

Oakland

RAC

The mouth of my suitcase
Says I'm making a big mistake
I'll pay for it one day
Just not today, today, today
Running shoes that I can't lace
Big balloons that I can't inflate
A Crayon and a blank slate
Pulls me away, away, away

You're gutted
I'm leaving
So sad to go

I'm leaving my heart in San Francisco
My tall strawberry blonde that oh, I'll miss so
I'll send you a postcard when I get where I've gotta be
But something is calling me
I'm sorry

A castle in quicksand
I'm a fool with a bird in hand
Who's trading his dreamland
Even I don't understand
And now I glitter with envy
Of your new version without me
I'm only stupid, don't hate me
I'm trying to do the best I can

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