

# Emm Gryner, Good Riddance

Urban hello  
Electric holiday  
Whatever you say, but you don't speak for me  
You don't speak for anyone  
All the paper fools downtown on the corner  
Killing the trampoline delay

I am not satisfied  
Murder space and run for cover  
The suburbs hide the one I love  
The prophet's in New York

There's so little love in the things you've done  
You're bringing down the rain  
If I'm nothing to you now, that's the way I'd like to stay  
I don't care for this air anymore  
I'm leaving and you know what for  
I will remember every word you said

Cutting edge  
Breaking ground  
Hey, whatever you've found  
Waltzing up the hi-rise  
Ordinary Jesus down at the record store  
Will never say my name

I am not satisfied  
At the way this burns me inside out  
Moviemaker wonders why  
I don't give in right here, right now

I will remember every single word you said to me  
I do not see the same things you see