

# Seven Mary Three, People Like New

Yeah the roads are right tonite  
they are twisting  
My mouth is dry - like cool air inside

And maybe I worry  
do things in a hurry  
and follow the dust  
of people like new

There's people like me  
and there's people like you

Yeah the roads are right tonite  
they are turning  
I know that deep inside the pines  
an answer is lurking  
And maybe I worry  
do things in a hurry  
and follow the dust  
of people like new  
There's people like me  
and there's people like new