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Pale Saints "The Colour of The Sky"

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I can't recall the colour of the sky But that's not important We were walking down the hill When I noticed that you were limping So I bent down to examine your paw I can see something A speck of white in your pad I've got it in between my fingernails It's growing I'm pulling it It's growing Why doesn't it hurt? Why doesn't it hurt? Hurt? It came out cleanly There was no mess A gigantic anchor made out of bone We left it at the side of the pavement and walked on I could hear you laughing

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