

City Of Lakes

[Matt Mays](#)

This pavement feels cold on my face
And my bones have seen better days
Be a friend, pick me up off the ground
Nice and easy, oooh
I got a scar, you can see it from afar
Like cigarette burns on the top of my guitar
If you wish me luck, don't tell me to break a leg
I coulda been walking on a peg And at the end of the day I will return to the city of lakes
Where the real people roam close to where all the real waves break I got a girl, she got lots of style
You can see every tooth in her mouth when she smiles
She's prettier than you, and you, and you
Yeah, she's prettier than you
I got a dream, I hope that it comes true
And if it don't, don't know what I'm gonna do
I got a dream, I got a dream And at the end of the day I will return to the city of lakes
Where the real people roam close to where all the real waves break

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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