MGMT, Kids

You were a child
Crawling on your knees toward it
Making Mama so proud
But your voice was too loud
We liked to watch you laughing
You picked the insects off plants
No time to think of consequences

Control yourself
Take only what you need from it
A family of trees wanting to be haunted

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The water is warm
But it's sending me shivers
A baby is born
Crying out for attention
The memories fade
Like looking through a fogged mirror
Decision to decisions are made and not bought
But I thought this wouldn't hurt a lot
I guess not

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