

I live in a city full of people I don't know
People riding highways from the workplace to the home
I lose my head
I see they're different than us
The only one to hold your hand
My holden land

I can picture a place
Where everybody feels it too
It might be fiction but I see it ahead
There's nothing I wouldn't do
There's nothing I wouldn't do

Cut me a slice of the apple that I grow
My work is valid I can prove it but I know
A woman screams
She's looking for me
In the hand of men who made her cry
A cozying lie

I can picture a place
Where everybody feels it too
It might be fiction but I see it ahead
There's nothing I wouldn't do
There's nothing I wouldn't do

Utopia (6x)

Like a hunter with teeth
There's nothing I wouldn't do
Imma run through a garden of dirt
There's nothing I wouldn't do
There's nothing I wouldn't do