

# Flyover State

Michael Marcagi

9 to 5 and 5 to 9, feeling like a factory line  
I've been spending my all nights wasted and wasting my prime  
It ain't hard to see how someone ends up on the street they were born  
Days turn to nights and the years wash away in the storm

And I, oh, I

I look around and this life ain't mine  
I'm in the back seat watching the world pass me by  
Wanna get my head up above the tree line  
But I'm stuck in a flyover state of mind

And all the lies that I was told in the halls of Catholic school  
They say you're only gonna burn your soul if you don't follow the rules  
And maybe I should pick the lock on these invisible chains  
Blame it on my family, but maybe I'm just one and the same

And I, oh, I  
Can't go on this way

I look around and this life ain't mine  
I'm in the back seat watching the world pass me by  
Wanna get my head up above the tree line  
But I'm stuck in a flyover state of mind

I'm in a flyover, I'm in a flyover  
I'm in a flyover, I'm in a flyover  
I'm in a flyover, I'm in a flyover  
I'm in a flyover, I'm in a flyover

I look around and this life ain't mine  
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