

Staten Island Dream Tour

Hunter Valentine

She always claimed to be a bad-ass girl
She said 'nobody can touch me, nobody can hit my world'
So I just stood aside and watched her fall to her knees
Until the day she stopped saying 'fuck you' and started saying
'please'

I just want to live in this world free
And I just want to be praised for being me
I'm so tired of following your standards of what to do
Who cares if I just met you, I know that I'm in love with you

So lay back and take a toke
And laugh hard at my joke
It's okay if you choke
Better luck next time

Now she's flipping through this world like it's an endless fashion magazine
And she'd die for her passion, but she can't find an in between
He always says he loves her, but she doesn't really care
'Cause the one she really loves would never dare

She takes a stroll through this park and thinks of impossibilities
She thinks how easy life would be, if she could live with the rocks
and the trees
She kills herself over the things she doesn't know
Like all the paths she could be taking and destroying her ego

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