

Michael McDonald, Holy City

Midnight in the holy city
Playground for restless souls
Graveyards for the sons of ft. sumpter
And the ghostly daughters
Wait for their boys to come home

Moonlight in the holy city
So thick it warms the air
Burned my heart on a sweet southern flame
Like a hug from your mama saying it will be ok

Spilt my blood, in the holy city
Seen the flood of a thousand rains
I ran away from the holy city
Heard the spirits in the steeple singing
You'll be back again