

Once it seemed to be the way things are
now it seems the way that it will be
it's happening to me
it's happening to me

Once we use to love to lose our minds
now it seems the tables have been turned
my head is losing me
my head is losing me

Once we used to spit into the wind
it's coming back to me
we used to spit into the wind
it's coming back to me

Nothing rather rides a rusty mule
by a fire stop, the story tell
another one for free
I'm not listening to me

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