

# Mingus

## I'm from Barcelona

You got a four wheel drive  
You got a kid and a wife  
You got a pretty little country house You got a job you hate  
You get home too late  
Do you remember what we use to say? Oh my God, I'll end up just like you  
Oh my God, I'll end up just like you I've got a way to live  
That pulls me apart  
Will I always have a broken heart? And if I ever grow up  
And if I give it a shot  
Will I remember what we use to say? Oh my God, she will be just like me  
Oh my God, she will be just like me In my heart, in my heart, still a kid  
(Oh my God, she will be just like me)  
In my heart, in my heart, still a kid  
(Oh my God, she will be just like me)

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