

They All Go To California

Smoke or Fire

Square peg stuck in a round hole.
As long as I'm stuck in this place, where minds are sold.
I'm smart enough to know
That I'm gonna get this right before too long.

And this is a permanent thing, like the lines on my face.
I'm not getting better with age. I'm not getting better with age.
And I hate to admit that I wish I was there at the end of the day,
Then at least I could say goodbye.

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