

Souls

Rick Springfield

It all started here, she was a girl from the midwest
He was a stranger in a strange land
Same old story
He came for the glory
She came looking for a young man's hand

But they found bright lights
And endless nights
And men just used her innocent ways
He found it all so pretty, hypnotized by the city
They lost sight of the reason
They lost count of the days

And they were two souls searching for each other
One spirit looking for the other
Caught between a hard hard place and a rock

Two souls searching for heaven
Rolling the dice looking for a seven
To the tick, tick, ticking of time
Gotta beat the clock

Too many nights on the ledge
He acquired a knife-edge
Still the city didn't acquiesce to his demands
Some nights she cried for pity in the heart of the city
The city smacked her hands

He met her one endless night
Her eyes had a light
There was something familiar about the smell of her skin
He held her tighter and tighter
As he danced inside her
She knew from the moment that she let him in

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