

The New Cities

"Mass Romantic"

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Mass romantic fool wears Foster Grants,
His books on tape ring true,
Like everyone wants to say "I love you" to someone on
the radio (radio).

The first voice in the hollowed stars,
Now the one true loves,
And author of "My Life Among the Kids Who Go to
Shows."
This is not the way.

In the streetlight dawn,
In the streetlight dawn,
This street turns on.

Mass romantic fool, separated by sheets when the
curtain calls you,
Speaking on the themes of stolen virtue
Missing from the radio (radio).

Now this romantic duel is into the streets,
Bon appetit, you've eaten me alive you realize.
This is not the way.

In the streetlight dawn,
In the streetlight dawn,
This beat turns on.

Mass romantic fool, separated by sheets when the
curtain calls you,
Speaking on the themes of stolen virtue
Missing from the radio (radio).

Now this romantic duel is into the streets,
Bon appetit, you've eaten me alive you realize.
This is not the way.

In the streetlight dawn,
In the streetlight dawn,
This beat turns on.

This boy's life among the electrical lights.
This boy's life among the electrical lights.
This boy's life among the electrical lights.

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