

A Plea For Purging

"We Feel Like Kings"

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Don't hit the lights
It's barely sunny out
I'm not leaving here
Until the sun beats down on my face
And pulls me out of bed
Because I'm not afraid of dying here
Can we please get lost?
I can't stand this place.
I'm not one for celebration,
When the search party's over
We'll be out in California's arms.

Run away, run away, run away from this town.
Leave it all behind.
You know it's coast is calling,
It says we gotta get there soon

From coast to coast we'll drive away.
Through all these towns we wish we knew how to say.
The windows down,
We feel like kings.
And with these words we will sing.
(Whoa)

Run away, run away, run away from this town,
Leave it all behind.
You know it's coast is calling.
It says we gotta get there soon.
(Repeat x5)

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