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You don't know sorrow.
You don't know what its like
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So what's it like to have that comfort
to know you'll always be covered,
and to know someone will be there?
I've never had that comfort
or enjoyed the luxuries of being covered.
So night after night, after night, after night, after night, af
ter night,
I'll be staying up late.
I'll be fighting off the shakes
and puking out the window,
repressing things you can never know.

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