

Boston, Hitch A Ride

(Scholz)

Day is night in New York City
Smoke, like water, runs inside
Steel idle trees to pity
Every living things that's died

Gonna hitch a ride
Head for the other side
Leave it all behind
Never change my mind
Gonna sail away
Sun lights another day
Freedom on my mind
Carry me away for the last time
Oh yeah

Life is like the coldest winter
People freeze the tears I cry
Words of hail their minds are into
I've got to crack this ice and fly

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