

Tangled in the Fray

[Tim Stop](#)

This morning in Brooklyn
a million strangers shuffle by,
go on by
and this moment we stood in
a single moment in a million lives,
come alive Oh why, we're tangled in the fray
Oh why, we press on anyway
Oh why, we're fighting everyday
Fighting the way it is
Making the way it is
the way it's gonna be What a morning in Brooklyn
The sights, the sounds, the streets, the sky,
the city sky
that echo the secrets
that hide in the darkness of the night,
every night Oh why, we're tangled in the fray
Oh why, we press on anyway
Oh why, we're fighting everyday
Fighting the way it is
Making the way it is
the way it's gonna be

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