

Silent Witness

DFRNT

The neon haze of city lights
The tribal sound of marching feet
Cuts through the gloom on cold dark nights
The tired and homeless roam the streets
 The sirens wail, engines roar
A shadowed man just glances around
 A victim of life's mindless toil
Lies cold and helpless on the ground
 The window dummies silent stare
 Bears witness on the nights
If they could move, what it would proved
 To see them all take flight

The neon haze of city lights
The tribal sound of marching feet
Cuts through the gloom on cold dark nights
The tired and homeless roam the streets
 The walls shout loud with angry words
 The people air their views
The poor can scream but no one hears
 The concrete jungle sings the blues
 The window dummies silent stare
 Bears witness on the nights
If they could move, what it would proved
 To see them all take flight

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