

Young Guns "Stitches"

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Every hour is a season,
Every minute lasts a day,
So I sit here picking stitches,
'Cos I find comfort in decay,
How I long to fill my lungs.

So tell me how does it feel to,
Breathe air cold and clean,
Cos I've been living on my knees,
Since I was seventeen.
Thought I was safe beneath the smoke,
But even under cover,
I still choke.

And my wings are clipped but even if they weren't,
I've not the guts to fly and leave behind the earth.
There's not poetry in my soul,
Just a list of lies I've told.
And I don't know how much longer I can hold on.

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