

Drive around past the pines over the hills into Hollywood  
Innocence never died, I can tell by the look on your face  
Woah

I believe in a sanctity  
So hard to breathe when your family and friends are fools nobody knows that I'm on to you  
Speak to me secretly, whisper the words in my ear  
Woah

I believe in a sanctity  
So tongue in cheek  
We know a secret we dont have to tell  
Everything else is a bad rhythm  
View from the lemon trees over the hill someday all this will be ours  
Woah

I believe in a sanctity  
Look in and clean up the wasteland