

Facing New York, We Are

We are the young men, we are the desperation.
We are a nervous wreck, we are the anxiety.
We are the broken coin, the begging boys at your door.

Call me the wasted time, the aging adolescence.
Call me a bad sign of everything that's to come.
Call me the crooked line, the field of ice.

And I know I must move on.

We are the broken hearts that got lost or set astray.
We are the unemployed, still tangled up in our dreams.
This is a new sign, the last changing of the day.
It's time to grow up, and move away