

Lonely in the City

The Trews

Don't you worry
My friend's seen the future
He says 'it all works out'
And these morning commuters
On their handheld computers
I'm not sure what they're on about

They're worried sick
I'm running blind
From the master minds of modern crimes
Listening in on conversations
Sometimes they're not saying good stuff

Lonely in the city
Waiting for a call
All the gals are so pretty
They don't see me at all

I listen to Dylan and I read Kerouac
Trying to make something happen or bring something back
But if there's a coast to reach and a woman to see
I'll give up everything and throw myself at her feet

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Waiting for a call
All the gals are so pretty
They don't see me at all
Like a queen street car
Slowly moving on
From affairs of the heart
And cynical songs
Lonely in the city

The revelation's coming anytime now
The revelation's coming anytime now

Blue eyes you've seen regret
Missteps and now all this
Mending a broken fence
As your last defence
I learn from myths, idioms and cliches
For no reason
Don't worry it'll all work out
Don't worry it'll all work out
Don't worry it'll all work out

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