

The Postmarks

"Rolls"

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I have many rolls
But not a single bread one
I'm trying to reach my goals
Of having the world's biggest bum

When I sit down
I have spare tractor tyres
My parents frown
But rolls can smother fires

Rolls are beautiful
Rolls are good
I want more rolls
I wish I could

People call me the walking bakery
They want a piece of my rolls and me
But the rolls are all mine
To take any would be a crime

Rolls are beautiful
Rolls are good
I want more rolls
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