

## Escape from New York

Elysian Fields

They say change is good, change is good  
Bleaching the cracks of the neighborhood  
Tiny stages crumble, just to feed the trough  
No one's making trouble, sSo where is the trade-off  
I'm waving the smelling salts  
This is your wake up call  
Won't you come to mack  
Won't you come to  
Shadows climb up the wall as they're born  
Competing for a flattering form  
Who's superior, eerier, eerier  
Who's superior, eerier, eerier  
The numbers climb with the crane  
And every space filled to the brim  
When every view becomes the same  
A window out or a window in  
I'm always on the run and I hate copy paste for god's sake  
Can't tear down their scenery  
Blocking everything I believe in  
Make your getaway while you still can  
Do not be afraid of distant lands

Make your getaway while you still can  
You know glass turns back to sand  
There is no edge, no frontier  
That has not been dredged, we're our worst fear  
Plane-safe your phones, beware the drones  
As they send in the clones, send in the clones  
Mute their sound, cackling and cacking  
Pound for pound, fracturing and fracking  
I see, I see, see an empire  
With no fireflies  
No honeybees  
No spring-fed wells  
No maple trees  
No icebergs  
No eagles  
Just beetles  
Can't tear down their scenery  
Blocking everything I believe in  
Make your getaway while you still can  
Do not be afraid of distant lands  
Make your getaway while you still can  
You know glass turns back to sand  
Here's an oar, here's a boat  
Sail away through this moat  
Under, underground  
Under