

## Page France

### "Talking Out-Louds"

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You left a bad, bad sound in my mouth  
From all the talk-a, talk-a, talking out-louds  
When momma warned me not to peep out of sound  
You made a bad, bad sound in her mouth

They left a big, big hole in our wall  
And always swinging like a wrecking ball  
Oh, how the world looks from ten feet tall  
Oh, how I never meant to feel so small

There was green on the grass  
There was blue in the sky, so high  
And I was sliding around  
They were calling me down the way

We left a trail, a trail of feet on the ground  
From all the stomp, stomp, stomping around  
We got and would've never been found  
We left a trail, a trail of feet on the ground  
We took a little bit of hell from the fire  
It burned us all for being gluttoning liars  
While all the squeaky cleaners went somewhere higher  
All of us dirty birdies flew in the fire

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