

## 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