

# Moving Out

## The Narrative

I wanna get out of the suburbs,  
Let my hair grow wild  
And find a place I don't need money  
Just to raise a child

I wanna die out in the forrest  
With my face in the earth  
And if my daughter never loves me  
Then I want it to hurt

I see the city try to swallow  
What I used to call home  
I see it blanketing the streets,  
Now they're covered in gold

But in the corners where the light  
Never seemed to lay still  
I see a group of angry kids  
And they're looking to kill!  
I see a group of angry kids  
And they're looking to kill!

And oh, I see it now  
We'll all be moving out  
When all the kingdoms fall  
We'll finally see it all

You know I used to laugh a lot  
With my friends in the dark  
And now they only hear the clock  
So we don't even talk

And there are diamonds in our pockets  
And they're dying to be sold  
But if you're searching for the dollar  
Then you'll only find coal!  
If you're searching for the dollar  
Then you'll only find coal!

And oh, I see it now  
We'll all be moving out  
When all the kingdoms fall  
We'll finally see it all

My, my  
When will it end?  
Just take my hungry body  
To the woods again  
Show my eyes  
The rising sun  
Bury me in everything  
We started from

I wanna get out of the suburbs,  
Let my hair grow wild  
So I can gather up the earth  
And pass it down to my child