

Alone

The Rare Occasions

I take time kicking it down the line
I don't know where I'm going, where I'm going
I think twice (Think twice)
Before taking your advice
'Cause I can see your ignorance is showing

You say, "Real estate is what you need
A little place beside the sea
If you don't fall in line
Then you're no son of mine"
So

I swing my shoulder through the thick of it
And face tomorrow alone
Because you own me and I'm sick of it
But you don't own me no more

Where've we seen this before?
The age was gilded, cronuts weren't to blame
Your world (Your world)
Is purely transactional
Why don't you look around and think
Before you blurt out gems like

"Jewelry is what you want
A sterling piece that you can flaunt
If you don't fall in line
Then you're no son of mine"
So

I swing my shoulder through the thick of it
And face tomorrow alone
Because you own me and I'm sick of it
But you don't own me no more

No more
No more
No more