

Lemuria

"An Attept To Think About You"

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Modestly silencing the treasure beneath the elastic
palisade
Your body recites a suspicious confidence
That pushes me away
We're making love like it's a sport
And you're winning
Well, the thing is that for me
It's the foreplay that makes me tick
Because standing at the top of a mountain
Leaves me nothing to look forward to
I just have to retrace my steps,
And at the bottom of the hill you've already left
Now I'm reaching for anyone
Because I miss being in love

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