

Yung Berg, Outerspace

Oh my friend
We have spent
So much time looking for someone to blame
Cause were the same
The jealous games
Take up time we could spend on other things
Oh my friend
If it ends
Let us go and then not look back again
We can't be
You and me
Taken' ourselves much too seriously

But out in space
A million miners work upon
The night's cold face
But all I see is black
And all the stars look back
At me

Oh my friend
What a friend
I'd have thought you'd have stayed here till the end
I take a bow
Draw the crowd
We're just words in the sand at high tide

But out in space
A million miners work upon
The night's cold face
But all I see is black
And all the stars look back

And I'm leaving

Oh my friend
We should spend
Some more time looking from the other end
Cause we would see
So clearly
We'd blame ourselves as much as we'd blame weed
We'd blame ourselves as much as we'd blame weed
We'd blame ourselves