

Papas Fritas, Afterall

Here's the party where's my friends?
Pulling smoke through soda cans
So who's the people with the peepholes in their smiles
Think I'll skip the party and stay inside
Your house
My home
Two words
Your alone
I'll leave you waiting
Changing has changed me
And wine isn't change cheap
All that's left is a phone to call
Afterall
Something special in the end
Said the dotted line to the fountain pen
Just stay on course, stay in tune and wait in line
In the basement lost track of time
I know
It's late
Sometimes shit has to wait
Maybe I'm lazy
Time couldn't change me
I don't need a stair to fall