

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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