

Carole King, City Streets

River wind is icy
Chills run through my bones
Tides of life are ebbing out
Between the cobblestones
The streets are on fire
With the burning sunrise
And over the water I look in vain
For love in someone's eyes

Oh, city streets
The stories that they tell
Oh, city streets
They can be heaven, they can be hell

Winter-colored morning
Gray and dirty brown
Reflecting the mood I'm in
Despair is all around
I long for sweet oblivion
To take me from my pain
Maybe bring me dreams of hope and faith
So I can break this chain

Oh, city streets
The stories that they tell
Oh, city streets
They can be heaven, they can be hell

Lovers with their arms entwined
Silhouettes against the light
A warm bed is waiting as they head home
After staying up all night
For them the city is magic
That's all they've ever known
I wish I could find the magic
But I'm scared and I'm feeling so alone

Oh, city streets
The stories that they tell
Oh, city streets
They can be heaven, they can be hell
Oh, city streets
The stories they have known
Oh, city streets, city streets, city streets