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Piano Magic "The Index"

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I have thought about you in your Summer abode In your lunatic smock, in chronicle mode The typewriter smack as you nail in the words and the turntable's drunk reflection occurs I have thought about you in your grasshopper pose And the cigarette smoke carving trails through your clothes

Your Spanish guitar pins your bed to the floor So your dreams can't escape and they're yours evermore

Paris, she bleeds night into her cup As you index the birds and you label them up

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