

i met this girl the other day
sitting alone on the wednesday train
i said, "what's wrong? you look so sad."
she said she's got something inside
that she's not willing to confide
so i said, "could i give some free advice?"
"don't worry bout your problems now, baby,
cause it just don't matter when it comes down to the fact.
everybody's got problems now, baby,
and life's too short to keep them bottled up inside."
cause i know
that life is like a racecar speeding down this one way street
that'll go
anyway
it feels like heaven down this one way street
cause i know
everything will be fine
i met this guy the other day
sitting alone on the sunday train
dressed up with nowhere left to go
he said, "if there's one thing that i've learned,
through all these cigarettes i've burned,
you've got to stop and look around."
he said that hindsight's clearer than a crystal ball
if he had a chance to stop and do it all over again
cause when you're waiting for the sounds of the gavel
you don't want it to end with a fistfull of regrets inside
cause i know
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