

# Format, Dear Boy

You're not made  
For this, dear boy  
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We watch the stock drop  
They say we're just high in octane  
I want to exchange  
Hits for a testament  
And this will be  
My sacrifice  
Up in the clouds  
pick up the tab  
Put me down  
Now gently, just drop me  
Cause this not a gallery  
She takes me seriously  
What a joke, she would know  
If she wasn't too scared  
To pick up the phone and call me

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The crime fits  
The punishment  
And an ice cold sal  
Stabbing demons at dusk  
She says well  
Whom do you trust?  
I don't trust anyone  
Who do you trust  
I don't trust nobody  
Not even her?  
No, not even me  
Oh please, you're not

Thank you lightly for decieving  
All the people that believe in me  
Somewhere Arthur Lee is bleeding  
Somewhere Arthur Lee is bleeding  
If I came to learn one thing from this  
It's that people from Long Island  
Aren't at as old as they seem  
They're older then they seem to be

I turn my back to the mirror  
All you see is my back  
It's leaving you somewhere  
Lethal to make a red dot  
Let's see what you got  
Ready or not, here goes  
The crime fits the punishment

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