

All the trees they line the yards  
Suburban homes all in a row screened in porches,  
Swimming pools deluxe electric garage doors  
And trampolines, parkway where the grass grows,  
Solar panel lighted Christmas trees.  
I'm far away from where I wanna be  
Suddenly appreciates the inside foundations

Cracked yeah that we know for sure  
I'm far away from where I want to be.  
What happens next to be  
You'll know high rise in the city elevators  
Up to the hundredth floor doormen with their  
Whistle blow taxi lights they come and go go  
Ahead and piss your day away