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The Radio Dept "The Worst Taste In Music"

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He can't forget you You're quite a find In my mind I see how he gets you To close your eyes Kiss the skies You race down the stairs in the morning A kiss is half promise, half warning

Why would you bother To hang around? Even for some time Now There will be others To frown upon If it turns you on But he's got the worst taste in music If I didn't know this, I'd lose it

But he's got the worst taste in music If I didn't know, this I'd lose it

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