

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