

Palm Trees Or Lost Souls

Joe Brooks

City of stars that hide through the night
Pity the dogs left out in the moonlight
Talk about God and the weather is fine, just fine
The taste of ambition is bitter and sweet
It sings in a dream and then sleeps on a street
It's there in the eyes of the people you meet all the time, all
the time

This is the place where all of the fallen and the forsaken neve
r move on
You've lost the race if you're feet fail you in the city of ang
els
Wings don't grow on palm trees or lost souls

The city of songs that burn holes in your heart
Pity the ones that don't know where to start out
They walk without hope as the ocean rolls by
Lies on the tongues and the mouths of the men
Who deny us the chance to live as we planned
Freedom feels good if only freedom were mine, all mine

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There's no in between here
You either whisper or scream here
And if you say you feel at home you know
You're missing somewhere else

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Wings don't grow on palm trees or lost souls
On palm trees or lost souls
On palm trees or lost souls