

Trunks & Tales

"Lawrence, KS"

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There's a freedom in the breeze
That I've never felt before
And Chestnut Street never seemed so long before
A car rolls past and skips out on the stop sign
As my mind is drifting to distant state lines
Where a night spent in the park
Doesn't seem so unrespectable
And wearing week-old clothes is perfectly acceptable
I'll always love my home
But these places I've never known
When monotony sets in,
Bringing me back there again
Where days like this I don't wanna get up
I don't wanna see the bottom of my coffee cup
I don't wanna start my car
Don't wanna cook a god damned thing
Days like this, I don't even wanna sing
I don't even wanna sing

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