

Ivy, Get Out Of The City

Summer days are long and lonely.
Cars are moving slowly.
The streets are filled with air so still.

I'm trying to get out of the city.
Trying to get out of the city.

Everybody's angry.
It's hard not to be lazy.
It's a bad time to have work to do.

I'm trying to get out of the city.
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Roll the windows down.
Take a look around.
Everything is melting in the sun.
Nothing's getting done.
I don't have the time.
Can't you see that I'm --

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