

The Camera Eye

Rush

Grim faced and forbidding
Their faces closed tight
An angular mass of New YorkersPacing in rhythm
Race the oncoming night
They chase through the streets of ManhattanHead first humanity
Pause at a light
Then flow through the streets of the cityThey seem oblivious
To a soft spring rain, like an English rain
So light, yet endless from a leaden skyThe buildings are lost
In their limitless rise
My feet catch the pulse and the purposeful strideI feel the sense of possibilities
I feel the wrench of hard realities
The focus is sharp in the cityWide angle watcher
On life's ancient tales
Steeped in the history of LondonGreen and gray washes
In a wispy white veil
Mist in the streets of WestminsterWistful and weathered
The pride still prevails
Alive in the streets of the cityAre they oblivious to this quality?
A quality of light unique
To every city streetPavements may teem with intense energy
But the city is calm
In this violent seaI feel the sense of possibilities
I feel the wrench of hard realities
The focus is sharp in the city

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