

## Luti-Kriss

### "Concrete"

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Gotta get out of here and retreat to the beaches,  
Away from all the blinding city lights illuminating the  
walls of my room  
As i try to close my eyes,  
As i try to fall asleep  
As i try to fall into my dreams  
Siren's always blaring and never ending friday nights  
are wearing me out,  
Broadway is killing me slowly, but surely,  
I better move fast and get myself out of here  
Faster than i've ever run from anywhere before  
Gotta get out of here and run away from all of these  
concrete covered dreams that I clung so tightly to  
I was disillusioned by the hope that i could find  
Something so much more amazing than i could ever  
find back home  
Siren's always blaring and never ending saturday  
nights are wearing me out

No nothing can keep me here (i'd rather drive from  
town to town than stay here)

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