

# 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  
Bored Sometimes I can't believe it  
I'm moving past the feeling  
Sometimes I can't believe it  
I'm moving past the feeling, again Kids 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 night So 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 past Sometimes I can't believe it  
I'm moving past the feeling  
Sometimes I can't believe it  
I'm moving past the feeling, again Sometimes 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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