

# Socratic, Spending Galore

The search for songs has turned hopeless.  
So I turn to anything meaningless.

"Hey we'll be your friends.  
I don't sleep. I don't count sheep.  
I talk to the shepherd.  
We don't plead. We don't eat.  
We just take all your money.  
Trust us cause we'll be your friends."

The search for me has turned hopeless.  
So I turn to you so meaningless.  
"Hey we'll be your friends."

There's no right ways.  
There's just wrong ways.  
No wrong ways.  
Just right ways.