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'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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