

Seafood "Cloaking"

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And everybody cloaking in and out
Working from the same advice
And everybody got their lies to shout
I didn't listen when they gave the prize
So keep on running from the quiet life
This silence wasn't meant for you
It doesn't matter where you put yourself
You'll find there's nothing to hold on to
Get up, get up, get up, get up soldier
You've got your head screwed on
Nobody change this, nobody change this
I can make this count, I gotta make this count...

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