

Light Of Local Eyes

Polar Bear Club

The glow of gray, it lights the rain on borough streets
And the kids who stayed, they aren't holding out for their apology
Days like today make reconcile seem far away
But I hold old memories like a kid who laughs hard and grabs his ribs

There was a time when this city shined
The lights in the parking lots would lead us
Through the night and to sunrise
There was no place that we didn't own or deface
The grooves in the road would spark for us
But that book is covered in dust

The local kid I was to all my older friends
I held convictions like a stubborn door with a rusted hinge
I sat down and thought, what of here makes me proud?
Proud to not dismiss this place and hold it all from gold to gray

There was a time when this city shined
The lights in the parking lots would lead us
Through the night and to sunrise
There was no place that we didn't own or deface
The grooves in the road would spark for us
But that memory will rust

It'll rust and fade away, it'll sour these days
The rainy streets, they shine to me

We lived life out of this place
We wore its map on our faces
(When this city shined)
To say the least we left our trace
Burned off the tips of our laces
When this city shined
From the light of local eyes