

## Carnival Music

The 88

There's no reason to show me  
I can think for myself  
When you're asleep  
I wake hungry and wide awake  
I guess there's no more to tell

Now the flowers are growing  
And there's songs I can sell  
I don't much have much to say  
Each time you go away  
I guess there's no more to tell

Because we're holy  
Because we hurt  
Because we need  
When we were open  
When we were clean  
When we would act like those videos we saw

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