

Jersey Shore

Mickey Hart

Bored walking on the boardwalk, New Jersey shore
If I come to New York, can I sleep on your floor? I've been living out of a suitcase on the motel floor
And running up tabs at the corner store
I'm barely walking on the boardwalk anymore When summer gets along, your hair gets too long
I'm picking up the habit of drinking long before four When July is gone, I'll be twenty-four and then not
anymore
New Jersey shore, New Jersey shore then not anymore

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