

Time For You To Go Do Your Own Thing

Look Mexico

There is a girl in a town of fog
Where the clouds come down
To keep her company
She once had friends and many neighbors
But they all migrated to bigger, drier cities

And she dealt with it
Cause she couldn't ignore
The better world they left before

They all boast that the money's sweeter
The times are grand
And you should really see the apartments here
As time goes by, the relations sour
One by one, she watches as they move back home

And she dealt with it
Cause she couldn't ignore
The better world they left before