

Hawksley Workman, The City Is A Drag

It's killing us.
The city is a drag.
My heart's broke down and in the dirt
I feel like I'm dying slow and sure
The city is a drag

So hide your passions in between
The daily grind and broken dreams
No some will tell you toughen up
But this old life is all you got
How much insanity can anyone take?
It's burning down

It's big and shiny and improved
With no room left for me to move
Prostrate to this unending grind
Sure you'll make a lot of money
But you'll never make time