

Neva Dinova, Tripped

I'm too scared to notice, the path I chose is focused tight.

Corsshairs on, something's wrong I shouldn't try to try.

And baby it's the beer that's smiling, it ain't me.

Point me at the door 'cause I've been trying to leave.

Basement passions, schoolgirl action ain't in fashion now, I'll miss you when you're gone so just go

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