Space

Absynthe Minded

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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Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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