

with headphones on the streets are silenced
cars hum along to disrupt the quiet
you learn a lot about a place, when you see it without a sun
you search for a shred of innocence but realize there is none
the open gutters, collecting water
the unbreathable air, we're all aware
you learn a lot about a place, when you see it for what it is
it loses its feel of mystery and any hope that is can...
give me a reason not to just start screaming out loud
you can't convince me
what I want and what I need are separate things
all those distractions they'll beg us to stay
we'll give new meaning to running away