

Lagrecia "Slower Than Manasses"

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At the top of my lungs I've been screaming and
scheming
My high screaming from midnight into morning and in
sunlight
Reflecting too much makes my heart tired

I left a paper trail, the span of Jersey
Of course I've lived it to shreds to remain a mystery
So if you're thinking about getting close, closer to me
You just better back off, oh, back off

Hey hey, whoa woo, I feel lost
Maybe down in the gutter and I want out
But not for long
Cos the gutter, I figured out
Is the last place that I would be found

I remember this and that
I recall what is useless
I recollect and I recollect
But there's no need for specifics
I've been back to square one so many times
I hid it in every corner
But the circle prevails
And my history gets filled

Hey, na na na na, oh oh
Haven't dug a hole I couldn't lie myself out off
So why do I feel like I owe some sort of apology?
For all the songs outta wack, the whisper high rack
And the friends that I gotta go back

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