

The City of Our Lady

The Milk Carton Kids

On a city train headed down the line
The faces of the strangers show the passing of the time
History is hanging as a picture in a frame
Everywhere we go we are the child of where we came
Darkened by the daytime in a city full of lights
Blind to insurrection but in battle all the same
Everywhere we go we are the child of where we came
Everywhere we go we are the child of where we came
City of our lady, queen of all the angels
Lingers in the ringing of the iron mission bells
Changing all the faces, saving all the names
Everywhere we go we are the child of where we came
Everywhere we go we are the child of where we came
Everywhere we go we are the child of where we came

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