

# The Wallflowers, Invisible City

Lookin' back at the crash site  
I don't see me by the roadside  
Well this heart is on wheels tonight  
Straight through the ghettos  
And without lights  
Now every heart has a blind side  
Where it learns how to improvise  
Well this place is a whorehouse tonight  
Cheaper lovers make expensive wives

[Chorus:]  
But all of these horses  
That you chase around  
In the end they are the ones  
That always bring you down  
This invisible city  
Where no one sees nothing  
We're touching faces in the dark  
Feelin' pretty is so hard

Now all of these voices  
And all of these noises  
With all their illusions of choices  
They've come to my door  
With one dozen roses  
The imitation of good faith  
Is how you stumble upon hate  
It may have been the first of mistakes  
When we held on too loosely  
Then opened the gates

[chorus]

Now I try not to tell lies  
But there's pressures from inside  
So I've learned how to compromise  
Good people for alibis

[chorus]