

# The City

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This town is made of aluminum  
This town is made of glass

Why can't you see that?  
Why can't you understand and come to the city?

Press one, with my thumb, for my messages  
But you only leave me rocks

Why can't you call back?  
I tried you twenty times I'm sick of the city

Everything's harder here  
Everyone's so cold  
The city is not so inviting when you have no one to hold  
There's no one to hold

The city is a stop sign