

The Late Great Libido

Menomena

Four score seven years to go,
I've done it all with none to show.
By now you think I'd ask myself,
Think I'd try to pin it down.

Don't stop it's almost over now.
Whisper softly across your mouth.
Last breath then I'm finally done.
You've always made me feel so young.
Now I wait too much for me.
Longer still, or so it seems.

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