

It's been said that a little man can move mountains  
If his faith is as big as a mustard seed  
But I know that in this life it's hard  
To believe in the little things that we can not see

In this land in the city of broad shoulders  
In the right part of town that we call the south side  
In the midst of the railway cars  
The bloody streets the endless bars  
We strive to see a change in our minds and hearts

Dark city bright lights underneath the city light  
Dark city bright lights tonight

In my home where the neighborhoods are distant  
Where the pain of the past is remembered so vividly  
But I pray for the day when we turn the page be on our way  
And remember that we will bleed all the same