

Well he, ended up here  
Came from, way out past there  
And he, tried to make it something  
And he, knew he had the way  
But that six string was a ticket  
Out of town and for a ride  
To those, high rise and all those dreams  
Concrete and palm trees, is all he'd seen  
To those, high rise and all those dreams  
Concrete and palm trees, is all he'd seen  
Well he, met all bad kids  
And he, fell in just fine  
And all, match the road to him  
He was, right there on time  
But he tasted and he smoked it  
Didn't know what it was for sure  
To those, high rise and all those dreams  
Concrete and palm trees, is all he'd seen  
To those, high rise and all those dreams  
Concrete and palm trees, all he'd seen  
Well he, end up in jail  
In a, 10 by 10 cell  
Feeling, full jones withdrawl  
Feeling, a lot like hell  
But that six string was a ticket  
Out of this mess, and our life  
Well he, finally made and wound up clean  
Concrete and palm trees, were pretty sweet  
Well he, finally made and wound up clean  
Concrete and palm trees, were pretty sweet  
Pretty sweet  
Ah ha ha  
Pretty sweet  
Ah ha ha  
Pretty sweet  
Ah ha ha  
Pretty sweet  
Ah ha ha