

Leaving Charm City

[Cris Jacobs](#)

Still steam punk statues, steal the sky line
industrial chic and post-goth design
apocalyptic at times, when I'm feeling this way
Like someone trapped in a time out of place
Like a cold longing, a burning to chase this
forever elusive grace that I just can't touch
Goodbye, well I'll be alright
so long while the underdogs burning their light
and those baby brown eyes, I always tried, to love right
I'm leaving, I'm leaving Charm City tonight
Souls of dead poets, in dark corner bars
I stared out a gaze at a proud evening star,
shine in thy glory afar, that distant fire
I'll never lose, these urges to move
They boil up in my blood, render me useless til I
can lift burdens of proof off my unquiet mind
Goodbye, well I'll be alright
so long while the underdogs burning their light
and those baby brown eyes, I always tried, to love right
I'm leaving, I'm leaving Charm City tonight
Leaving Charm City by that blood moon dawn
Don't celebrate me, or mourn for me none
I'll never be too far gone, but I sure will try
Maybe its nothing but just the last ditch
some maudlin swan song melodizing a wish
like a handful of pennies just pitched, cold blind into water
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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