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Grandaddy "Our Dying Brains"

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The science halls Have hollow walls And sodden carpet At least the cops don't come in Spare us the legal poems Broken legs can't run anyway

Some days were missed Ten kegs at Albers And Albers turns into geer And hours become years Well get back to work Right back to work I swear Our beakers are still full of beer

Crotch rockets And violins We chisled and we switched Naw, but their not gonna mix So please can our dying brains Take another break

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