

Hope Of The States "Goodhorsehymn"

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So my throat is in bits
And my lungs are real sick
I could plaster on a fake smile
And ruin my life in style
I'll build my home with useless guilt
With all the ones that didn't fit
Fill your heart with love today
Until it's all okay
If you're happy in the world tonight
You're lucky that you made it
And everything's alright
If you're lonely and asleep at night
I'm sorry that you're lonely
And nothing's turned out right

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