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Flop "Port Angeles"

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Father tried today to appreciate his son Follow 103 to the crematorium where I pay my bills And climb up to the highest hill And throw a part of me away

Satan rose today to annihilate the world God bless his little boy heart as he goes and Falls in love with a pretty girl

He loves vanity in girls 'Cos it tears them all up inside

In my head life's forever a condition Find a heart and deliver it to me Science is about a quarter superstition Count me out and you can have it for free

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