

Tears

"The primitive"

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Oh sometimes I look out to the sea
And I see the birds and I feel the breeze
And I want the waves and the rocks and the leaves to
define me

And sometimes I look up to the sky
And I see the clouds and I see the light
And I want the stones and the mud and the night to
define me

'Cos I am the insect in the jar
I am the fly caught in the tar
I am the worm inside your drain
Yes we all come back to the primitive again

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