

The Bouncing Souls, Sounds Of The City

The sounds of the city,
Somehow they comfort me,
On lonely mornings like this,
Is someone out there like me,
Walking their own lonely street.

The sounds of the city,
Somehow they comfort me,
On lonely mornings like this,
This emptiness inside,
Loneliness I feel,
In this pain I'm not alone,
In this city that is my home.

One lonely heart,
Reaching out to you,
One strength to see us through.
And all together,
This one goes out to you,
We are not alone,
In this city that is our home.