

Mean Mr. Mustard says, "He's bored of life in The District  
Can't afford the French Quarter high"  
Says, "It gets old real quick"  
And he pales up next to me  
Scrawled on the pavement  
It says, "Son, time is all the luck you need"

And if I stay Lucky then my tongue will stay tied  
And I won't betray the things that I hide  
There's not enough years underneath this belt  
For me to admit the way that I felt

Mean Mr. Mustard says, "Don't be the wave that crashes  
From a sea of discontent"  
He says, "He's wrestled with that blanket  
It leaves you cold and wet anyway you stretch it"  
Divine apathy! Disease of my youth  
Watch that you don't catch it

And if I stay Lucky then my tongue will stay tied  
And I won't betray the things that I hide  
There's not enough years underneath this belt  
For me to admit the way that I felt

And I'm the wave that crashes from a sea that turns itself  
Inside out every chance I get to see what it's like in hell

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