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People In Planes "Fire"

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The flower grew the wall Displaying all of his colour The motive wasn't clear But you wouldn't understand

Now we're getting on like fire With matchsticks in our eyes And the money men are here With yes men to their sides

The audience approves With a movement of clothing But they never even see The nature of this illusion

Now we're getting on like fire Let's burn it to the ground And the warning, it came so clear But I couldn't see the signs

There's a plate in my head There's a chip in my head

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