

Quasi "The Jig Is Up"

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The Jig is Up
We're throwing our clocks out the window
Make for high ground
And watch the sun's blood over mexico
Come back kid forget what you did
Forget where you've been
My poor long lost twin
Long lost twin

We kick through the shards
Of the white plastic domes of the moneymen
The dust of the stars and the burned out controls of the
mind-machine
Day bears the nights night bulls the day
It just don't seem right to just piss it away
Piss it away

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