

# 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 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

Lyrics provided by  
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