

Information Society, Move Out

One last drive through the suburbs,
You feel ready to leave the ground.
You've got your records packed away in boxes,
But you don't really know what it means to leave.

Move out on your own,
You're finally in control.
Now you're on your own,
Just watch it all unfold.

Turning onto the freeway,
You can't remember why you want to leave.
You're holding onto pictures of your friends,
But you don't want to stay around here anymore.

Move out on your own,
Though your future is unknown.
Sailing under your own power,
Now your life is yours.