

Underneath our feet; broken glass and concrete.
These kids don't walk alone; they own these city streets.
Of course they know that freedom sometimes stings.
Halogen halos, two wheels for wings.

Cranes loom like gallows overhead,
and the setting sun paints the sky blood red.

But outside it's exactly how I want it to be.
We're finally free.

The squeal of brakes and the last strains
of "That's How I Escaped My Certain Fate."
These are the sounds that keep our mothers up late.