

I'm so sorry two story 3218,
the last time I checked you weren't looking so great.
The roof caved in, open truss.
You brought out the best in us.

The air is so warm, we're sitting out back
Birds flying over, heading south
The neighborhood's under attack
Our beautiful, busted up, broken down

Our very own patio with the perfect view,
A place to carve our names into.
Rest in pieces.

I'm so sorry two story 3218,
the last time I checked you weren't looking so great.
The roof caved in, open truss.
You brought out the best in all of us.

Garbage in, garbage out is what this place is all about.
Saturday was straight from hell the more we took, red turtle shell.
Mark's outside working on his car,
Bill's inside playing on his bass guitar.

Our very own patio with the perfect view.
A place to carve our names into,
and reminisce until the sun comes up. (Hey!)
Rambling, ramble on until we're too fucked up.
This is where we were found,
Rest in pieces.

I'm so sorry two story 3218,
Rest in pieces.