City People

Cibelle

City people down the street
Dressed in black, dressed in black
And foreheads weep under the burning sun
Smiles rising as they come outForeheads weep under the pointing time
Smiles rising as they come out the buildings
For the winters tight laid dream
And I play dream, city people dressed in blackWalking down with lonely faces, show me how
My life embraces me under the sun, under the sun
And guide me to other places
That all the places, all the places feel like memoryI'm walking randomly kicking verses that start where I see
I write and talk checking the sky and the height of
People in a black suit, people walking down the street
They seem to notice me riding high on my dreamsCity people down the streets dressed in black
And the foreheads weep under the company's sun that embraces me
Smiles rising as they come out the buildings for the wind
As they daydream, as they play dream
As they play dream, as they play dream

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