

Green Day "Green Day"

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A small cloud has fallen
The white mist hits the ground
My lungs comfort me with joy
Vegging on one detail
The rest just crowds around
My eyes itch of burning red

Picture sounds
Of moving insects so surreal
Lay around
Looks like I found something new

Laying in my bed
I think I'm in left field
I picture someone, I think it's you
You're standing so damn close
My body begins to swell
Why does 1 + 1 make 2

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