

All the trees they line the yards
Suburban homes all in a row screened in porches,
Swimming pools deluxe electric garage doors
And trampolines, parkway where the grass grows,
Solar panel lighted Christmas trees.
I'm far away from where I wanna be
Suddenly appreciates the inside foundations

Cracked yeah that we know for sure
I'm far away from where I want to be.
What happens next to be
You'll know high rise in the city elevators
Up to the hundredth floor doormen with their
Whistle blow taxi lights they come and go go
Ahead and piss your day away