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Murder By Death "A Caucus Race"

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take the last bus home with the quarters in your pockets left over from pinball machines at the bar many streets from your house

casino lights still flicker in your eyes your teeth taste faintly of flesh and gold tonight

you've been waiting for a long time between the dancing and the refill line she touches your wrist you start to sweat but it's just drinks and time playin' tricks

go back
go back
just get away from me
go back
go back
your teeth taste faintly of flesh and gold.

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