

From a Terrace

Hey Marseilles

Rip up the floorboards you have in your home
You can take to the sidestreets on nickels and loans
Find your way sipping on sailing and lemonade
Jumping off cliffsides in northern bays
Hope your dollars dance

Leave forsaken towns
To see the world go round

Routine is rapidly pounding her post
Can't she stay in the moment that needs you the most
Look away, sing for salvation from day to day
Reading the manual on slow decay
There's always a chance

Leave your love your life
To see the world go by

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