

Other Cities

Watsky

There's nothin' like the feeling of the plane flight homeward;
The way my stomach dips when the landing gears lowered;

Because no matter how many miles that I wander;
The bay bridge curves like a smile on the water;
I'm like, what up missy?
Tell me you were missin' me;
With this pretty city skyline lit up like a Christmas tree;
The buildings shimmering like pinky rings from Tiffany's;
Every time I witness it I have a damn epiphany;
That this is me! This is where I've got the richest history;
Stacked with six or seven memories on every single street;
I never missed a beat;
I'm soaked in city pride;
And me oh my, this foggy sky got me misty eyed;

There might be other cities half as raw as ours;
(just as 'bout it, 'bout it, 'bout it)
Out in some distant galaxy among the stars;
(But I doubt it, doubt it, doubt it)

We don't play tiny violins over minor things;
We slide into the ring takin' Tyson swings;
Because this city will defend our fuckin' pride
And raise each other up like Simba in the Lion King;

We're not shy;
I ain't no coy coward;
I'll be doin' trust falls offa Coit tower;
My boys on the ground floor providin' man power;
But if I die now, mix me into clam chowder;
Put me in a bread bowl, feed me to the seagulls;
But not the freakin' tourists;
I'm sure they're peachy people;
I guess I'm just a purist;
It isn't oil, but there's somethin' in the water
And it's got me feelin' diesel;

There might be other cities half as raw as ours;
(just as 'bout it, 'bout it, 'bout it)
Out in some distant galaxy among the stars;
(But I doubt it, doubt it, doubt it)

OUTRO: BOBBY "BLUE" BLAND

Ain't no love, in the heart of the city;
Ain't no love, in the heart of town;
Ain't no love, in the heart of the city;
Ain't no love, in the heart of town;
Ain't no love