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Oh Laura ''Thirty-Two''

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You're all slaves And there's nothing you can do about it

I crawled inside a full grown woman today Like 32 guitars I'll break after I play Double digits aren't all they're hyped up to be Read my weakness loud and clear on the marquee

You're all slaves And there's nothing you can do about it You're all slaves And there's nothing you can do

I feel so happy to be alone today There's nothing limiting my opportunity Finally no one to tell me who to be I leave a smile right here in New York City Oh yeah

You're all slaves And there's nothing you can do about it You're all slaves And there's nothing you can do

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