

# Berlin, Shayla

Trapped in the Shayla funk-excorism  
Known to do wonders for the beat-urism  
Say what in the Shayla funk-excorism  
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Shayla worked in a factory  
She wasn't history  
She's just a number  
One day she gets her final pay  
And she goes far away

Green trees call to me  
I am free but life is so cheap  
Scenery is still outside of me  
All alone trapped by its beauty

Shayla turned to run away  
To leave in peace and end her stay  
Years of fear were in her way  
Lost in space and down she came

Suddenly some subtle entity  
Some cosmic energy brushed her like shadows  
Down here we stop to wonder  
Cars on the freeway  
Bright lights and thunder

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