

Green River, 33 Revolutions

I don't believe your revolution's real
I only believe what I can feel
And all I feel is my stomach turning
33 revolutions per minute

Your words dissipate like a cloud of smoke
Rhetoric that fuels pathetic false hope
(?) I turn over in my sleep
33 revolutions per minute

Turn it over, turn it over
Play it again
Turn it over, turn it over
Play it again
33 revolutions per minute

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