

Sound checks leak through venue doors.
Outside, fans are waiting for the show
to start and guards to let them through,
and everything once they're inside seems so exciting too.
It's sparkling and blue.
Now everything under the shining lights looks bright and new.
Illuminated youth.
Maybe you don't belong,
you've gotta let go to pretend.
Maybe you don't belong there's something for you.
Maybe you need escape, there's somewhere to go.
Tomorrow's so far away.
Sold out pre-sale barcode scans,
rush the stage to see the bands...
they're screaming for another song from them.
So step back before you fall harder again.
Don't let them put up a wall inside your head.
Restless legs, restless days.
Bored with the boxes, always.

PA's are speaking loud, young ears frequent the sound.
They're allowed to bruise picking what parts to use,
but where their feet are is a longer floor
that lessens the chore.
It's bigger, a crowded view.

Put tomorrow away.