

Enough room on the bench to sit us all
And based on the view where you sit, you pick a door
Waiting there will queue up your end like in a song
It plays out the roof of that Benz like this is yours, t
His is yours right?, forever and then a day
Leaning on it while you picture your destiny with a stray
Given time, spending time with destiny in the way
Finish time, finish lines are everything they proclaimed
I proclaim, that we was in line for it
Visionary riches baby, we got the eyes for it
Caught up in the trace should you leave your design on it
You look at your name like you should be down to die for it
Or live a little, spill a little and represent
Deal with a bottle the way you deal with the decadence
Or deal with a hollow the way you deal with the negligence
Like "you get in the know, or deal with the reload"
The feeling been the same since you filling in that role
But still what a day

What a day, at the park

It was a dreary day
'Til I stepped out
Ice cream trucks passing us all
Red ballon I'll follow you
Till the night comes back around again
Comes back around again
As I think to myself

What a day, at the park

Said to make owning a roof part of a habit
But learned that sitting in rooms that didn't have 'em
Heard that as getting your roof was all that mattered
All that to lift off the roof, could you imagine
The irony of the top being behind you
Be it the roof or the proof of who defied you
Or keeping your roof how you knew so that it hides you
Or see the recoup turn to coupes and it reminds you
Hat killing the roof, make it easier to hear who applaud
Whether it's "bravo ya'll" or airing at your car
Whether it's "bravo ya'll", staring at your arms
And how they can fit up under, how to live up the summer
The park and how it does us, is credit achieved
Same 456'ing over Peddler Themes
Same view of intuition you was led to believe
Same shooters in position if you ever do need
And the feeling been the same since you been in that seat
But what a day