

Deerhunter "Hazel St"

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There was no connecting my actions with words
In the bright sunlight, the movement of birds
The car ride home, was blinded again
The light would not focus the light would not bend
There's no use calling I know what you'd say
Over and over it ended today
Worlds lost their meaning and could not explain

Why the subject was always just out of frame

I was sixteen
I lived on Hazel Street
Protect me from the scene
And guide me with your heat

Ice forms in sheets
There melting in the street

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