

Never, The "March of the Minions"

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Tied to my desk
After seven years of convenience
I think that I've finally felt
I think that I've found myself
I think that I've been sold out
Working for a madhouse

Quick doc. put on your smock
his heart has stopped, his jaw's locked
He's fallen from his penthouse home
His nerves have exploded

When I finally got there
It looks as though they beat me here
It had been overlooked
Not quite like in a book
I think I've been sold out
Working for a madhouse

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