

Fortune Cookies

Rare Americans

We stood in the kitchen, lookin' for the answers
A bag of fortune cookies sittin' on the counter
We thought, fuck it? Why not?
I guess its worth a shot
Cause we were both pondering a lot

"There are big changes ahead
But they will be good ones"
Mine said "You should go explore, and take a vacation"
So fuck it, why not?
I guess its worth a shot
That's the closest to a sign I ever got
That's the closest to a sign I ever got

There's no guru
There's no fast lane
Happiness, a working man's game
You got no one but you to blame

If I could give myself, a few pieces of advice
To a younger version of me coming from the same life
What would I begin to write?
What would I begin to write?

First, don't fuck up your life
Split-second decisions ain't worth the price
And no one wants to deal with the stress of making rights
It's easier to walk away than roll the dice
Sometimes the safe bet's to think twice
How many times I gotta give the same advice?

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