

Stroke 9, City Life

What's your story send it over to me
I'll take a look and see what there is to see
At least jot a few things down
Anything to let me know I'm in your head
And not on the ground
With the cigarette butts
From the mouths of all those little sluts who want me
I'm lying here with the negative thoughts running my brain
Over again look where I've been, feel me try, feel the sky
Feel that your able
To do what it is you need to when

This city life is dragging
This city life is dragging us down
Don't push me
Don't push me
Don't push me
Anyway, well I can barely face the day

Is it already a quarter to ten?
How can I drag my body from this bed again
When I feel so heavy from the weight of nothing
It's not about you as I said
Now it's a quarter to two, another night run through
Without connecting
To anything

This city life is dragging us down

I'm already so far away from where I need to be
I'm already so far away

We move a mile a minute
Just to keep ourselves in it
Now I think we've come to far not to win it
What is it?
If I wasn't here all of this shit would just go on anyway
If you weren't here
Everything would just go on anyway
That's what you learn
Why do you stay
When this city life is dragging us down