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 an 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 plungeI 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 harmI 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 surpriseThere 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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