

# Children 18:3, The City

We are the city  
Where the lights come on and they never go out  
And the streets are filled with the children's shouts  
I want to hear you sing that song for me  
I want to capture one at a time  
All the little brown flecks that made my eyes go blind  
All the wide eyed splendor that I put in a frame  
I want to tear it down and let it throw perspective insane  
There's a light up in a box at the top of a post  
Giving direction to the shadows that could use it the most  
Turn aside pilgrim at the sound of her voice!  
It's wisdom herself that offers the choice  
Oh, come to the city  
We're taking over the world  
We are the city  
With the lights strung out on the evergreen trees  
And the yard lit up so the neighbors can see  
Come on and capture what you think you couldn't keep  
Turn on the light switch and everything's bright  
It doesn't even take a moment to erase the night  
How would it be if I knew this was true  
If I opened my eyes and tried to help you  
What good is salt if it stops being salty?  
I tried to run but my cover was blown  
What good is a map if it gives no direction?  
And what good is home if it isn't your home?  
Oh, come to the city  
We're taking over the world  
My momma said 'Son, you're a little man  
'Listen to me and understand  
'Soon we're gonna take that car  
'And drive away where ever we are'  
Let's go  
We'll catch a ride to the city  
Let's go  
where the streets are wide  
Let's go  
We'll catch a ride to the city  
Let's go