

# Ryan Montbleau, City

I'm giving up the cigarettes  
I'm tired of the drinking  
Think I'll learn a second language  
Got some friends are Puerto Rican  
Speaking of my friends I know they don' always keep me in line  
But I swear they're full of wisdom and I'm learning all the time  
And I know I'm going to get there  
Going to get there some day  
But in this there are no shortcuts  
No how,  
No way.  
And I've been living my life  
Longing for a City  
Longing for someone I can call my own  
I ain't talking about love and I do not ask for pity  
I just want a bit of something when I'm feeling down  
I've done my time  
And now I find I want a city.

I'm knocking on the steeple door and I'm waiting for an answer  
My sneakers are stuck in bubble gum and my heart starts beating faster.  
What if there is no design?  
What if God don't have a plan?  
I start screaming at the mezzanine  
But an old priest lets me in,  
Sits me down and says,  
'Son, you've got someone up there who ain't never gonna let you down,  
But in this there are no shortcuts  
No way,  
No how.

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Longing for someone I can call my own  
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I just want a bit of something when I'm feeling down  
I've done my time  
And now I find I want a city.