

# Philadelphia

## Matt Koziol

Like a gun shot from miles away she's moving in  
Like a rain storm without the clouds, she falls on him  
Like a phone call to warn the troop that never rings

It's the truth before the lies  
It's the way she doesn't try  
It's the wink before the slide  
In Philadelphia  
In Philadelphia

They met after work one day she laughed with him  
They drove off their separate ways then met for drinks  
When he got home the silent gift was deafening

It's the truth before the lies  
It's the way she doesn't try  
It's the wink before the slide  
In Philadelphia  
In Philadelphia

She thought that love was going to fight  
She thought that love was going to take her home  
She thought love was going to save her  
But love just never showed

She thought love was always watching  
All we learned that love was supposed to win,  
But sometimes it's the demons,  
That are standing in the end

He slips off his worn out suit and tries to rest  
She's a million miles away across the bend  
She rolls over and puts her hand across his chest

It's the truth before the lies  
It's the way she doesn't try  
It's the wink before the slide  
In Philadelphia  
In Philadelphia  
In Philadelphia

Oh

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