

So pack your bags up  
Let's move to San Francisco  
Where Full House looks like a disco  
And the bridge is not as gold  
I can play Uncle Jesse  
You can play Mary-Kate  
We can be a happy family  
All the live long day

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We were too young to know  
We were shadows  
We were happy to float atop of the breeze  
But I don't want to be tainted  
Don't want to leave it  
Don't want to be woken  
And fall from the ceiling

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