

Les Rythmes Digitales "Sometimes"

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Sometimes when I wake at night
I feel that nothing on earth could ever hurt me
Sometimes when I'm on my mind
I feel that nothing I say could ever deserve me

I'm stood on the tip of my own tongue
I'm caught in the space between the concept and the
execution
I'm stuck in the back of my own throats
I'm lost in the void between the instinct and the
institution

It's more than vocabulary
Takes more than a dictionary

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