Souls

Rick Springfield

It all started here, she was a girl form the Midwest
He was a stranger in a strange land, same old story
He came for the glory
She came looking for a young man's handBut they found bright lights, endless nights
And men just used her innocent ways
He found it all so pretty, hypnotized by the city
They lost sight of the reason, they lost count of the daysAnd they were two souls searching for each other
One spirit looking for the other
Caught between a hard
Hard place and a rockTwo souls searching for heaven
Rolling the dice looking for a seven
To the tick, tick, ticking of time
Gotta beat the clockToo many nights on the ledge, he acquired a knife-edge
Still the city didn't acquiesce to his demands
Some nights, she cried for pity in the heart of the city
The city smacked her handsHe met her one endless night, her eyes had a light
There was something familiar about the smell of her skin
He held her tighter and tighter as he danced inside her
She knew from the moment that she let him inThey'd been two souls searching for each other
One spirit looking for the other
Caught between a hard
Hard place and a rockTwo souls searching for heaven
Rolling the dice looking for a seven
To the tick, tick, ticking of time
Gotta beat the clockBeat the clock
Beat the clock
Beat the clockTwo souls searching for each other
One spirit looking for the other
Caught between a hard
Hard place and a rock, yeahTwo souls searching for heaven
Rolling the dice looking for a seven
To the tick, tick, ticking of time
Gotta beat the clockTwo souls searching for each other
One spirit looking for the other
Caught between a hard
Hard place and a rockTwo souls searching for heaven
Rolling the dice looking for a seven
To the tick, tick, ticking of time
Gotta beat the clock

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