

At the bus stop we're the pawns and we just do what we're told.
But on your rooftop w'ere the kings and we look down on this wh
ole town.

You know it looks a lot like last year.

Spend our time in just one place.

If I wrote the story of my life here, a couple things that I'd
erase.

Don't you ever want to go?

Wait for some kind of sign that shows us where to go tonight.

Underneath the northern lights.

Up here like I can finally see.

I look past the buildings, all these trees that line a dead-
end street.

Get all the way to New Orleans tonight.

And when the fog sets, it's a softer side of urban decay.

We go no nets.

I watch a can roll down; I hear it hit the driveway.

Anchorless, like a novel writ by Steinbeck.

We're in a Midwest dust bowl.

When you count the days 'til your next paycheck, it's a world o
f mice and men.

Don't you ever want to go?

Wait for some kind of sign that shows us where to go tonight.

Underneath the northern lights.

Up here like I can finally see.

I look past the buildings, all these trees that line a dead-
end street.

Get all the way to New Orleans tonight.

On the edge, the world seems to stop.

I can feel the wind and my stomach drop.

If we're stuck and if we never leave, we've still got moments h
ere like these.

Lying on our backs, counting stars in the summer night.

Above the sidewalk cracks, getting bathed in the billboard ligh
t.