Under this sky

As clear as ice

The beauty it dies

Slowly

These city streets

Well they no longer speak

To me

I pass the nights

With a bottle of wine

Thinking of where I want to be

This apartment

This dead silence

Makes me feel lonely

I'm done with the fires, the closures, and for lease signs. I'm through

I'm tired of searching here

When there's nothing left to find

I'm done with the fires, the closures, and for lease signs. I'm through.

Under this sky

As clear as ice.

Under this sky

Fog at sunrise

On the river

That flows through

And all this beauty

Well it won't stop me

From leaving in the spring

I wonder through

Thinking of goodbye

Thinking of the times

And these city streets

Well they no longer sing

To me.