

Chicago

Bryce Fox

There's not enough room in here
For room for error
And you don't think that I am prepared
I'm never scared but you're so rare
I fear that we're beyond repair

Gotta be a way to stop this war
Stop this war it's a losing war
How do we forget who we're fighting for

There's not enough wind in Chicago
This blow this over
There's not enough wind in Chicago
This blow this over

I need you in the morning oh, oh
Yeah I need you in the midnight oh, oh
Why'd you leave without a warning?
Don't mind a little up in the air
But not this high

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There's not enough trains or cars in Lincoln Park
To drown the sound of tragedy
The ups and downs are way too loud
Surrounded by your melody
How do we get back to good old days
Good old days
How I miss those days
Tired of trying of live underneath this haze

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