The Suburbs

Mr. Little Jeans

In the Suburbs I
I learned to drive
And you told me we'd never survive
Grab your mother's keys, we're leaving
You always seemed so sure
That one day we'd be fightin' in the suburban war
Your part of town against mine I saw you standing on the opposite shore
But by the time the first bombs fell we were already bored
We were
Already
Already
BoredSometimes I can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling
Sometimes I can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling, againKids wanna be so hard
But in my dreams we're still screamin and runnin' through the yard
And all of the walls that they built in the seventies finally fall
And all of the houses they built in the seventies finally Fall
Nothin' at all
It meant nothin'Sometimes I can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling
Sometimes I can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling, and into the nightSo can you understand
Why I want a daughter while I'm still young?
I want to hold her hand
Show her some beauty, before the damage is done
But if it's too much to ask
If it's too much to ask
Then send me a son
Under the overpass
In the parking lot I'm still waiting
It's already passed
So move your feet from hot pavement and into the grass
'Cause it's Already past
Already pastSometimes I can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling
Sometimes I can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling, againSometimes I can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling

Sometimes I can't believe it
I'm moving past the feeling, again

Songwriters
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