

Over My Shoulder

I Am Kloot

Shut your mouth, and watch my lips,
Can you feel her healing finger tips,
Coming down, on you like rain,
So tell me now where do we remain,

Over my shoulder it goes,
Back to a bar, we both used to know.

I used to work, night and day,
Nobody listened to a word I'd say,
I didn't care who knew me then,
and someone stupid asked if we were friends, well,

Over my shoulder it goes,
and where it lands, I don't want to know

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