

Dead Beat Punx "Pumpkin Pie"

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I try to put my life in a bag.
Take the first bus anywhere.
You'll probably see a tear escaping from my eye.

Ah you know where to find me my dear,
In the dungeons of dreadfulness,
Cold and emotionless, watching life pass me by

If I were a fruit I'd be something sour,
You'd still be the apple of my eye.
And if I had a time machine on nuclear power,
Baby you'd still be my pumpkin pie.

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