

Fighters Foo

"Good Grief"

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since I'm putting down all of the true things around but
I like it

I handed down the crown given the jewels and the
answers of may

the thought of being ousted comes and goes

when I think about it the wind blows

I hate it

run me out of town somewhere a move might intended
a gown at

pissed at all the bowels always the blues and a delicate
smile

missed all of the sideways gull and noun

chills and petty band-aids, wrapped around

I hate it

good grief

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