

Cry to sleep, wait a week
Again
Oh
Amen
Counting sheep, crossing streets
Everyone's dead ends
Oh
Amen
And I'm bored
I could be so much more
Than I am
Than I am
I need to go
I heard there's a place for me
One that nobody knows
One that goes away with me
So I drove
Mountains away
To place that ain't real
To a place that ain't real
And I drove
Mountains away
To a place that ain't real
That's where I wanna stay

That place over the hill
Where you dream about crossing
It's not a cry for help
To rethink your options
It's your mom's bakery in Maine
It's that cabin in Sweden
It's the going offline
It's "Next year, I'll go vegan"
It's not a "Woe is me"
It's a hold the door open
That's a fantasy world
That's the one that I've chosen

Somewhere over the hill
Where you cry without speaking
Leave your door slightly creaking
It's all leaking away
When there's nothing to say
There's no point anymore
The words touch your mouth
And they fall to the floor
So why try to move a hair
When you barely exist?
That's a fantasy world
That's where I wanna live

And I float
Mountains away
Where no one can stay...
And I go
Not in a rush