

You'll never know, you never really know,
when it's gonna turn out right.

I wanna live in a garden city,
marble and glass between heaven and hell.
I wanna dream when the lights go down,
I wanna save my soul don't wanna fuck around,
trading heaven for a living in a city made of gold.

I wanna be where the seasons change,
where you never just know when Christmas comes,
just to lie in a prison with our fingers on the buttons,
making crazy, crazy, crazy beneath the burning sun,
trading heaven for a living in the palace of the old.

Just know, never know, just know, never know, just never really
know
when we're gonna come back.
yeah!

All of my friends could come around,
and I never really worry when Christmas comes,
and we'll really have some parties and we'll really tell some s
tories,
we're so crazy, crazy, crazy beneath the burning sun,
trading heaven for a living when your future is as good as sold
,
trading heaven for a living when we'll never, never, never grow
old.

He doesn't know, doesn't really know,
doesn't ever really know, you never really know,
when he's going to turn back.
I wanna live, in a garden city.
I wanna live, in a garden city.
I wanna live in a garden city,
I wanna live in a garden city.