

# Seafood, Cloaking

And everybody cloaking in and out  
Working from the same advice  
And everybody got their lies to shout  
I didn't listen when they gave the prize

So keep on running from the quiet life  
This silence wasn't meant for you  
It doesn't matter where you put yourself  
You'll find there's nothing to hold on to

Get up, get up, get up, get up soldier  
You've got your head screwed on  
Nobody change this, nobody change this

I can make this count, I gotta make this count...

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