

How many trees in a west end lot?  
How many smokes left have you got?  
I wanna stand, but I'm talking to a cop

There's piss on my boots, how'd ya make it stop  
The dancepack's looking for a crash pad spot  
I'm all loan  
I'm at the top of the pack

Lay to the people and maid to the pines  
I'll be awning  
That lady  
I'll be riding her line, whoa!

I'm smoking outside the Computell

I'm already never gonna fail you

Shaking in your clots  
And no, they are not cataloging your thoughts

You got one kind of trouble, it's the one that's on your back

Take note, there's still a hole in your heart  
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And you're shoveling shit and they pay you to talk  
My young little soul's unlearning to walk  
Clover green  
Like bravery done up like a towel sopping wet in the street

The softening blows, the blind heights  
A warm winter coat, that's a corn rose  
The softening blows, the blind heights  
That's a cold tow through the corn rows

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Take note, there's still a hole in your heart  
Take note, and elope for the fore