City People

Sweet Soubrette

You're city people, You like to live alone
You are older than your parents were when you were born
You know how time flies, But it's hard for you to see
You wait for it to feel like an emergency
And you wanna have his babies, but you know you won't
You could call him up right now, but you know better
so you don't
There's nothing wasted
Or at least that's what they say
But you're not getting any younger, babe
We've all got secrets, And some are very small
You're not too cool for ordinary life at all
Sometimes you wonder what you're running from or to
And when you can't keep running what you're gonna do
There's a reason why you drink so much these days
Whiskey blurs the lines of age you've started seeing in your face
There's no escaping the kind of trouble that you're in
The game you're playing, baby, no one wins
And the boy you didn't marry wouldn't know you now
You could never quite explain it, you just had to leave somehow
There's no returning, any place where you were young
You're not still waiting are you for your charming prince to come
Not still waiting, are you? For your prince to come?

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