

Slaves

"Suicide"

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Seven hundred days with your heart in my hand
Seven hundred ways just to take a stand
People are moving, people try to get by
They're never gonna stop, so why shouldn't we dance
And I was sitting on the subway
And the train was pounding to the rails
And your voice was aching through my head
I was waiting for something

I believe my heart should be chained inside
Leaving it to you would be like suicide
Still I wanna get on to you're thousand turning rivers

Sitting on the bridges with the shit in my hand
The noise from the radio makes me understand
The dirt from the city and everything I planned
Makes a hole in your head just to comprehend
And I was sitting on your sidewalk
And the cars flashing through my head
I just wish that rain could fall
'cause I was waiting for something

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