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Child of the City

The subway is rocking me
like a mother does her child

The sweet smell
from my favorite coffeshop
hanging in the air

the naked winter trees
along my alley
whooes my panic away

nothing calms me more
than the silence
under the noise

and the lonley path
I slowly drift on
in the busy crowd

A child of the City
that's all I am
and will ever be

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