

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