

The postcards on your desk,  
of holidays gone by,  
seem to beckon to a place,  
suspended in the past,  
where everyone was happy,  
and everything was right.

We look across the ocean,  
at the cities and the lights,  
at the place,  
suspended in the past,  
where everything was right.

We loathe the life we're given,  
and strive for something else.  
Our forefathers came for gilded streets,  
and left us wanting more.

We do not sing America,  
we do not raise our voices to the sky.  
Instead we look across the ocean,  
to a place where we think everything is right.