

with headphones on the streets are silenced  
cars hum along to disrupt the quiet  
you learn a lot about a place, when you see it without a sun  
you search for a shred of innocence but realize there is none  
the open gutters, collecting water  
the unbreathable air, we're all aware  
you learn a lot about a place, when you see it for what it is  
it loses its feel of mystery and any hope that is can...  
give me a reason not to just start screaming out loud  
you can't convince me  
what I want and what I need are separate things  
all those distractions they'll beg us to stay  
we'll give new meaning to running away