Trivial anger is our fetishized notion, We're a quick bus ride from the ocean, The city's cynicism manifests itself in greed, Every bus stop lies down in defeat

Everyone's running away to the city by the bay,
If you can't make it here you might as well jump off the Golden
Gate,

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Contrived pregnant pauses punctuate your conversation,
Condescending, yet again, in all of your relations,
I have to admit that I have dreams where I'm as bold as you,
But I'm sure to you it's nothing new

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Look across the hills and architectural lies, Culture and confusion are more than a disguise, They're looking down at you and everything you do, If the big one hit tomorrow it wouldn't be too soon,

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