had nowhere to go
So they cashed in their dreams
Headed northwest to the sea and they called it their home
But most don't belong here
We're all running away
And we'll drain you dry of all semblance of life
We don't give we just take, take, take
But this city has no Bible
There's no meaning you can use
We're all desperately searching for truth
We're a city of orphans
Who had no place to go
So we cashed in our dreams, filled our glasses with Beam
and our bodies with smoke
and we spend every weeknight
trading pints at the Streamline
and we talk about truth and we talk about love but we wake up to
lies, lies, lies
it's a city of orphans
where did our fathers go
we stumble around in the bad part of town at the end of our rope
but there are no answers
on the tables of oak
if God could just hear us
we think that He's near, but He left long ago
we're a city of orphans

what do we do to ourselves?

We take all the good and the heaven around us and turn it to hell

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