

# 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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