Chicago

The Devil Wears Prada

In this grave hour,
I have composed our final song
The last words of our love lost (of our love lost)
I called your hands home for years, for years, for years, for years on end.
It's become distant and I hate my helpless defiance.
No.
You have no problem finding me,
Although you only commit unintentionally. (unintentionally)

I do it for the Lord,
I do it for Chicago.
I once lived for you,
And I've never ever been
So wrong (wrong), wrong,
So wrong (wrong), wrong.
We keep building,
Building to find no release.

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