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 aloneGlass 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 awayWalking 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 fistsGlass 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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