

Watch your step
Who has your hand?
Turned the choir up
In the atmosphere again

I don't know
Where I was
All I knew
Was that I didn't belong anymore

I got to go back to the city
I got to go back to the city now
I got to go back to the city
I got to go back to the city now

Found my place
Near the back of a pen
Dig myself from the hiss
Of the tape again

Where's the ceiling
Made from his hand
Has it been removed
And is now in place of the land?

I got to go back to the city
I got to go back to the city now
I got to go back to the city
I got to go back to the city now
I got to go back to the city
I got to go back to the city now

I got to go back
I got to go back now
I got to go back...