

Hard Hat

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Girl, put down your coffee
Put on your best hardhat
We're tunneling out of this place
These white picket fences
These routine expenses
This simulation's getting lame
There's a world just beyond the horizon
Where no two things feel just the same, oh

And just like the father of Shem, Ham and Japheth
We'll take two of every pure thing
Then make trail through the tall concrete grasses
That separate classes and set it a blaze
Oh, I heard it once said from a wise man
This heaven's one hell of a place, oh

Right here we'll plant the garden
That grows through the heart and
Soak up every grain through our toes
It's been here all along
A slipped gaze past the phone
And you're right back into the unknown
And in this world just beyond the horizon
We can learn to be one once again, oh