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Helmet ''Blacktop''

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Your self control might be a muscle spasm New direction isn't everlasting though Grope for straws you've got to plan This week Then the crutch dissolves When she walks too sweet

Ration of blacktop on the slope of Nowhere Came out to greet the unresponsive

Stare Turn green with envy over something You missed You didn't know what when you Fell down in it

Walk on top, you run beneath The blacktop spreads The blacktop spreads

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