

All Torn Down

The Living End

I see the city, and it isn't what it used to be.
A million houses goin' up and down in front of me.
No time to let the concrete set before it's broken up again.
Don't care if it's historic; don't really care at all.

A hidden landscape on the brink of an envelopment.
The protesters rally, never satisfied with development.
Both strivin' for a perfect world, each havin' their own opinion.
They all they see; it grows; it grows on and on.

[Chorus]
All torn down.
All torn down.
All torn

I see the city, and it's grown into a big machine.
The streets are freeways, and the parks are just a memory.
No time to let the concrete set before it's broken up again.
Don't care if it's historic; don't really care at all.

[Chorus]

Ya got no reason.
Ya got no reason.
Ya got no reason.
Ya got no reason, you!

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