

Blame the City!, Pothole!?

Meet me down on Main Street; we've got some stories to share.
I'll bring my laugh, you bring your stare.
I really hope I'll see you there
Pack up these emotions until spring.
In the winter cold you won't feel a thing.
But when summer comes around, and we fly back to town,
we'll meet up in the city, and speak and hear until the sun goes down
Meet me down on Broadway, ignore that smell in the air.
Bring your long legs and your soft hair.
I really wish we wouldn't care.
I can see the look on your face,
you just want to leave this place.
And you can't help but live your life like a race.
So pack up that car and go, wherever you may roam.
With eyes like that you'll never be alone
And if we ever break up, this song will still remain.
And that's really fucking depressing.