

Holy Mother, The Innocent Only

If I ever get out of this city
You will never be lonely
Like the nights in New York
Never sleeping
I'll be hittin' the roadway

I'm feeling this is another change
When the old man read
What's the billboard saying to me
If I ever get out of this city
You will never be lonely

Another neon light overhead
Just to rot my bloodshot
Eyes are red ...but I...
If I ever get out of this city
You will never be lonely

And the winter holds
The open road ahead
I'm so tired
I'm so tired
I'm so tired of this
And the summer's calling
Me to home again
And sometimes
And sometimes
And sometimes...

And the tiny cigarettes
That you're leaving
Are burnin' holes
In the hallway

Another day that my meals got away
And my bottle is broke
From the dues I've got to pay
Life is easy
For all in the city
But the innocent only

I'm feeling this is another change
When the old man read
What's the old man saying to me
If I ever get out of this city
You will never be lonely

And the winter holds
The open road ahead
I'm so tired
I'm so tired
I'm so tired of this
And the summer's calling
Me to home again
And sometimes
And sometimes
And sometimes

I guess that's the way it should go
Me against the world

I'm feeling this is another change
When the old man read
What's the old man saying to me

Life is easy for all
In the city
But the innocent

And the winter holds
The open road ahead
I'm so tired
I'm so tired
I'm so tired of this
And the summer's calling me
To home again
I'm so tired
I'm so tired
I'm so so so tired

Oh, winter's calling me home
And I just can't let it go
I've got the summer, summer, summer blues