

Her Space Holiday, Hassle Free Harmony

On my way to an early grave I stopped some where along the way
In hopes to learn my name
We all have lives that we must leave some are great and some are weak
I'm somewhere in between

I used to think the world was round until I filled my head with sound
And pictures of a place where I was good and wrong was right
And nothing kept me up at night except the songs we made

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