

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]