

The Cure

"Closedown"

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I'm running out of time I'm out of step and
I'm running out of time
Closing down and never sleep for wanting hours
I'm out of step and closing down
The empty hours of greed and uselessly always
And never sleep for wanting hours
The need to feel again the real belief of
The empty hours of greed and uselessly
Something more than mockery if only I could
Always the need to feel again
Fill my heart with love
The real belief of something more than mockery
If only I could fill my heart with love

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