Old Yellow Bricks

Larissa B.

Old yellow bricks, love's a risk
Quite the little escapoligist
Looked so miffed, when you wished
For a thousand places better than thisYou are the fugitive
But you don't know what you're running from
You can't kid us
And you couldn't trick anyone
Houdini, but, you don't know what you're running away fromWho wants to sleep in the city that never wakes up?
Blinded by nostalgia
Who wants to sleep in the city that never wakes up?She was enraged, by the way
That the emperor put traps in the cage
And the days, she dreamed of
Lead to nights reading beer bottlesYou are the fugitive
But you don't know what you're running from
You can't kid us
And you couldn't trick anyone
Houdini, but, you don't know what you're running away fromWho wants to sleep in the city that never wakes up?
Blinded by nostalgia
Who wants to sleep in a city that never wakes up?You're at a loss, just because
It wasn't all that you thought it was
You are a fugitive
But you don't know what you're runnin' away fromShe said "I want to sleep in the city that never wakes up
And revel in nostalgia"
I know I said he wants to sleep in the city that never wakes up but
Dorothy was right though

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