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White Denim

I'm raising up a lion
I know that it's wrong
To keep wild things locked in a cage

I'm climbing up a tree
So high that I can see
Little humans constructing highways

Their buildings and their heights
Make days look like nights
Big city, are you flirting with me?

Fans dancing with the fairs
All the folks they wanna stare
But we're cutting too quickly to see

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Shouting at the clouds
But a frightening amount
Of mists are now upset with me

I've called to the fairs
And they do not seem to care
All the sudden they're too busy for me

The lion in his cage
In spite of all his rage
Is struggling to get out and save me

The mist it encroaches
And short death approaches
I'll die in my home in my tree

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