

Janove Ottesen, This City Kills

Another day's gone by,
and I've still got all my pieces in place
I have to say that I'm amazed, I've been fooling
Traffic and alcohol, cigarettes and medicine
and so on
I've done it all, and I'm still going strong
But, there's no doubt about it,
this city holds a lot of thrills
But, it ain't got no substitute
for mountains and hills
And all the children always end up popping pills
And the radio keeps saying "this city kills"
I need you to catch me when I fall
I'm driving my car through the pouring rain
Wash off all the wounds, and leave no stains
Being out, looking in,
makes me feel more sane
I'm never driving in, to look out again
I need you to catch me when I fall