

Though I thought about it once or twice
No, I guess it was more like all the time
couple oceans, a couple miles
wondering down brick roads and hillsides
while them guns were going off
when your love is not enough
where them pages write themself
a couple of stories I'll never tell
so, welcome to your brand new life
and welcome to this city
that's crawling with life and them devil eyes
what's it feel like?
when your pulse runs dry
when your mouth grows quiet
paint your lips all bright
you got a little wicked in your eye
back when you were on your own
in a tiny place outside Chicago
tell me when you're feeling low
you would wonder downhill sides and brick roads
while them guns were going off
feel my love is not enough
while them pages write themself
a couple of stories i'll never tell
so welcome to your brand new life
and welcome to this city that's crawling with lovely devil eyes
what's it feel like
when your pulse runs dry
when your mouth grows quiet
paint your lips all bright
you got a little wicked in your eye
folks they living peacefully
river man nods his cap at me
f**ked up smiling ear to ear
blood on your feet
holding your heals
even black and white
yelling something about tonight
cuz everything was short lived
if only you could stay still
so welcome to your brand new life
and welcome to this city that's crawling with lovely devil eyes
and tell me what it feels like
when your pulse runs dry
when your mouth grows quiet
paint your lips all bright
you got a little wicked in your eye