

# Kings Of Convenience, Leaning Against The Wall

Your eyes are cold  
I know you'll tell me all

Not to fall  
I lean against the wall

I'm on the floor  
Not listening anymore

I should have known  
The things to which you're prone  
(You cross your arms  
And tell no lies  
A thousand thoughts run  
Through my mind  
A thousand words that I don't need  
I never thought you could do this)

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