

## American Pie Reruns

GRAACE

I drove to the arcade, with money and time to waste  
I'm letting myself let go, reminding myself to play  
Sometimes you just need a break from reality  
I'm tired of debating, my mortality

I've been through it all, scars around my lungs  
Strange when I exhale... am I having fun?

Is this who I used to be, with my mind protecting me  
All the things I left behind, with my selective memory  
It's like going on vacation, guess I haven't found my place yet  
Stepping outside of my mind and into self preservation

There's always this moment, those video store trips  
American pie re-runs make me numb, I don't want to come undone  
Till I am not someone

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Strange when I exhale... am I having fun?

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Time out, no I don't want to face it  
Fly south, only so I'll escape it  
Dive, down, high on a roller coaster  
Sights, sounds, letting it wash all over me

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All the things I left behind, with my selective memory  
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