

Hologram

These New Puritans

Shut the door, shut the door
Because I'm staying here
The world might disappear
Under blankets of snow

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The world might disappear
Under blankets of snow

Anne, there's a wonderful word
That you will liken it to
But it's caught in the back
Of your mind though

Okay, and some will say
"To you will go the world"

Shut the door
Because I disagree
And Memon sighs relief
Some circles you can't leave