

# James Blake, Overgrown

I don't want you to know,  
I took it with me.  
But when things are thrown away like they are daily  
Time passes in the constant state  
So if that is how it is

I don't wanna be a star  
But a stone on the shore  
Long door, frame the wall  
When everything's overgrown

But what she really really wanted was my rights in the rooms  
I wouldn't understand that I would try to play along.  
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