

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.