

Suburban Legend

DURRY

Caught red-handed
At the Kwik Trip standing
With a broken Bud Light leaking out your backpack
Your heart starts running but your feet won't budge
And now it's too late to talk your way out of this one

But you make your own luck
Following your own gut
Maybe you're the one that's finally gonna make it out of this town
It's all just so fake
In this suburban hellscape
Maybe you're the one that's finally gonna burn it down

That lip stick stain you left
On the quarter backer's lips
When you were hanging down underneath the bleachers
Till you found out that the coach could see you

But it's not what it looks like
He just thought it might be
Fun to feel a little pretty sometimes
What's the big deal if he wants to try?
But you know their mind's made up
So you keep your lips zipped shut

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Meet me at the outskirts of the suburbs where we grew up
We're gonna drive till the engine dies
Leave it all the rear view mirror
Tell all your friends we'll be Suburban legends
We'll etch our names into the bus stop bench
Signed we'll see ya when we see ya but we're never coming back
It's the start of the story
But we're gonna write how it ends
Go