

Ginga, Fever

We laugh so hard it aches our throats
The nights stay young but we grow old

We stumble out
We tumble down

We laugh so hard it shakes our bones
Rumors come with the bitter cold

Not set, not done
It's yet to come

Set foot on the wrong side of the tracks
lost all receipts but want my money back
We should have left, I know you were right
If we grow old, we just might

Fever comes and fever goes
When and why nobody knows

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When and why nobody knows