

Jana Mashonee

"Nothing You Lack"

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Best that you forget me
Cause I talk too much
And all the like of such
All the time
Got a merciful mind
Is a streaking giraffe
Costing four cents a pound
If you lay on the ground
A monkey jumps on your back
Hey, there's nothing you lack
Except a big red sack
To put your head in
And leave it there
For centuries to spit on
They scream from the mountains
I can't hear your ear
There's all in the way
Those movies are ugly

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