

To draw a line under it,
all the bitterness,
means letting go and forever forgetting it.
Because I spent all my nights awake,
stuck in the same place,
finding out in the hardest way
that nothing worthwhile comes easily.

This isn't the easiest way to do anything,
to pull up roots that are buried deep
but it'd be alright as long as the slate's clean.
And I can't blame problems on concrete,
failings on the buildings around me,
so I'll take it all to the city.

We all have bad habits,
like we all act as addicts
when there's something we want
and we don't stop until we have it.
Yeah I get mad at shit when
it doesn't go my way,
but I'm finally learning
you can't always do things the easy way.

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to pull up roots that are buried deep
but it'd be alright as long as the slate's clean.
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failings on the buildings around me, so I'll take it all to the
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