

Thirty-Two

Oh No Not Stereo

You're all slaves

and there's nothing you can do about it I crawled inside a full grown woman today

like 32 guitars I'll break after I play

Double digits aren't all they're hyped up to be

Read my weakness loud and clear on the marquee You're all slaves

and there's nothing you can do about it

You're all slaves

and there's nothing you can do I feel so happy to be alone today

There's nothing limiting my opportunity

Finally no one to tell me who to be

I leave a smile right here in New York City

Oh yeah

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