

Twothirtyeight "The Spoiled One"

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I'm running out of fingers to count the things I've done
wrong

I'm dangling from the towers I've built to save my life
Could it be I've been the one to kiss you to a tree?

Do you remember, when I was younger, what you used
to say?

If you raise them up, raise them up in me, they will not
turn away

Could it be I've been the one who almost went astray?

I'm not the grateful bastard son, I'm the rich and
spoiled one

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