

Holy Sons "More Flophouse Blues"

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It's late and light bulbs dim
A million eyes await arise
And I can't lift myself into that hole
My presence hovers above
The gutter waits below
This ghost needs conduction and I feel you deep and
low
So I turn my eyes to you
For the Service you provide

You bring me into my body better than anyone alive
I could be anything
But I am enslaved
I could go anywhere
But see I like it this way
Don't strangle the ones you love
It may come back to haunt someday

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