

Jack Blanchard & Misty Morgan, There Must Be M

Sky full of factory smoke stacks hot cinders paint the snow black
Turn up my collar to the cold
My old boots're wet and dirty missed my bus at 7:30
Ah there must be more to life than growing old
Each day seems like the last one each year just like the past one
As if they're stamped on from the mold
Somehow it seems to be the only change is you and me
There must be more to life than growing old
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What happened to the dreams we used to hold
We never asked for cities paved with gold there must be more to life than growing old
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