

## Young Money

### "We Set Sail In Search Of Home"

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We built this ship up from nothing  
Old cardboard and Elmer's glue  
We shipped it out on an open ocean  
But the tide was way too strong  
And the walls were far too thin

We came across a chain of islands  
Built on love and happiness  
But when we got there the grass turned brown  
And all the holding hands turned into fists

When we got home  
Everything had changed  
Everyone was different  
Everything was rearranged  
When we got home  
Put down our bags  
And we painted ourselves a new home

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