

# Patti Scialfa, Young In The City

I ferried my dreams across the water  
underneath a faceless moon  
I woke to find myself uncovered  
in this dark and dusty room  
take me' up the wooden stairs  
where the windows are open wide  
there we can watch the city skyline  
tremble in the heat waves rolling by  
and don't the world look pretty  
when you're young in the city

So there I was  
Ophelia climbing  
through these tangled threads of light  
I was caught  
open and bleeding  
but I was willing to stay the night  
take me down' to where the buildings  
stand empty at our feet  
where the' dirty Hudson River  
and the sweet blue oceans meet  
and don't the world look pretty  
when you're young in the city

Don't you sometimes wonder  
why it all goes by so fast  
I held you in my fingers  
now I hold you in my past'  
once I watched you' walk on water  
now I watch you walk across the room  
I always thought we'd have forever  
now these forevers go by too soon  
take me down' to the streets below  
where the moon and traffic lights  
guide us' while we go dreaming  
thru another sleepless night  
and don't the world look pretty  
when you're young in the city