

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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