

We have our master plan,
Bottled and canned
Living in the 352
Steps one and two,
Walk home drunk, wake up confused
With a stranger next to you.
The copied costumes and conversations
They seem to be constantly making this
Into a strip mall kind of town.
I use my credit card to buy alcohol,
Student loan spent at the mall,
And i may be going broke,
But I'm never broken down.

We have our history
Just you and me
But our future gets talked away
Steps 3 and 4,
Staying drunk and sit on this porch,
Planning out how to escape
We're two truck stops off the interstate,
The promised land with a twist of fate,
We're in a town for all the lost and found.
So sleep tight in your smokey room,
Still buzzed from this afternoon,
I may be going broke,
But I'm never broken down.