

## 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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