

# The Light Is Still On In Broadmoor

## This Is A Standoff

They're sending out an army but no one will come this way,  
and no one is telling me where I'll be going.  
Among low-lying residents, ignored by our own president,  
We've persevered from this before.

So help us, it's home for us.  
Don't let symbols on our walls go down in vain.  
Cause we're free, it's home for me,  
We're not leaving our own place of history.

A message of prosperity,  
it's bouncing back our hopes and dreams.  
Not bad for some place ten feet under sea.  
And someday those ideas will flow,  
And if there's one thing that I know,  
I know I'll see this city grow.  
I know I'll see this city grow. Yeah

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