

## Indigo Girls "(Unknown)"

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me and my baby  
we drank some magic tea  
we're cruising down the rural roads  
aesthetics of poverty

i'm going down for the last time  
i shifted to my level  
can you receive what you give me  
somebody should set you free

in the morning  
when you wash your hair  
i love those simple things that

make me know your there

come every sunday evening  
it's leftovers from the weekenders  
lost limbs to identify  
frustration for the grieving

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