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In a manger like Christ I lay.
Yellow fever, yellow hay.
Feel the rhythm, the sweetest sound.
Making, breaking sacred ground.
I'll give you a piece of my love for free,
but whatever I say you will never see.
Acquire a taste for a different sound.
Make or break it this side of town.
Life will never be the same,
In Port-Royal town, I hear it coming.
The shaking of the ground,
they're stealing in the day,
In Port-Royal town, the children are running.
Ever strange are the lives we lead,
so detached from the things we need.
Signs of greed in everyone.
Instant addiction and the blood on a gun.
Just when you think you've found it,
spinning world won't spin around it.
What is wrong? This pain won't peel.
The fibres of my life won't heal

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