

# City Lights

Thomas Dybdahl

Slugging it out in the waste land  
And there ain't nothing new.  
Keeping my weight on the good side  
And there ain't nothing new. Oh, you couldn't believe the things that I could do  
If someone gave me a shot what I could prove  
Look at me go-oh-oh  
But these dishes won't clean themselves  
And I've got to work in the early morning. Waiting it out in the heartland  
And they keep rushing through.  
Keeping my eyes on the off-ramp  
But they keep rushing through. Oh, you wouldn't believe the things that I would do  
To get just one good shot at something new.  
Look at me go-oh-oh Those city lights would tear us apart  
These crazy dreams, you know them by heart Oh, you wouldn't believe the things that I would do  
To get just one good shot at something new.  
Look at me go-oh-oh  
But these dishes won't clean themselves  
And I've got to work in the early morning.

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