

Lucky

Seven Mary Three

Mean Mr. Mustard says, "He's bored of life in The District
Can't afford the French Quarter high"
Says, "It gets old real quick"
And he pales up next to me
Scrawled on the pavement
It says, "Son, time is all the luck you need"

And if I stay Lucky then my tongue will stay tied
And I won't betray the things that I hide
There's not enough years underneath this belt
For me to admit the way that I felt

Mean Mr. Mustard says, "Don't be the wave that crashes
From a sea of discontent"
He says, "He's wrestled with that blanket
It leaves you cold and wet anyway you stretch it"
Divine apathy! Disease of my youth
Watch that you don't catch it

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And I won't betray the things that I hide
There's not enough years underneath this belt
For me to admit the way that I felt

And I'm the wave that crashes from a sea that turns itself
Inside out every chance I get to see what it's like in hell

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