

you cant write the same song over again
its in the same key over again...ya
because were doing so good makin up
for miles just a little while like you would
under estimating you know you think were doin
so good im glad to be a part of the glass that you
placed upon your withered heart in case and left for danger
in a race to the rode on the way to apathy
its lifes little let down spontaneity

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