

C Note

"Cloaking"

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And everybody cloaking in and out
Working from the same advice
Everybody got their lies to shout
I didn't listen when they gave the prize

So keep on running from the quiet life
This silence wasn't meant for you
It doesn't matter where you put yourself
You'll find there's nothing to hold on to

Get up, get up, get up, get up soldier
You got yr head screwed on
Nobody change this, nobody change this

I can make me count, I gotta make this count...

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