

I washed myself
With pants that were not mine
I washed myself
With (pain) she'd made soap

My name is June
And I'm doing fine
But people call me March

I want to make
The same noise as a running horse
I want to hear the same noise as a landing plane

My name is June
And i'm doing fine
But people call me March

I'm feeling down
Own a store
I gave you a book
you burned it down
and reading lights
I could save
I try to look at what would be my grave
I'm feeling down

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