

# Man With a Plan

## Assembly of Dust

I was a man with a plan and I landed in New York City  
I found a world that that unfurled and taught me the meaning of haste  
I found a well healed girl and I thought that she looked pretty  
I opened my heart to her and she read it on my face. You mine as well as well accept the rest and not expect to  
prosper  
When your hiding from the sun  
Living fast the cold contrast fuels my fascination  
Like a breath before the plunge I took car to bar and ordered myself whisky.  
You know its my drink of choice and it fills me full of charm.  
I know Ive had too much when my head gets soft and dizzy  
But if you ask my wife shed say it does more good than harm I came out of the park that day and I waivered in  
the place I stood  
Living deep in golden city in a way I never thought I could  
I came out of the park that day and saw it with my waking eyes  
My breath grew short and my heart rate quickened in response to my own surprise There was a fuss on the bus  
cause someone had got busted  
I got splashed as it passed and it clattered down the road  
I seen worse and I cursed and I swore there was no justice  
And that Id leave this town before my heart grew old.

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