

Down the Line

Beach Fossils

I don't want your Wall Street
Don't got no degree
Written on the concrete
A.C.A.B.

Could it really tell you
What I'm tryin' to find?
Everyone's so boring
Makes me wanna lose my mind

So call me up tonight
If you need somewhere to get out of the light
These days I feel like I do nothing right
So come with me and we'll go down the line

I'm thinking of you fondly
When I'm on the train
I really hate your poetry
You hate mine the same

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