Jersey Shore

Architects

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 anymoreWhen summer gets along, your hair gets too long
I'm picking up the habit of drinking long before fourWhen 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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