

Next Thing

Rostam

I was a sucker a long time ago
I ain't a sucker though, not anymore

That's what they all say
You're just as bad as them
That's what they all say
What makes think you're any better

'Cause you're not
Take a seat and a slot
On the bus heading west
You're gonna need your rest

Next thing I knew I was in California
It didn't feel strange at all
Everybody said we've got to warn ya
You won't be back next fall
Next thing I knew I was in California
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I been sinning I been begging to get caught
I been waiting for my freedom from this cult
I was planning my escape like nonstop
Got my ticket on the last flight before the sun

Comes up again over the bridge
It's creeping over where I live

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California, California...

You never sent my stuff to me
But I don't really care much
Someone sold my shit for me
I guess I never really needed it

Red light at the top of the hill
I was stopped for an hour or two
Took a while to adjust to the fact
I couldn't change even if I wanted to

To all my friends that are still in the city
Are you waking up later and later
To the all my friends that are still my friends
I hope that's all the friends I ever made

Sweat through my shirt crossing the bridge

Think I could maybe bum a change of attire
From an apartment on Lafayette street
Or a house up in Brooklyn heights

Pit stop on my way back to work
I hope I don't get caught in the rain
Even if I do it won't be so bad
Or maybe bad enough that I'll feel some pain
Some pain is okay