

Cracks in the City

Graham Nash

Through the cracks in the city
I can see the sad traces
Of yesterday's empires
With tomorrow's bad dreams
They'll come back to haunt us
Like the gaze in a mirror
Reflecting the stakes that we took to extremes

The cracks in the city
Will trap us and trip us
Making us fall to the ground that we love
And through the cracks in the city
I can hear voices calling
Taking us all from below to above
To above

So I will follow this path
That my life lays before me
That yesterday's hero
Never dared to dream
About the stories and tales
All the long hidden memories
That sound like the echoes
Of a tale told between

Between the cracks in the city
Will trap us and trip us
Making us fall to the ground that we love
And through the cracks in the city
I can hear voices calling
Taking us all from below to above
To above

The search for oblivion
Starts out in the daylight
Listening to people
All trying to be first
But dreaming in darkness
Will offer no solace
When all the king's horses
Are dying of thirst

The cracks in the city
That will trap us and trip us
Making us fall to the ground that we love
And through the cracks in the city
I can hear voices calling
Taking us all from below to above
To above