

# Broadways, Ben Moves To California

I woke up the other day walked out to blue suburban skies,  
skies filled with dreams and butterflies and i wondered to myself how do I fit in this game?  
just a nameless face or faceless name  
then i remembered an old friend of mine how we'd watch tv all night  
tell each other about our dreams, but i don't see him no more, no.  
light a cigarette and watch this day go by, burned another six minutes to the sky  
i need a fucking answer but i guess that's why we live this life  
a constant search for something right  
now my mind is wondering how am i going to get fucked up today, light a bowl and see it all fade a  
it happens everyday