Invisible City

Primal Scream

Looking back at the crash site
I don't see me by the roadside
Well this heart is on wheels tonight
Straight through the ghettos and without lightsNow every heart has a blind side
Where he learns how to improvise
Well this place is a whorehouse tonight
Cheaper lovers make expensive wivesBut all of these horses
That you chase around
In the end they are the ones
That always bring you downThis invisible city
Where no one sees nothing
We're touching faces in the dark
Feeling pretty is so hardNow all of these voices
And all of these noises
With all their illusions of choices
They've come to my door with one dozen rosesThe imitation of good faith
Is how you stumble upon hate
It may have been the first of mistakes
When we held on too loosely that opened the gatesNow all of these horses
That you chase around
In the end they are the ones
That always bring you downThis invisible city
Where no one sees nothing
We're touching faces in the dark
Feeling pretty is so hardNow I try not to tell lies
But there's pressures from inside
So I've learned how to compromise
Good people for alibisBut all of these horses
That you chase around
In the end they are the ones
That always bring you downAnd this invisible city
Where no one sees nothing
We're touching faces in the dark
Feeling pretty is so hard

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