

We Feel Like Kings

A Rocket to the Moon

Don't hit the lights
it's barely sunny out
I'm not leaving here
until the sun beats down on my face
And pulls me out of bed
Becuz I'm not afraid of dying here
Can we please get lost?
I can't stand this place.
I'm not one for celebration,
When the search party's over
we'll be out in california's arms.

Run away, run away, run away
from this town.
leave it all behind.
You know it's coast is calling,
it says we gotta get there soon
woah

From coast to coast,
we'll drive away.
Through all these towns,
we wish we knew how to say,
The windows down,
we feel like Kings.
And with these words we will sing.
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh-oh.
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh-oh.
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh-oh.
Whoa-oh, whoa-oh-oh.

Run away, run away, run away
from this town,
leave it all behind.
But Noah's coast is calling;
it says we gotta get there soon.

Run away, run away, run away
from this town,
leave it all behind.
But Noah's coast is calling;
it says we gotta get there soon.

Run away, run away, run away
from this town,
leave it all behind.
But Noah's coast is calling;
it says we gotta get there soon.

Run away, run away, run away
from this town,
leave it all behind.
But Noah's coast is calling;
it says we gotta get there soon.

I'm not one for celebration,
(run away, run away)

Run away from this town, into California.
I'm not one for celebration,
(run away, run away)
It says we gotta get there soon.