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U.S. Bombs "Hand Me The Downs"

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Too much pressure, gonna self explode The baggage keeps on pilin' up My future dangles from the end of a rope No coat tails to sew on my coat

This is just a fame, it's just a game Good God above take me out now, now Somebody help me now, now, now Lift me up to hand me the downs

The night life here's the worst it's ever been Where's my jar of glue to put away my brains This old body's been through the mill My first memory was hate, so take the blame

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