

The Sandwiches

"...But Would Holy Bals Do Her?"

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There are nights where I almost remember
How it was to really belong
You know those kind of nights
That you always forget
The very moment that you're waking up
My heart is a ghost town tonight
Cause everyone I've loved has left
My hope is a ship lost at sea
This is my life - this is me
Sometimes there are hours
Where I almost remember
How it was to fell really alive
You know those kind of hours
You can count on one hand
And never the ones
You can count on to last

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