

# Chicago

Sean Watkins

Blowing trash in bitter wind, zip my sweatshirt to the top  
Shoulders high and hands are hid in pockets not quite adequate  
Sidewalk take me to the fire that will melt my frozen soul  
Please don't let me stay this way, I'm so cold and all alone  
Glass and steel cut through the wind a lake storm sent  
this way  
Dividing up the avenues, I walk to give away the blues and take the day away  
Walking quickly through the rain,  
I make no contact with my eyes  
I weave through coats that hang on men, she is nowhere in my sight  
People stand in corner crowds with eyes that point down to their wrists  
Wishing they were warm inside, as they breathe into their fists  
Glass and steel cut through the wind a lake storm  
sent this way  
Dividing up the avenues, I walk to give away the blues and take away the day  
I walk to give away the blues and take the day away

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