

Philadelphia

John Mark McMillan

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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