

Van Rides And High Tides

Broadway Calls

I've got a plan,
I've got it dripping down my forehead
In the shape of a bead of sweat.
How sweet would my life be
If I wrote the songs the kids could not forget?

I jump the gun again,
I call you up and tell you how talented I think I am.
The things I write will change the world
And I will take you along for the ride.

But this self appreciation is lame.
It's not charming or cute anymore.
Who am I kidding, we're sleeping on floors
And the summer's almost over.

At the expense of my new friends,
This summer's almost over.
My heart beats faster every night.
Please let this last forever.

This is the information age.
I've got the age but where the fuck is my info!
I know 24 isn't old, but I feel,
That I am about to expire.

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