Audioslave, Broken City

My city sleeps by the side of a freeway, the city scraps And winter time she wore a yellow coat Now there's nothin' on her back If a building falls you wouldn't care to notice unless you were in it Then no one cares about climbin' stairs, nothin' at the top no more

Now the snow falls down like it's fallin' on an ocean Dead and empty by the railroad tracks where they used to go and come Now they don't come back You can heal the rust, goin' up the throughways Down the allows where they stell this town from the frontior

Down the alleys where they stole this town from the frontier I can see 'em tryin' to steal it back

Now the sun won't shine on this part of the map Anymore

When it's cold outside I see it hide behind the smokestacks No thin roses, no goldrush, no miner, no revolution they'd hire And the shipyard is a graveyard, no one will be trying to find him