

## This Be The Verse

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They fuck you up, your mum and dad  
They may not mean to but they do  
They fill you with the faults they had  
And add some extra, just for you  
But they were fucked up in their turn  
By fools in old style hats and coats  
Who half the time were soppy-stern  
And half at one anothers throats  
Man hands on misery to man  
It deepens like a coastal shelf  
Get out as early as you can  
And don't have any kids yourself