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Church "Cobalt Blue"

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Desert wind in a telephone box
Dial my numbers up
Picks my locks
Picks his kind
To go and mingle in my mind

Here I am on the edge of every town You read my fortunes up You lead it down Lead me to land Let it run right through my hand

And its nothing Nothing you could know Let it go Nothing really that you could know

Motel bar, the dirty sulky moon Turn my head up Let it all cocoon Let it go Nothing really we could know

And its nothing Nothing you could know Let it go Nothing really that you could know

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