

Ghost Mice "Lost City"

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Deep down underneath all this metal and concrete
Is a world that we all left behind
And I've got a pick
And I've got a shovel
I'm gonna dig it up in time
And underneath this street grows a grass tall and
green
All it needs is some sunlight
And if you will help me break up this concrete
I know we'll dig it up in time

And we'll burn down the towns
Mix their ashes with the ground
To make our soil rich and black
And we'll plant some seeds
And we'll grow tall trees
And we'll take our old world back

Deep down inside all those jerks that pass you by
And yell at you when you're on your bike
There's a heart in there somewhere
Buried down I swear
I'm gonna dig it up in time
And inside every cop is a hippy or a punk
They just need to be shown the light
And I'm gonna try
And I'm never giving up
I'm gonna dig it up in time

And we'll burn down the towns
Mix their ashes with the ground
To make our soil rich and black
And we'll plant some seeds
And we'll grow tall trees
And we'll take our old world back

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