

Thrill Seeker

Over It

A thrill seeker, two weeks from anywhere
Sets his mind to the task at hand
But he knows first he'll have to beat their fence
So he goes, drops right in, just as
The guards come closing in 'round him
Send him back to the drawing board again
He'll have to be more punk next year
With nothing to show for it all but his hand
Punk enough next year, with nothing to show
For it all but a gimpy hand

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