

So pack your bags up
Let's move to San Francisco
Where Full House looks like a disco
And the bridge is not as gold
I can play Uncle Jesse
You can play Mary-Kate
We can be a happy family
All the live long day

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We were too young to know
We were shadows
We were happy to float atop of the breeze
But I don't want to be tainted
Don't want to leave it
Don't want to be woken
And fall from the ceiling

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Fall from the ceiling
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