7: 30 on a summer's night out in the city cruising on my bike I've been sitting in the park all day drinking cheap wine, getting high watching time just drift away

slipping through traffic with my walkman on no obligations nowhere I belong a million miles above the day-to-day lost my religion but I keep my faith

and as the night comes in feels like home again got both feet on the ground but my mind's on vacation and I'm tuning out

I think the drugs are kicking in my hands are numb and the whole bar's spinning

the sun is setting and I'm feeling lost down at the club trying to shake it off it's too early to dance so I'm drinking scotch hanging with the germ at the bar in my flip flops

16.50 and a gram of weed *on my condo* it's for my own insanity so I hit the bricks, relax my mind turn the music up, glide along under the streetlights

I cross the city I make the rounds and when last call comes, you know I'm finally coming down and as I'm heading home, feels like I made it woooh and everything's alright so it's over now another transmission from the late night

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