

Honeydogs "Wilson Boulevard"

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Piece of string holding everything together
Unraveling, about to give way
A silver sphere, baring scar
There's a wheel somewhere about to lose control

I wanna hear my voice in the den
I wanna hold your hand, touch your skin
Wilson Boulevard
Camera 1-A

The kettle boils and overflows
They paint the prison walls pink
Flood gates are opening
The ivory tower sings

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