

Gob

"Beauville"

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I heard your invitation,
So I got up to bat,
And I swung real hard,
I think I knock up the lights,
When I looked back,
Cause you had no idea,
Where I was coming from
I think heard your shell break (I'm leaving)
And I could feel the pain (I'm leaving you)
I had the nerve,
To put up a fight, when no one else could reach inside
to you,

Here you go this is yours a piece of mind a sort of
restitution
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