

Seven Mary Three, People Like New

Yeah the roads are right tonite
they are twisting
My mouth is dry - like cool air inside

And maybe I worry
do things in a hurry
and follow the dust
of people like new

There's people like me
and there's people like you

Yeah the roads are right tonite
they are turning
I know that deep inside the pines
an answer is lurking
And maybe I worry
do things in a hurry
and follow the dust
of people like new
There's people like me
and there's people like new