

411**"Blangee Blee"**Visit "[Blangee Blee](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

You pull it to the right and I bring
It back to center
I blame it on your pride and you blame it on my temper
Standing on the skin of a cell, it was sickle
For me it was over, the coroner, the cripple

We'd spend our lives making out middles
Oh, to give so much got me so little
We'd spend our lives making out middles
Oh, to give so much got me so little

For all that was said, I believe it wasn't spoken
You sang it to the wall but the tune, it wasn't holding
My guess it wasn't bound to the spine, to the spindle
For all I lead you from, I'm the coroner, the cripple

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