

## Why Store "Burnout"

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Lucky Lucy  
She's a kind one  
Turned her riches  
Into a million dollar game  
Broke out for the harvest  
Now she sits  
On the corner of West and Main  
Jeremy's a mind reader  
Thinks he can tell  
The tales of a soul  
Burned out on the peace pipe  
Now he thinks  
He's got nowhere to go  
He's for real  
Nobody takes him for granted  
He's for real  
Nobody takes him  
Where he doesn't want to go  
Take it from me  
Take it all eventually  
Take it all  
Take it all from the canvas of my world  
I've got to pace myself  
Before I burnout? yeah  
I've got to pace myself  
Don't wanna burnout  
Lucky Lucy  
She's a kind one  
Turned her riches  
Into a million dollar game  
Broke out for the harvest  
Now she sells  
Down on the corner of West and Main  
She's for real  
Nobody takes her for granted  
She's for real  
Nobody takes her  
Where she doesn't want to go  
Take it from me  
Take it all eventually  
Take it all  
Take it all from the canvas of my world

Like a forest  
We are all the trees  
Like a forest  
We can fall with ease  
I've got to pace myself  
Before I burnout? yeah  
I've got to pace myself  
Don't wanna burnout  
Don't wanna burnout  
Don't wanna burnout  
Don't wanna burnout

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