

## The Future

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I want to fall in love again, I know where it will happen  
Along the California coast, where the ocean meets the mountains

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I can see the future.

Driving north a winding road I had a premonition  
A golden badge and rolling hills living pointless station.  
I can see the future.

Someday will the clouds blow away  
Watch me as the fall creeps in, I wonder when I'll make it.  
Stopping for the night somewhere, the old hotel Arcada.  
I can see the future.