

Staring like a stranger from the dirt field  
Across from my childhood home  
Noticed how out of place I looked there  
It's a place I can't afford  
When my family lost it back in '08  
We swore it was just a setback  
And all we needed was to graduate  
And keep ignoring facts

"Don't you know you were born to die poor man?  
Don't you know that you're gonna do yourself in?  
And you'll always wake up tired  
Because there's nowhere we go from here."

Stuck working at that third job driving  
Well-meaning moms to protests for minimum wage  
Still depressed. Still living for the weekend  
Still terrified to die at your age  
No cancer. No crash. It better all go as planned  
Or one day soon you're not gonna get by  
Know damn well there ain't a promised land  
The cost of living means the cost to stay alive

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Don't you know that you're gonna do yourself in?  
And you'll always wake up tired  
Because there's nowhere we go from here."

They say that these are our exciting days  
At least until they ask our age  
Now I'm just a walking tragic ending  
Fuck, I don't want to be the last one standing

So I'm leaving the city  
Maybe the country  
Maybe the Earth  
Gotta find a place of my own  
Where the fuck ups aren't cops  
Patrolling neighborhoods they're afraid of  
And the rest of us won't burn out  
Displacing locals from neighborhoods we're afraid of  
Know if we weren't bailed out  
Every time by our parents we'd be dead  
What's gonna happen when they're dead?

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