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Cecilia "The Favourite Son"

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When the word is spread, nothing can stop it, like a disease it infects your mouth, when you've gone to bed, you can not drop it, thinking about what you could have done instead, oh, my god, what have you done? you could have really been someone, you were the favourite son, wasn't it awful when it all was a lie, all the damage it has done, you don't know where to run, how does it feel when everything's opposite, down means up and left is right

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