

The Moth

Manchester Orchestra

I want it all, I want it free
But nobody's responding
The last thing that you heard was an inebriated slur
You can crash here all you want, but you don't live here anymore

There's a way out
There's a way in
There's a way out
There's a way in

Forced myself to take a different name
Buried with metonymy
Decide for me
Throw the man you used to be away
Bury him with rivalry entirely

My entire life you've been obsessing with the light
The closer that you get, the further up you've got to climb
You wanna hear it hurt, you wanna feel it when he dies
If you walk that path alone you've got to look him in the eye

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"What about our future?"