Wishy Washy

Inspired Flight

I got a place with a view
You can see the cars
As they travel down the freeway
To clubs and barsThere's a woman downstairs
With matt-gray hair
An' she smiles when she tells me
There's no room for me hereThey've got it in the city
They've got it in the country
But here in the suburbs
It's all so wishy-washy
It's all so wishy-washyI got another place
This time with a fireplace
An' a woman can come around
Write poetry and feel safeI said it's good for me now
But I'm not being fed
I said it's good for me now
But I'm not being fed

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