

# Zita Swoon, I Feel Alive In The City

I feel alive in the city  
and I love my friend  
I feel alive and it feels so good  
It seems like I never will be blue again  
I shake my head and I close my eyes  
I concentrate on my lucky stars  
Oh I feel alive in the city  
and I love my friend

I feel alive in the city  
though it's cold and grey  
We give each other the best we have  
She loves my kisses and I love her cat  
I shake my head and I close my eyes  
And send a little prayer to  
my lucky stars  
I feel alive in the city  
and I love my friend  
I feel alive in the city  
and I love my friend

Feel like making my guitar  
telling her that I don't pretend  
Feel like the whole world trembles  
and I love the sounds  
The cars are passing and the lights  
are flashing it's a joyful town  
I feel alive in the city  
I feel alive in the city  
I feel alive in the city

I remember the days  
that were mucky and grey  
When the jokes weren't funny  
and the melancholy wouldn't go away  
When the writers were dull  
and not a soul around that would  
see you through

I feel alive in the city  
and I love my friend  
It's spooky when I think  
of what I worried about  
It seems so unreal now that  
I have no doubts  
I put my hand on her hips  
and I close my eyes  
I move on over to my lucky stars  
Oh I feel alive in the city  
and I love my friend