

City of Light

The Wooden Sky

When I was a young boy,
She used to come to me at night
And wait by my window,
Just begging to come inside.
Now, ever since I was eighteen,
She's been trying to run my life.
When she called me to go to her,
There was no place I could hide. At the first signs of winter,
I went back to be inside.
Arms reached out to hold me
And I shunned them with denial.
Said, "I never cared for you.
I was always doing fine.
Why did you come back here
If you can just watch it fine?"
So I ran through the city at night.
The sound of her voice
Proved a haunting disguise.
Soon I was lost -- caught up in the lights.
And if I felt empty, at least I was high. Oh, city of light. And in the morning, I felt her breath
Hot against my neck.
Mostly, it never bothered me,
Though sometimes, I'll admit.
They're feeling all but surrounding;
I let it come to this.
Darling, do what you promised me
And don't act like you forget.
So I'll run through the city at night.
The sidewalks were empty,
The streets were on fire.
She filled me up -- new kind of desire.
Though I was helpless,
I sure felt alive. Now all that defines me
Is a place where I welcome death.
Let my family behold me
When those streetlights came possessed.
But all that they held on me,
Those nights I wrestled with.
Maybe we both could be

Someplace where I could rest. So she danced while I covered my eyes.

Made her feel safe

To pretend I was blind.

I had a place:

I would go in my mind.

There, you were sober and able to cry. You've got some nerve,

Coming back in my life. They strung you up here

And left you to die.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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