Seven Mary Three, Lucky

Mean Mr. Mustard says he's bored of life in The District.
Can't afford the French Quarter high. Says it gets old real quick.
And he pales up next to me scrawled on the pavement.
It says:
Son, time is all the luck you need.

And if I stay lucky then my tongue will stay tied and I won't betray the things that I hide. There's not enough years underneath this belt for me to admit the way that I felt.

Mean Mr. Mustard says don't be the wave that crashes from a sea of discontent. He says he's wrestled with that blanket. It leaves you cold and wet any way you stretch it. Divine apathy! Disease of my youth watch that you don't catch it.

And if I stay Lucky then my tongue will stay tied and I won't betray the things that I hide. There's not enough years underneath this belt for me to admit the way that I felt.

And I'm the wave that crashes from a sea that turns itself inside out every chance I get to see what it's like in hell.

And if I stay Lucky then my tongue will stay tied and I won't betray the things that I hide. There's not enough years underneath this belt for me to admit the way that I felt. (x2)