

Game Theory

And for whatever reason I wish that I had two minds
Opposite signs, parallel lines, wide point and fine
I hate admitting when you're right and I want you in plain sight
Isn't it odd? We think a lot alike tonight And everyone asks if I'm leaving, no sir
I get around but I don't get closer
Is it because I'm 23, not 24?
And in a way I don't mind watching it get unkind Stand where it shines, I can inspire myself just fine
I'm in the sweetest way misled, growing my hair in bed
Coffee or beer--These are a year's component thread
And everything is in terms of next time Twenty-five thousand more miles to the dateline
Is it because I'm 24, not 25?

Songwriters

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