Henrik Skanfors "Volatile Street"

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Another autumn is the city of greed Another solitary season in great need You know it's time to leave but where?

Pass a school, kids on a break You want to play too but it's all fake Just a substitute for what you really crave Your pillow is covered with make-up tears Noone has been here for many years Except a wishfull thought resting violently

Every day, waking up brand new Until another bullet goes through you Squeeze my hand if you can hear me

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