

Why Store, Burnout

Lucky Lucy
She's a kind one
Turned her riches
Into a million dollar game
Broke out for the harvest
Now she sits
On the corner of West and Main
Jeremy's a mind reader
Thinks he can tell
The tales of a soul
Burned out on the peace pipe
Now he thinks
He's got nowhere to go
He's for real
Nobody takes him for granted
He's for real
Nobody takes him
Where he doesn't want to go
Take it from me
Take it all eventually
Take it all
Take it all from the canvas of my world
I've got to pace myself
Before I burnout? yeah
I've got to pace myself
Don't wanna burnout
Lucky Lucy
She's a kind one
Turned her riches
Into a million dollar game
Broke out for the harvest
Now she sells
Down on the corner of West and Main
She's for real
Nobody takes her for granted
She's for real
Nobody takes her
Where she doesn't want to go
Take it from me
Take it all eventually
Take it all
Take it all from the canvas of my world
Like a forest
We are all the trees
Like a forest
We can fall with ease
I've got to pace myself
Before I burnout? yeah
I've got to pace myself
Don't wanna burnout
Don't wanna burnout
Don't wanna burnout
Don't wanna burnout