

## Land Of Talk

### "Blangee Blee"

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You pull it to the right and I bring  
It back to center  
I blame it on your pride and you blame it on my temper  
Standing on the skin of a cell, it was sickle  
For me it was over, the coroner, the cripple

We'd spend our lives making out middles  
Oh, to give so much got me so little  
We'd spend our lives making out middles  
Oh, to give so much got me so little

For all that was said, I believe it wasn't spoken  
You sang it to the wall but the tune, it wasn't holding  
My guess it wasn't bound to the spine, to the spindle  
For all I lead you from, I'm the coroner, the cripple

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