

City

What is their hope?
What is their pride?
What are the stakes?
For whom will they fight?
What is their glory
and what has been lost?
What shall be kept
and what will be tossed

Where is their strength
Where is their faith
What is their fear?
Where to parade
Where is their temple?
What does them bind?
What is their secret?
that whispers around?

City of love, but not for the whore
City of justice, but not for the poor
City of religion, mostly folklore
City of red lights
Reflecting a bright sight
Of our loneliness

The stress in the office
The stress on the streets
The travelling people
Take with them their needs
The vagrants at the corners
The tramps you don't trust
Their needy order
Builds a wall of disgust

And, hey, look at me
I'm supposed to feel free

But I ain't got the time
To enjoy what is mine
To enjoy what is here,
In this town where I am
And all these impulses
Slow me down, make me jam

City of hope and of despair
City so reckless and of good care
City that cries of truth and lies
Sweet and nice
In every size
For any price

We drove him out of the city
We nailed him at the cross
He placed himself in the centre
He drove the sin out of us

A rush on your street
For some magic to see
And mouths to feed
In this lovely city
For all it has come
His only Son
Made his Kingdom
City for everyone

City of love, city of truth
City of wisdom, forever youth
City of God, angels and sons
Capital light,
For He's in us
City for life

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Arrangement: Tax Collectors