Moving Day

The Honor System

Goodnight tomorrow is moving day
Everything's in boxes waiting for
This extended holiday
Displaced, swallowed by the sprawl
Sometimes the grandest openings
Also the darkest curtain calls
Pavement tattooed horizons
Left landscapes bruised and blackened
Another town laid to rest
On the trophy shelf of progress
The greatlands eat the heartland
The bells ring "we sell for less"
Development - we regress
The savior's come to rescue
Another dead end town
The floodgates flew open
Now we're sunken and eroded
And deafening jingles fill the empty holes
Goodnight! The blueprint's drawn
Boxes packed - the day is done

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