

# Thursday, Dying In New Brunswick

You told me on your birthday all the things that this place had done to you.  
And in the streets you walk.  
You hide your face because they don't believe that it's true.  
They say it doesn't happen that often.  
But it's happening right now.

I'm writing you this letter to let you know I'm not alright.  
And in this city the streets are paved with hate  
And you cry yourself to sleep tonight.  
And say "no, there aren't enough love songs in the sky."  
You counted down the days till you could say "Bye-bye, city, bye-bye"  
You're walking down on Union  
You see the roads and know they're apart of you.

They say it doesn't happen that often  
But it's happening right now.

I'm writing you a second time.  
To let you know nothing here has changed.  
The streets are still paved with hate.  
So you can cry yourself to sleep tonight.

Will you look back on this night  
As the day that ruined your life.  
Will you look back on these city streets and say,  
"Oh, God, where are you?"  
In these city streets I hide my face.  
I turn away when you look at me  
And every night when I try and sleep.  
I feel your hands all over my body.

You stripped away the street signs and shot out all the stop lights.  
If you smashed away all the building what would you have left?