Robyn Hitchcock & The Egyptians "Wafflehead"

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Time runs backwards, at the end; You turn into a child again Then you're dust

Remind yourself, what you once were An animal without much fur Then you're dust

You've got to be yourself, like a man Till the line runs off your hand Then you're dust

Nobody wakes you. Nobody can. Nobody shakes you Anymore

Walk around and breathe the air You can find it anywhere Till you're dust

Everybody moves around Makes a very special sound Then you're dust

Everybody feels

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