

# Absynthe Minded, Space

Somebody got a second chance, man  
He tries to get a grip  
It ain't easy to be truthful  
When your story's all about jail

Somebody is watching  
The money sign stamped on your back  
They have seen your camera  
And they know the exchange rate

Space is where we belong  
Anywhere, but here  
This place is torn  
Get me away from here  
I wanna go to a white isle  
I wanna sit in the sunshine  
I wanna look at the blue skies  
To where we belong

He's waiting by the door  
He stood there one hundred times before  
She's too good for him  
Little does she know  
He's the one she'll end to love the most

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