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 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