

A city's molten gold  
The native rite of desperation  
Affordable and safe  
Words once in love now separated  
Another auld lang syne to your bullpen  
More vacancies my friends

Let's do this!

Cracks in wet asphalt  
Stress fractures cave-in to craters  
Structural downfall  
Leaking life  
Dad is a failure  
Everything in this sinking building broke  
The bread-and-butter choke  
Oh no

Jini Jini, I lost my head  
Can't pay the rent, can't mend the fence  
The life we built in the home we made  
Where ownership it means nothing

If we leave, we will never be able  
To return from landlock  
We could breathe within our means  
Stable for the long-term trade-off  
It's only a version of you  
With a distorted world view  
The fear of the unknown  
Imprisons you

Jini Jini, I lost my head  
Can't mend the fence, can't pay the rent  
The life we built in the home we made  
Where ownership it means nothing  
Ownership means nothing  
Our ownership, it means nothing