

Chicago

The Devil Wears Prada

In this grave hour, I have composed our final song:
The last words of our love lost. (of our love lost)

I called your hands home for years, for years, for years, for y
ears on end.

It's become distant and I hate my helpless defiance. No....

You have no problem finding me, although you only commit uninte
ntionally. (unintentionally)

I do it for the Lord, I do it for Chicago.
I once lived for you, and I've never ever been
so wrong (wrong), wrong, so wrong (wrong), wrong.

We keep building, building to find no release.