

# The City of Our Lady

The Milk Carton Kids

On a city train heading down the line  
The faces of the strangers show the passing of the time  
History is hanging as a picture in a frame  
Everywhere we go we are the child of where we came

Itty bitty little baby cry with all your might  
Darkened by the daytime in a city full of lights  
Blind to insurrection but in battle all the same  
Everywhere we go we are the child of where we came  
Everywhere we go we are the child of where we came

The city of our lady, queen of all the angels  
Lingers in the ringing of the iron mission bells  
Changing all the faces, saving all the names  
Everywhere we go we are the child of where we came  
Everywhere we go we are the child of where we came  
Everywhere we go we are the child of where we came