

Moving Out

Phoneboy

It's hard to see your face
Can't believe another one, another one's replaced
The land of misfit toys
All along we never had, never had a choice

Moving out
Never see your face again

Last night, in the West Side baby
Guess I didn't make it out alive
Guess what, we got no shot baby
Lost track of the times we said goodbye
With the times we said goodbye

Sleeping on the couch
Keeping all the memories from coming out my mouth
And here's to city lights
It's hard to see that anything is gonna be alright

Moving out
Never see your face again
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Talk in my sleep
Wake up and run my hands through the sheets
Wishing it wasn't so cold underneath
Why did I think that I needed to change
I needed to change
Sleepless city
Guess she wasn't kidding
It's bringing me down
It's bringing me down

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