

Allister, Racecars

I met this girl the other day
Sitting alone on the Wednesday train
I said what's wrong you look so sad
She said she's got something inside
That she's not willing to confide

So i said can I give some free advice

Don't worry about your problems now baby 'cuz
They just don't matter when it comes down to the fact
That everybody's got problems now baby
And life's too short to keep them bottled up inside

'Cuz i know
When life feels like a racecar speeding down
It's one way street
That I'll go
Anywhere that feels like heaven down this one way street
'Cuz i know that everything will be fine.

I met this guy the other day
Sitting alone on the Sunday train
Dressed up with nowhere left to go
He said there's one thing that I've learned
Thru all these cigarettes I've burned
You've got to stop and look around
He said that hindsight's clearer than a crystal ball
If he had the chance he would stop and do it all over again
'Cuz when you're waiting for the sound of the gavel
You don't want it to end with a fistful of regrets inside.

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