

The City

The Dismemberment Plan

Now I notice the streetlamp's hum
The ghosts of graffiti they couldn't quite erase
The blank-faced stares on the subway
As the people go home
The parks lay empty like my unmade bed
The streets are silent like my lifeless telephone
And this is where I live, but
I've never felt less at home
So I'm not unsympathetic
I see why you left
There's no one to know
There's nothing to do
The city's been dead
Since you've been gone

Sometimes I stand on my roof at night
And watch, as something seems to happen somewhere else
I feel like the breeze will pick me up and carry me away
Out and over this iridescent grid
Up and away from the bar fights and neon lights
Out and away from everything that makes me what I am
So I'm not unsympathetic
I see why you left
There's no one to know
There's nothing to do
The city's been dead
Since you've been gone

Oh I never had just whatever it is you want, baby
And I really tried, I tried with all my might—it made me crazy
To try to figure out what it is I've done wrong every time
When everything I love, everything I hold dear
Heads out sometime
And all I ever say now is good-bye.