

Dust Bunny

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Pass the cracks on every weird occasion
You keep your fingers crossed at any time
If I were you I could come up with more solutions why
You put your foot down

Counting feels like something to hang on to
You find the number, try to break the code
I guess by now you figured out there's no conclusion why
You put your foot down

You're nine years old, your body's cold
And underneath the bed the world seems gray
The pain inside your head has gone away