X "The Unheard Music"

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Friends warehouse pain, attack their own kind A thousand kids, bury their parents

There's laughing outside We're locked out of the public eyes

Some smooth chords on the car radio No hard chords on the car radio

We set the trash on fire and watch outside the door Men come up the pavement, under the marquee

There's laughing inside We're locked out of the public eyes

Some smooth chords on the car radio No hard chords on the car radio

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