

## 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