

Ben Moves To California

The Broadways

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 away
It happens everyday