

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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